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Social Shanghai

A MAGAZINE
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Vol. XIV. July-December 1912

SHANGHAI

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—
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Photo

Burr Photo Co.

SPECTATORS AT THE CERCLE SPORTIF FRANÇAIS

Two Well-known U.S. Navy Baseball Teams



Photo

THE RAINBOW TEAM

Burr Photo Co.

Reading from left to right—

Front Row.—BARRETT, WILLIE GRAHAM, GRIMES, HERBERT GRAHAM, BOONE AND ROOT
Middle Row.—TIPPING, BENDER AND MILLER

Back Row.—COYLE, SMITH, A CIVILIAN, MORSE, TURNER, KIOCH AND BROWN



Photo

THE SARATOGA TEAM

Burr Photo Co.

Reading from left to right—

Front Row.—EVANS, HARDCASTLE, RIGG, FLYNN, GANNON, NEY, SAMS

Children.—WILLIE GRAHAM AND HERBERT GRAHAM

Back Row.—LEHR, WOOD, BARLOW, MYSKA, CHOSSE, SCHMIDT AND STIRLING

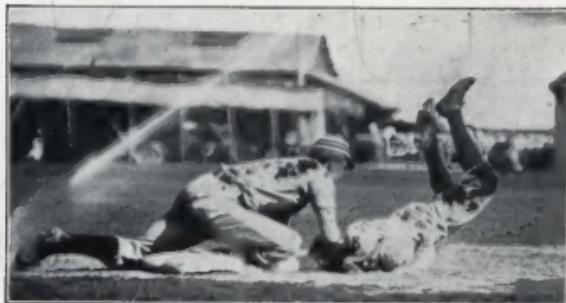
Local National Celebrations

The Glorious Fourth

THE foreign residents in Shanghai cannot be said to lack in public spirit when the date of their respective national celebrations arrives, as every one is effectually roused to a sense of his or her responsibility on such occasions, and the result is invariably

lians. On the morning of the Fourth a big reception was held on board the U.S.S. *Saratoga* by Admirals Murdock, Southerland, and Nicholson. This was followed by a most successful tiffin.

At the Consulate a large crowd of guests were entertained by Vice-Consul Dorsey who was assisted by a most able committee. The Consulate Court Rooms, where the reception was held, were beautifully decorated for the occasion, and a band was in attendance. In the afternoon a record crowd of spectators gathered at the Race course to witness several very exciting baseball matches. The grand-stand was crowded with spectators,



Photo

Burr Photo Co.

BENDER TRYING TO SLIDE TO THIRD, BUT TAGGED BY RUPERT

something to be exceedingly proud of. In the month of July the Americans and the French celebrate Independence Day and the Fall of the Bastille, and one may be sure that nothing is left undone that is likely to attain success. The American community started to celebrate the Glorious Fourth on the eve of the third, when many private dinner parties were given, and a grand concert took place on board the U.S.S. *Rainbow*, which was enjoyed by a large number of guests from the other ships, and a few civi-

including a great many feminine "fans" who took a great interest in the game whilst the latter was in progress. The rooters and bleachers were also much in evidence, and added considerably to the general excitement by their eloquent flow



Photo

Burr Photo Co.

A GROUP OF NAVY ROOTERS WHO WERE WATCHING THE GAME

of language, supplemented by the telepathic influence of their enthusiasm, which reached high water mark when a short fat player with a damaged leg accomplished a home run all on his own. Some of the "catches" effected were marvellously clever, and evoked much applause, one especially, caught by Burgess raising much enthusiasm as he seemed to fly through the air as fast as the ball did.

The *Helena* and *Saratoga* teams played first, and after an excellent contest the *Helena* men proved the victors. Next came a match between the *Blue Sox* and *Red Sox* in which the latter came out victorious.

To judge by the enthusiasm displayed by every one taking part, including two



BURGESS



Photo

U.S.S. "SARATOGA" SCORES A RUN

Burr Photo Co.

local teams composed of residents, baseball has come to stay in Shanghai. Anyhow it provided a large crowd of spectators with some excellent sport on the Glorious Fourth, which finally terminated

with a grand dinner at the Astor House, which is the home of Americans, followed by a dance in the Banqueting Hall and a concert in the Floral Court which was fully illuminated for the occasion. Fortunately



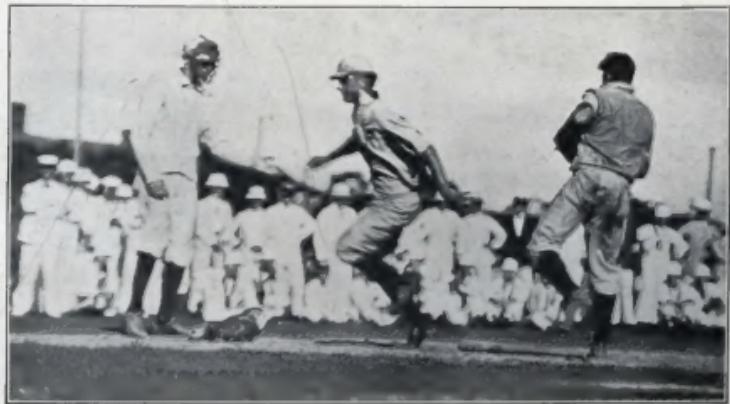
Photo

THE ROOTERS WERE IN GREAT FORM

Burr Photo Co.

for all concerned the weather was ideal, which contributed in no small degree to the great success which attended all the celebrations throughout the day, and consummated another source of congratulation to the enterprise of the American community which is always so notable for the thoroughness of its hospitality.

private decorations, attracted large crowds of admirers from every direction. On the previous night a picturesque torch-light procession took place, which, after taking a circuitous route round the Settlement, halted at Kon Kaza Gardens, which with its myriad of lights, presented a very beautifully and animated scene. A display of fire-



Photo

BARRITT OF THE U.S. "RAINBOW" SCORES A RUN

Burr Photo Co.

The 14th July

THE same could be said of our French neighbours on the other side of the Yangkingpang, where high revelry reigned supreme from early morn till late at night on the 14th of July. The wonderful outdoor decorations in which thousands of lamps were used, besides numerous

works was given followed by a kinemato-graph exhibition and a dance took place at the Cercle Sportif later in the evening.

On the 14th the day started by the saluting of the flag, after which the firemen ought to have been presented at the Fire Station with silver cups for services given, but were prevented from doing so by



Photo

A CLOSE DECISION AT THE PLATE

Burr Photo Co.

the advent of the great fire at Taikoo. The next event was a reception held at the Consulate-General by M. Dejean de la Batie. At the Shanghai Club the French members were "at home" to their friends and "La Marsellaise" was sung with much enthusiasm.

100 YARDS HURDLES	
Drummond	1
L. R. When	2
WALKING MATCH—1 MILE	
Dollinger	1
Boat	2
J. Gilis	3



Photo

CONTEST AT THE CERCLE SPORTIF

Burr Photo Co.

CERCLE SPORTIF FRANÇAIS

As usual sports were held by the Cercle Sportif Français at their grounds in Route Voyron. In spite of the sweltering nature of the afternoon there was a very large attendance of members and their friends, and the sports were thoroughly enjoyed. The results in the principal events were as follows:—

100 METRES

Toussaint	1
Drummond	2
G. Boissezon	3

PUTTING THE WEIGHT

Maujaunet	1	9.74 metres
Needham	2	9.61 "
Drummond	3	9.30 "

TUG-OF-WAR

Won by Cercle Sportif Français.
Team : - Needham, Jamblez, Middleton,
Heigate, Basset, Field, Evenson, Walsham,
Drummond, Jansen and Nova.

TILTING AT THE BUCKET

Jamblez	1
Muguet	2
Field	3

400 METRES

Baot	1
Gegou	2
Abyben	3

There were other events, but these were confined to sailors. At the close of the sports there was a draw for toys for the children, and Mme. Fano afterwards presented the prizes.



Photo

PUTTING THE WEIGHT COMPETITION ON THE 14TH OF JULY Burr Photo Co.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The Loan Negotiations

It might have been thought that, after the revelation of the incompetence shown in Peking, no foreign financial syndicate would risk its money on so risky an enterprise. But it is reported none the less—we give the statement for what it may be worth—that a Belgian syndicate is endeavouring to float a loan of from £5,000,000 to £10,000,000 for China. It seems highly probable that European investors will fight shy of risking their money thus, especially when the principal nations interested in the trade and welfare of China are at present unwilling to loan any further amounts, without something better than the assurances that the Chinese Government is willing to give. But the very fact that there is a section of foreigners who are willing to consider loan proposals at present exercises a bad moral effect in the present situation.—*North China Daily News.*

THERE is considerable discussion as to whether the Cabinet should be composed of members of a single party or of members of the several parties. It seems clear that at present the President must be supported by men of every party if the country is to be held together. Party divisions leading up to party politics are a natural growth, and not the artificial products of amateur politicians. For many years to come the only party to which any truly patriotic Chinese can give his unswerving and undivided loyalty is the party of the state. The claims of lesser parties must be made to take second place to the claims of the nation.—*The National Review.*

The River Conservancy

IT is most fortunate that the Consultative Board is at last formed, and has held its first meeting. There are six members, each representative, and well representative, of a nation. In the alphabetical order of their names, we have Mr. Ishii for Japan, Mr. J. N. Jameson for the United States, Mr. A. M. Marshall for England, Mr. V. Meynard for France, Mr. H. Schellhoss for Germany, and Mr. Y. C. Tong for China. All these gentlemen have been chosen for their special fitness for the position they have been called on to fill. Most of them are well known to the majority of our readers. Mr. Jameson, as head of Wisner & Co., has a long record of good service in Shanghai. In the Chairman's post, Mr. Jameson cannot fail to be of the greatest use to the community, and he is fortunate in having so experienced a gentleman as Mr. A. M. Marshall for his Vice. Indeed the personnel of the Committee is such that we look on the whole Conservancy scheme with far more hopeful eyes than we have hitherto been able to do. The work is of fundamental importance to the settlement. There is now a body of men fitted to deal with it.—*The Shanghai Mercury.*

THE braggart seldom makes good his words. Generally, when he is faced with the necessity of living up to his self-given certificate of bravery, or slinking to the back ground, he chooses the latter course. An excellent illustration of the celerity with which Chinese "patriots" can eat their own words—making, it is true, wry enough faces during the process—has just been supplied by the Tungminghui. That truculent organization, encouraged by the semi-foreign Press which clings precariously to the skirts of circumstance, has been breathing fire and inviting an awe-struck world to witness the summary and condign punishment of all who had the temerity to dissent from its views. Like the frog in the fable it blew itself out until it burst.—*The Shanghai Times.*

The Shanghai Volunteer Corps

Extracts from Lloyd's Twentieth Century Impressions of Hongkong, Shanghai, etc.

PART II

N March 30th, 1886, Major-General Cameron, C.B., commanding Her Majesty's Troops in China and the Strait Settlements, paid the volunteers the compliment of inspecting them in person. He reported that "the Corps compares favourably with the volunteers in England," and that "my visit to the Settlement with its admirable system of self-government, and its contented, vigorous and enterprising community, will long be remembered by me with the greatest pleasure." In addition to these encomiums the corps had the honour of royal recognition for H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge expressed his appreciation of the creditable condition of the force as evinced by Major-General Cameron's report.

But the pendulum soon swung in the opposite direction. At the close of the self same year, 1886, the Defence Committee had to deplore a slight lapse in efficiency as "the stimulus of the war between France and China (1885), and the chance of local disturbances, had ceased on the clearing of the horizon." Happily this state of things did not prevail for long. With Major G. L. Morrison in command the Committee were able, in 1888, to report a marked advance. Instruction with Morris tubes, introduced some time before, began to form a regular part of the training of recruits, and the shooting of the corps was by this means greatly improved. In an inter-port match between teams of ten each from Singapore, Hongkong and Shanghai in 1889, Shanghai proved victorious. The Artillery too, made a great advance. Captain Dallas, who had commanded the battery for many years, resigned with the rank of Major, and was succeeded by Major Brodie Clarke, who exerted himself strenuously to promote the efficiency of his men. About this time, also, steps were taken for the formation of the Shanghai Home Guard. Certain places—the British Consulate, the Police Station, the Hongkew Police Station, and the Country Club were selected as places of safety to which women and children might be taken in case of emergency, and one hundred and twenty men, many

of them old volunteers, agreed to hold themselves in readiness to garrison these retreats so that the volunteers might be left free to quell any disturbances that might arise. Mr. Robert Mackenzie was elected Captain of the Guards, and in the course of a year or so the newly-formed unit was in thorough working order.



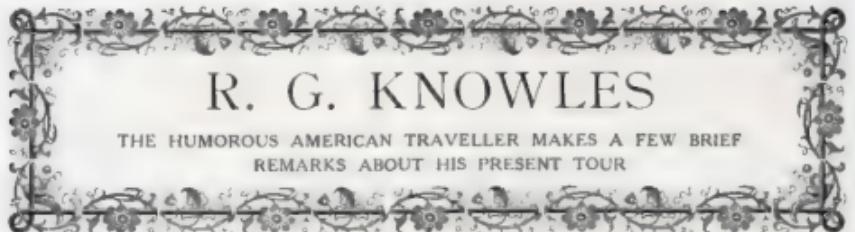
MAJOR CHAS. J. HOLLIDAY

Major Chas. J. Holliday came out to Hongkong in 1869-1870, and afterwards returned to England where he remained till 1881, when he came out to Shanghai. He succeeded to the command of the SVC almost immediately after his arrival and was largely instrumental in instituting a new system of annual training introduced in 1883 whereby the entire Corps was called out for a period of four consecutive weeks, instead of holding various brigade, battalion and company drills at intervals during the year. In 1884 he was in command of the Corps when Major Knollys, R.A., came up from Hongkong to hold the first inspection, and after some further years of most useful work done for the Corps, he, like his brother Major J. F. Holliday, retired with the rank of Major. Before coming out to China he was a Captain in the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Cheshire Regiment.

On the occasion of the visit of T. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in 1890, the corps had the distinction of forming a guard of honour to the royal party, and the Duke expressed himself "gratified to find a force of this description existing in the Settlement."

R. G. KNOWLES

THE HUMOROUS AMERICAN TRAVELLER MAKES A FEW BRIEF
REMARKS ABOUT HIS PRESENT TOUR

O PENED in Bombay, December 23,
1911.

Peculiar place, drove two miles into the country, passed the burning ghat, two cemeteries, one railroad. The towers of silence were next door, so it was a joyous sort of place.

NORTH-WEST QUETTA on the borders of Persia. Queer; quaint, quiet Quetta—characters of the most curious type. Thieves bazaar where you find everything that has been stolen within a radius of 200 miles. Theft is a duty; robbery a pleasure; murder an absolute delight.

PESHAWR.—The Khyber Pass and trouble altogether, men run amok so that the death rate will keep ahead of the birth rate.

DELHI, the new capital of India, is a disappointment. Every one said we would do no business. We did enormous, agreeably disappointed.

CAWNPORE.—The town which boasts a huge marble angel—and a fine regiment, both attractive. Both symbolic, one of disaster, the other of power to avert another—The Camerons.

AGRA.—Reminiscent of a glorious age when architecture celebrated death in magnificent tombs and glorified the man with the scythe.

CALCUTTA.—A white city with a Black Hole. Beautiful in spots. The Maidan worth a lot to a city and made use of by every one.

RANGOON.—The Burmese very agreeable, both men and women. The great pagoda stands alone, but a lot of small pagodas keep it company and they also stand alone.

SINGAPORE.—A thriving city and it is not stretching the point to say that rubber is the great industry there. Country fine, people finer, climate finest.



R. G. KNOWLES.

COLOMBO is the gateway to the "Far East" and it is a fine gate, and passing through all nationalities have a word of praise to leave with Colombo.

HONGKONG is a gorgeous place to come into—but damp when you are there—warmed by the hearts of the people and their hospitality.

MANILA.—Healthy and happy, good sanitation. Good water. One of the best hotels I ever have seen and contented natives—what more could you ask?

CANTON.—Curious cabined and confined. Streets six feet wide; avenues eight feet wide. Boulevards nine feet wide and rich in colour, richer in character, but richest in odour.

SHANGHAI.—The city of the East, looks like a city as you approach, feels like a city when you land and is really a city when you play there. All sorts and conditions of men, but only one of women. The best well-dressed. Good figures—pleasant and pretty face, and the

native city is also all that one would wish. But now we advance on to Peking.

PEKING is a city of many cities. The Tartar, The Chinese, The Forbidden and perhaps others. I should call it the city of the loot—the looter and the looted. There is always loot in China, and there will always be looters. But it is the Chinese who will always be looted. What a beautiful tribute to our boasted civilization is the sight of all the great countries chained to the chariot of some group of financiers ready to loot the Chinese as before. Yes, Peking is the Capital of China as it stands now. And it will always contain The Loot, The Looter and The Looted.



An Appeal for Help

DEAR MADAM,

I am tremendously interested in the Baseball games that take place nearly every evening on the Recreation Ground, and am trying hard to learn all about the game. With this object in view I attend all the matches and diligently read the reports, but find that the last named process only adds to my density on the subject. For instance, a report in the "China Press" said that "Captain Turner pulled Bender off second base and placed him carefully in the box." Now I was there all the time and never saw Bender being put into any box. Then again the same reporter said that "T. C. White hit up a long fly that was gobbled by the *Rainbow* Captain, who put the pill in his pocket and quietly stole away." I saw neither a fly nor a pill, and I am quite sure that the U.S. Navy do not feed their men so badly that they have to gobble up flies, but can quite see the necessity of having a pill in readiness, should any of them do anything so foolish. I wish you could intimate how exceedingly bamboozling the reports are, and ask the reporters to have pity on a poor person who only knows King's English as it is represented in the dictionary.

Yours, etc.,

AN ENTHUSIASTIC LADY SPECTATOR.



Involved Directions

THIS is the way a coloured preacher is said to have arranged his hearers for mutual convenience: "De fore part ob de church will please sit down so de hind part ob de church can see de fore part, for de hind part can't see de fore part ef de fore part persist in standin' before de hind part to de utter exclusion ob de hind part by de fore part."

To Friends in the Homeland

July 1912.

Dear Nina,

I am sending you some photographs taken at the Commencement Exercises of St. John's University, which is one of the most successful and enterprising Chinese educational establishments in the country.



THE YEN MEMORIAL HALL

It was originated, as you no doubt read in a former number of "Social Shanghai" by American missionaries, and has grown into a most useful organisation that has already made itself felt, and is likely to have a powerful influence in the political and commercial future of China.

All the arrangements of the University are very much like home colleges. As you may observe in the photo the uniforms of the cadets are much after the style of those

in America, and you would have been surprised if you could have seen the military precision which marked their movements whilst being reviewed by Major Barton. An additional surprise would also have been supplied by the drum and fife band playing "Yankee Doodle," the "Star Spangled Banner," and other well-known national airs. After the review tea and other refreshments were served to the guests, under the trees on the spacious lawn in front of the house, after which everyone adjourned to the Alumni Hall in



MR. IVAN CHEN, COMMISSIONER FOR TRADE
AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS FOR THE
CHINESE REPUBLIC

the Yen Memorial Hall, which, big as it is, was crowded. After Dr. Hawks-Pott had extended a hearty welcome to the guests, and made a short speech to the students, Mr. Wang Fei-wei, one of the graduates,

read an excellent paper called "Political Parties in China," which would have been another surprise to you had you been here, as the composition was excellent, the accent of the reader wonderfully good, and the gist of the paper very thoughtful and reasonable.

He said that the optimism which filled them when the Republic was proclaimed had now been superseded by pessimism. This had been occasioned by the present wretched state of affairs and the chaotic state of the country. The nation, he said, was running into a whirlpool, as a result of the constant conflict of different parties, though, he said, the party system in China could not be regarded as hopeless, inasmuch as the present state of affairs was brought about by lack of experience. To remedy matters, he suggested that for a stable and far-reaching administration there should not be more than two parties, in which majority rule should be accepted.

Mr. Chen Pao-nien next gave an address in Chinese, and later on Mr. Ivan Chen spoke in Chinese and English. He took for his text the word "Liberty" from which he evolved a very telling speech which he finished by saying: Now I have only have one more word to say to you. We, students of Western

languages, are generally inclined, after we have studied a little, to think that there is nothing that is good in China, and everything should be discarded if it is Chinese.



MR. W. B. DORSEY, U.S. VICE-CONSUL, AND
DR. F. E. HINCKLEY, DISTRICT ATTORNEY

This is a mistake. It is indeed to my astonishment that it is even talked about that all the classics handed down by all the sages and philosophers who have



A COMPANY OF THE CADET CORPS

glorified the name of China should be put aside and nobody need read them. What an idea this is!

Dr. Hinckley then delivered an earnest address on the "Public Service," its obligations and opportunities in which



TWO OF THE GUESTS

Dr. Gilbert Reid and Mr. W. V. Drummond

he said that the problem of getting men in government service was more difficult than Chinese finance. What China wanted at the present time was men of virtue,

intelligence, efficiency, fortitude, justice, wisdom and charity.

After Dr. Hinckley's address a long list of prizes and diplomas were presented to the fortunate winners, also some fine cups to the winners of base-ball and tennis competitions. Thus terminated a very pleasant and instructive afternoon.

THE WEATHER

Everyone is grumbling at the weather which has been atrociously hot and enervatingly damp. In a letter recently published in the "North-China Daily News" a resident compared unfavourably the present day weather with that of the past, special mention being made of a hot day in June 1897. I wondered if the writer had taken into consideration the fact that fifteen years' residence in China is likely to make considerable difference in one's ability to stand the heat. A few hot summers may acclimatize one, but many of them are apt to prove enervating, on account of the inroad made on the nervous system by long residence in an extreme climate, which causes many of us to grumble unduly at many things besides the climate.

Yours as ever,

DULCIE.

FOOL No. 71,144

I.

A fool there was, and he went away—
Even as you and I.
His home was a pleasant place to stay—
A dandy place for a holiday—
But the fool was a fool, and he went away—
Even as you and I.

Oh, the wits we've lacked, and the grips
we've packed
In summertime and fall,
And the times when, having had our fling,
We've come home gravely wondering
Just why we went at all!

II.

A fool there was, and his savings spent—
Even as you and I.
The roof of a state room for his tent,
And lived the life of an emigrant—
But a fool will follow his natural bent—
Even as you and I.

Oh, the fools we meet, and the dust
we eat,
And the tendency to roam;
The hardships that we all abhor—
And the rest that we are looking for
Awaiting us at home!

EDITORIAL NOTES

I little thought how troublesome the collecting of photographs and details concerning the S.V.C. officers of the early days was going to prove, otherwise I should not have undertaken the task in such a light-hearted way. I thought I had simply to send round a list of questions to the S.V.C. Headquarters relating to the various officers and write up the biographies according to the answers, but when I tried this mode of procedure I found that I could get little or no information about the officers of the very early days as few records had been kept. So I then tried to impose on the good nature of some friends, who were perfectly willing and able to help me, but unfortunately could not remember the exact dates necessary, so I have had to be content to publish a very short instalment of the S.V.C. history this month but hope to make amends next month.

My ineffectual efforts have roused a keen sympathy for Mr. Lanning in his work of collecting particulars for "The History of Shanghai," as it would appear as though every one who lived in Shanghai in the early days had a strong objection to publicity of any description, or perhaps their modesty prevented them from understanding that a record of the public spirit they displayed in the past, would be useful in building up a record in the present.

I would like to take this opportunity of reminding residents who are now taking an active part in any of our public institutions, of this fact, as a little personal help at the present time may go a long way in saving similar trouble in the future. Modesty is no doubt a very commendable trait in its

way, but it is proving infinitely troublesome at the present time, as I find it most difficult to get anything beyond bald facts concerning many phases of old Shanghai. Mr. J. A. Harvie who lent me the old photograph of "B" Company which appeared in the last number of "Social Shanghai" has been exceedingly kind and useful in supplying details concerning the old days, and a lady resident has promised to give me some interesting particulars of Shanghai social life in the past, which will, perhaps help to make up for the fact that no "Social Shanghai" existed in those days, in which the doings and the happenings in this distant country could be recorded.

AN APPEAL TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

Whilst I am on this subject, I should like to impress on the public generally that "Social Shanghai" has not been carried on without considerable difficulty. It is a very expensive magazine to publish and its continued existence is due to three rather unusual causes. First comes the generosity of many contributors, who have sent me articles, stories, and photographs gratuitously ever since "Social Shanghai" started, next comes the public spirit of a little group of Shanghai residents who are shareholders, and, lastly, the feeling of sentiment possessed by the original owner who has refused many more lucrative offers in order to carry on "Social Shanghai." And now I am going to make an appeal to another section of the community, namely, the general public, most of whom I find buy their copies in the street or in the stores. It would be a great help to know

exactly who I am writing for, and I can only do so by referring to the subscription list, I therefore want all the people who are interested in "Social Shanghai" sufficiently to buy and read it to send their names as subscribers, and I shall know them exactly for whom I have to cater. Since I started the magazine six and a half years ago I have received many surprises regarding what the public likes or does not like. This present number is not quite like any of its predecessors and is part of a series of experiments I have been trying, with a view to finding out what really is wanted. I hope every one who reads this and is not a subscriber will at once send me \$5 for a half-yearly subscription, as by so doing I will get some idea who the readers of "Social Shanghai" are, and it will help me considerably in mapping out the contents.

GIVE AND TAKE

Only the other day it was suggested to me that I could help a certain institution very considerably by inserting an illustrated article about it, and I said I would be only too pleased to do so, when I found out how far the people interested supported "Social Shanghai." A little investigation proved that several of those who were interested in the institution had been subscribers and had withdrawn, while others did not subscribe at all, which seemed a very one-sided sort of arrangement, as the article in question would have constituted a very valuable advertisement not only for the present, but the future. Indeed, when I come to think of it there are a great many institutions—commercial and otherwise—in Shanghai, to which "Social Shanghai" has given valuable assistance which has cost a good deal of money and considerable trouble in return for little or nothing.

As this state of affairs is entirely opposed to the rules of give and take, I thought I should like to mention it, and also that I

will be immensely obliged to anyone who will add their name to the subscription list of "Social Shanghai." I have been told on authentic authority that one subscriber's copy which is sent home, circulates through the members of five different households, which indicates that it is appreciated to some extent by our friends at home.

POINTS TO NOTE

Most people who know the Editress of "Social Shanghai" know that she has the greatest faith in the infallibility of its power as a Mascotte, and if the real truth were known it is not so much sentiment as superstition that makes her continue it. She can reel off story after story, about the good luck that has come to people who have been connected with "Social Shanghai," and will tell how she herself had the very worst kind of luck when she gave it up to some one else, and that all her bad luck disappeared when she took it back again. Indeed I think she even goes further than that, and imagines advertisers who take their advertisements out share the same fate. If such is really the case, the remedy is always at hand, as "Social Shanghai" is never adverse to sounding the praises of any good sound enterprise, and the Editress is pleased to pass on to readers any useful information concerning either every day wants, or special items of knowledge that happen to come to hand, that may prove useful to readers.

Now I think I must stop as I think I have underlined the two points I want to draw attention to, viz., that if I am expected to immortalise Shanghai places and people in the pages of "Social Shanghai," I am not asking anything very unreasonable when I ask Shanghai residents to support my efforts by subscribing, and secondly, that "Social Shanghai" is an excellent advertising medium on account of carrying so much personal interest.

All communications to be addressed to Mrs. Mina Shorrock, 17 The Bund.

The charge for announcements of Births and Marriages is \$1, payable in advance.

Births

DRAKEFORD.—On July 30, 1912, at 38 Weihaiwei Road, to Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Drakeford, a daughter.

GOLDSTEIN.—On July 30, 1912, at 11 Seward Road, Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. Marco Goldstein, a son (Solomon).

LAWSON.—On July 14, 1912, at 114 Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai, to Mr. & Mrs. H. F. Lawson, a daughter.

PICARD-DESTELAN.—On July 26, 1912, at the Victoria Nursing Home, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Picard-Destelan, a daughter.

RAEBURN.—On July 23, 1912, at 4 Bemfica Terrace, to Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Raeburn, a daughter.

SLEAP.—On July 5, 1912, to Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Sleap, at 73 Route de Say Zoong, a son.

TOLLER.—On July 15, 1912, at H.B.M. Consulate, Swatow, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Stark Toller, a son (Gerald Stark).

Marriages

BYERS-PRIMM.—On July 16, 1912, at Shanghai, before the American Acting Consul-General W. R. Dorsey, the Rev. George D. Byers, to Miss Clara L. Primm, of Chicago.

OTTEWILL-QUINN.—On July 2, 1912, at Egham Hill, Surrey, Herbert Allan Ottewill, H. M. Consul at Wuchow, to Anne Kirby Quinn, only daughter of the late Hamilton Quinn, and of Mrs. Lillie Smith Quinn, Hillsborough, Ohio, U.S.A.

SCHOLES-PERKINS.—On June 27, 1912, at the Wesleyan Church, Hendon, N.W., by the father of the bride, assisted by the Rev. W. J. W. Anderson, M.D., of Fatshan; the Rev. Thomas Wilfrid Scholes, M.A. son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scholes of Leeds, to Amy Lilian Perkins, daughter of the Rev. William Perkins, of London.

SILLS-JACKSON.—On Wednesday, July 10, 1912, at the British Episcopal Church, Foochow, by the Rev. C. Shaw, assisted by the Rev. Lt. Lloyd, and afterwards at H. B. M. Consulate, the Rev. Alfred Sills, C. M. S., Kienning, Fukien, to Susan Malcomson, youngest daughter of Anthony T. and Mrs. Jackson, Belfast, Ireland.

SPUNT-JOURAVEL.—On July 26, 1912, at Tientsin, Rueben Spunt of Shanghai, to Miss Hiza Jouravel of Tientsin.



Deaths

BARR.—On July, 28, 1912, at the Victoria Nursing Home, John Barr, Standard Oil Co. of New York, aged 52 years.

CAMPBELL.—On July 31, 1912, at 76 Szechuen Road, David Campbell, aged 49 years.

HARRIS.—On July 21, 1912, at the Municipal Isolation Hospital, Montague Harris, Barrister-at-Law, aged 35 years.

MUNRO.—On July 10, 1912, at Dalmuir, Scotland, Annie Morris, the beloved wife of William Paul Munro.

OLLERDESSEN.—On July 17, 1912, at 26 Jessfield Road, Henry Ollerdessen, aged 50 years.

PORTER.—On July 15, 1912, at the General Hospital, Stephen Porter, Maritime Customs, aged 32 years.

RAYDEN.—On July 9, 1912, at No. 14 Jessfield Road, Susannah Emily, the beloved wife of Frederick Rayden, aged 37 years.

ROBB.—On July 26, 1912, at China Eastern Railway Wharf, Pootung, Oyoshi, beloved wife of W. McF. Robb.

SEAMAN.—On July 29, 1912, at the Isolation Hospital, Lambert Edward Seaman, Legal Insurance Co., aged 38 years.

SPUNT.—On July 11, 1912, at Consular Road, Tientsin, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Spunt, a daughter, who died 3 hours later.

SUCH.—On July 30, 1912, suddenly, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Herbert John Such, aged 65 years.

OUR POST CARD ALBUM



Photo

A BUSY BORNE

Lai Chong

HEREWITH a picture of some foreign houseboats starting off on a shooting trip. It was taken by a Chinese photographer who makes a great feature of casual snapshots such as this.



Photo

A SHANGHAI MOTOR

Salone

DEAR DAD,

You must not imagine because we are so far from the centres of civilisation that we are not up-to-date. There is no more positive evidence than the quantity of smart motors that are travelling hither and thither in Shanghai, one of which I send you in a photograph.

DICK.

THE foreign community of Shanghai is perhaps one of the least moveable in the Far East, but there are few residents who do not look forward to going home for good some time or other. Captain G. Carlsen of the S.V.C. left last month to take up duties in the Great Northern Telegraph Company in his native land. Before going he was the recipient of a handsome presentation from his colleagues.



CAPTAIN G. CARLSEN



Photo

A STRENUOUS PULL.

The Burr Photo Co.

THIS is a photo of a scratch tug-of-war that took place at the German School on the day they had some "closing exercises" as the Americans call the termination of the session. A more happy or healthy looking crowd of children you cannot imagine.



Photo

A FISHING BOAT

Stere.

HEREWITH a photo of a Chinese fishing boat, which rather reminds one of a Thames punt. There is excellent fishing in China of various kinds, but up till now fishing and angling have not been half as much indulged in as they deserve, probably because it has not occurred to people's notice.



CHURCH PARADE OF THE S.V.C.
The Cathedral Compound

ISN'T this a topsy-turvey sort of photo? Rather difficult to identify oneself in it. The volunteers remind one of toy soldiers, and the civilians look like wooden figures. The photo was taken from the Cathedral Tower by a Boy Scoutmaster.

HEREWITH a photo of a well-known rickshaw stand, where hundreds of rickshaw coolies wait for fares much after the style of cabbies at cab stands at home. Poor souls! They are frizzled up in the summer time, and nearly frozen to death in the winter, but somehow they are always with us, for which let us thank our stars.



Photo

Lat Chong

A RICKSHAW STAND



A CORNER OF THE DINING-ROOM-- KAMAKURA HOTEL

THE hotels in Japan have been improved very much recently, but none more so than Kamakura which is said to be one of the most comfortable and well-managed Hotels in the Far East.

PLEASE observe the narrow margin there is between the bank and the ship.



Photo

By courtesy of "Shipping and Engineering"

THE INDO-CHINA "CHIPSHING" SWINGING AT TIENSIN BUND

You might think for a long time and not guess what little acrobatic child this photo represents, and as it was not taken to be reproduced I will not divulge the name, but be content with saying that his father is very well-known and is one of the best football goal-keepers in Shanghai.



A YOUNG AMATEUR ACROBAT



THE BATHING POOL AT KULING

BATHING is one of the few pastimes holiday makers can indulge in when at holiday resorts. This picture shows the large amount of interest evinced in swimming at Kuling.

DOESN'T this look a primitive scene? Only those who have tried to navigate a tub, know the difficulties that attend the operation but these natives in the picture apparently found no more difficulty than they would have done in a canoe.



Photo

BEGGARS IN TUBS AT WPHU

By Dolly



Photo

By courtesy of Shipping and Engineering

H.M.S. DEFENCE

The new Flagship on the China Station

ISN'T this a cute little photo. It was taken whilst the Boy Scouts were camping out. I sent you a copy of S.S. with a full description of Baden-Powell's visit here. Hope you got it all right.

M. S.



ONE OF THE BADEN-POWELL BOY SCOUTS ON ACTIVE SERVICE



THE MAN FROM BEYOND

By H. M.

BEYOND was the children's name for the flat stretch of country which lay to the south of the rice-fields. It was unexplored as far as they were concerned—a sparsely-wooded district, with a farmhouse dotted here and there at somewhat rare intervals. Far in the distance you could see a number of tall chimneys, and, farther still, a low ridge of hazy blue hills. Dora and Claude had a vague idea that the gardener went to the tall chimneys when he wanted a cartload of new flower-pots. As for the hazy blue hills, it had been decided long ago that they stood on the extreme edge of the world, and lessons in geography had not as yet succeeded in dispelling this picturesque notion.

At the close of the summer holidays, the children were allowed to prepare their lessons out of doors for the governess, who came in the afternoon; a concession which had been granted in order to modify the irksomeness of commencing work again after a period of absolute freedom. On this particular morning, Dora, swinging comfortably in a hammock under the plane tree, was endeavouring to prevent her attentions from wandering from the comparative length of the great rivers of Europe to the water-wagtails on the lawn. Claude was sitting in the arbour, committing to memory part of an exceedingly dull summary of chief events in the reign of the Norman Kings. He had just got as far as the death of the Conqueror at Rouen, when he suddenly dropped the book, and shouted to the little figure in the hammock.

"Dora, here's a motor-car coming from Beyond!"

The girl slipped down from her perch, and ran up the sloping lawn to her brother. They stood on the steps in front of the house to get a better view, and watched the car as it came swiftly along the road. A motor-car was not a very unusual sight to them, but to their great astonishment, instead of dashing past, as they were wont to do, this one slackened its speed as it approached the clump of trees at the bottom of the drive, and proceeded very slowly, while the driver looked up towards the house. Then he turned the car round, and drove quietly along as far as the lane which separated their own paddock from the beginning of Beyond. Here he turned up the lane, and stopped. The excitement of the children was intense. Norman Kings and European rivers were alike forgotten. "Come on, Claude," said Dora. "Perhaps the car's broken."

They ran together down the lawn, along the terraced walk, through the plantation, and across the paddock to a gate opening into the lane. Here they arrived, breathless, just as the owner of the car was calmly lifting down a large basket. He was a tall, pleasant-looking man, with blue eyes and rather greyish hair. He waved his hand gaily to them, and proceeded to open the gate.

"What are you going to do?" they asked, wide-eyed and panting.

"Well," he answered, smiling, "I am about to have some luncheon—that is, of course," he added, politely, "if you have no objection."

They watched him open-mouthed as he unpacked the basket in a business-like way.

"What's in that funny bottle?" inquired the boy.

"That's seltzer-water, and I'm going to mix it with my Hock presently. Perhaps you will give me the pleasure of your company at luncheon. I generally carry a very fair supply—in case of emergencies, you know."

Dora and Claude whispered together, and the grey-haired man produced a big rug and spread it on the grass. Then he continued to bring out all manner of dainties from his basket in the coolest way imaginable.

"Is that a magic basket?" asked Dora, as the bewildering variety of its contents was revealed.

"No," laughed the grey-haired man, "I can assure you it's a very ordinary basket. I designed it myself. Are you going to accept my invitation?" he inquired. "I think you'd better help me through with some of these things, and, if you don't mind, I'm rather hungry, and I want to begin."

Such an invitation was too good to be resisted, and the three were soon busily engaged. It was a considerable time before anyone spoke. Claude broke the silence.

"What nice silver you have. Are you rich?"

"Moderately so."

"You must be very happy."

"Not very."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, I'm rather a lonely man."

"What do you do?"

"I travel about most of my time."

"Why are you lonely?"

"Well, I haven't got any people."

"Aren't you married?"

"No."

"What a pity," said Dora. "Don't you want to get married?"

"I did once."

"What jolly good lemonade you've got," said Claude.

"Yes; have some more?"

"No, thank you; I've quite finished."

The children helped their host to repack the basket.

"I must be off soon," he said; "but I've time for a cigarette. What shall we talk about?"

"You, please," said Dora.

"Am I so very interesting?"

"Yes; and I want to know why you didn't get married."

"Oh, that's a long, long story; perhaps I'll tell you some other time."

"Then you're coming back again?"

"Yes."

"When, to-morrow?"



"HERE IS MOTHER COMING TO LOOK FOR US"

"No; the next day perhaps. I've some business to attend to."

"Then you're not always idle?"

"Well, you see, if one has money, it does make one rather busy sometimes."

"If I were rich," Dora said, "I'd do a lot of good with my money. Do you?"

"Not as much as I might, I dare say; but I try to." He threw away the end of his cigarette. "Well, I must be going."

"Stay a little longer," urged Claude.

He looked at his watch.

"Ten minutes," he said, lighting another cigarette. Dora examined the case.

"Are those your own initials?" she asked.

"Yes, my own initials. I never borrow initials—though I do occasionally borrow a corner of other people's fields," he added, slyly.

"Do you always ask the other people to luncheon?"

"Not very often," he answered, gravely; "but then the other people are sometimes very angry and rude. By the way, you really ought to prosecute me for trespassing. Don't you think so?"

"I don't think we *can* prosecute you unless you do some damage," said the boy. "And I don't think we should care to, anyway," he added, as an afterthought.

"The fact is," said Dora, solemnly, "we rather like you."

"Do you like us?" Claude asked. "We haven't many people who like us, except mother and the servants."

"And your father?"

"Oh, father liked us sometimes; but he was very unkind to us when he was cross."

"Sometimes he was very unkind to mother, too," whispered Dora.

The grey-haired man shuddered.

Dora continued. "It wasn't exactly altogether his fault," mother says; "he was badly brought up, and he used to drink too much."

"Doesn't he live here now?" asked the grey-haired man, his voice trembling a little as he spoke.

"Father died the year before last," said Claude.

Their new friend turned round and busied himself with his car.

"I'm ready to start now," he said.

"Good-bye. When you come back, will you take us for a ride?"

"Perhaps."

"That means yes," said Dora, decisively.

The car moved slowly backwards down the lane, then turned to the right, went quietly forward for a few yards, and shot

swiftly away. The children watched until it became a black speck in the distance, and vanished. Then they walked slowly back to the house.

"What shall we call him?" said Claude.

"The Man from Beyond," Dora suggested. And so it was settled.

II

"Well, children," said their mother, as they entered the dining-room, their eyes sparkling with excitement, "you're rather late for your dinner. Where have you been?"

"We've had dinner, or, rather, luncheon," said Dora, "and we've been in the paddock."

"And what did you have for dinner, or, rather, luncheon?" asked the mother, smiling, "peaches or apples?"

"We had chicken and tongue and lemonade and biscuits and ever so many things."

"And where did all these good things come from?"

"The Man from Beyond brought them in his motor-car."

"I see; and who is the Man from Beyond?"

"I don't know, mother," said Dora, "but he's very nice, and very big, and he's got greyish hair."

"Really, darling, it's very unwise of you to make friends with perfect strangers. Where did you have luncheon?"

"In the field."

"Did you ask him to have it there?"

"No; he opened the gate, and came in."

"And you don't know who he is, or where he comes from?"

"He travels about," said Dora; "and his initials are S. R. H. I saw them on his cigarette-case. He looks rather tired, and he's got nice blue eyes, and he speaks rather slowly."

At that moment the sound of the front door bell announced the arrival of the

governess, and the children ran into the garden to get their books. It is to be feared that lessons were not very successful that afternoon, for Claude, after eliciting the fact that there were no motor-cars in England between the years 1066 and 1087, could not be persuaded to take much interest in the condition of the country at that remote period. Dora, too, gave some opinions as to the length of European rivers which Miss Carter pronounced to be more remarkable for originality than for accuracy. They were all glad when tea-time came, and the children were free to tell their governess about their recent adventure with the mysterious stranger.

After tea, and just before the children's bed-time, Dora found her mother alone in the library, looking over a packet of old letters. She seemed to be very sad.

"What's the matter, mother?" the little girl asked. "You're not vexed with us for talking to the Man from Beyond, are you?"

"No, dear," said the mother, smiling through her tears, "I was thinking of someone I used to know. You wouldn't understand."

"I think I might, mother. Was it someone you used to love?"

"Yes."

"Poor little mother."

"Good-night, darling."

III.

The next day seemed to pass very slowly, and when the eventful morning at length arrived, the children's excitement knew no bounds. There were no lessons that day, so they spent all the morning watching the road from Beyond. But it was not until afternoon that they saw the car racing along in the far distance. They ran at full speed to the paddock, and reached the gate just as the grey-haired man drove slowly up the lane.

"We *are* so glad you've come at last!" exclaimed Dora. "Why, you've got a different basket."

"I was too late to come for luncheon, so I brought my tea-basket."

"I've got such lots of questions I forgot to ask you last time."

"Fire away," laughed the Man from Beyond.

"Why did you come here first, and what made you look at the house and then drive back to the lane?"

"Mere curiosity. I wanted to see your house."

"It isn't much of a house to look at, is it?" said Claude. "Mother used to live in a much bigger one."

"I know," said the Man from Beyond. Dora draw a long breath.

"Then did you used to know mother?"

"Yes, many years ago."

"Before she was married?"

"Yes; I haven't seen her for fifteen years."

"Don't you want to see her?"

"I'm afraid she wouldn't care about seeing me."

"Oh! mother isn't unkind. Shall I go in and ask her?" said Dora.

But the question was not answered, for just then Claude said: "Here's mother coming to look for us."

As she approached, the Man from Beyond took off his hat, and make rather an old fashioned bow.

"I trust you will forgive the liberty I have taken——" he began.

She came forward quickly, holding out both hands to him.

"Sydney, it is not you who have to ask forgiveness." Then, as she looked into his careworn face, "And you cannot—you cannot forgive."

"Dear," he said, gently, "if I had anything to forgive, I forgave long, long ago, even before you——"

"Before I married?"

"Yes,"

"The kettle's boiling," said Claude.

The Man from Beyond brought forward the tea-port, and filled it.

"Will you be so kind as to pour out tea for us," he asked. "I have wondered so often whether I should ever have tea with you again, and the chance has always seemed so remote as to be almost infinitesimal. Yet, here we are; and, please

God! this won't be the last time."

"Sydney, is it possible that you still care?"

"Need you ask? I have always cared."

She raised his hand to her lips.

"When we've finished tea," said Claude, "will you take us all for a drive in the car?"

"With pleasure," said the Man from Beyond.



Some Minor Matters

It seems very probable that there were smokers in England long before the introduction of tobacco. Pipes have been discovered embedded in the mortar of churches built before Europe's first acquaintance with tobacco, and it seems only reasonable to suppose that the people of that day smoked herbs of some sort either medically or for pleasure. Coltsfoot was inhaled for asthma, though whether a pipe was used in the process remains a matter of conjecture.



Rest

Here let us sit and let the airs
Blow soft and scented on our brows,
And bear upon their wings the cares
That joyance here now disavows,
And would forget 'mid these glad scenes,
Where no dark shadow intervenes.

No sound is heard save yon wee brook
That softly o'er the pebbles sings,
Or the hoarse "caw" of a lone rook
As lazily his way he wings
The scout of some marauding band
That waits his summons or command.

'Mid stillness dream the hours away.
Let pleasing visions lull to rest
The troubles that too long had sway
And made an ocean of the breast.
Whose swelling waves white-crested rose
And wrecked our life's deep calm repose.

Here Peace is crowned and reigns supreme,
No "rude alarms" to battle call,
But mingling with Sol's glow and gleam
Her benediction sweetens all.
And brooding far her spirit fills
With calm the breast and vale and hills.



A CHINESE LANDSCAPE.

AN ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE

Photos and log by courtesy of "Shipping and Engineering"

ALL manner of exhibits are being collected for the San Francisco Exhibition which is being organised to take place in 1915. Amongst other things an old junk that had seen sixty years' service was secured, and after being carefully overhauled and fitted up to face the long and dangerous voyage to Los Angeles, she started off under Captain Scurr on the 9th of June. Her length is 120 feet with a beam of 30 feet, and she has a clean deck of 120 feet with the

which, much to everyone's regret, ended disastrously:—

The Log of the Junk *Ningpo*

The following extracts from the log of the junk *Ningpo* have been kindly supplied by the master, Captain Scurr, and will serve better than any narrative to show the difficulties of the voyage. The log commences with the morning of June 8, when the junk hove up from the position where she had been left by the tug near the Fairway Buoy and put to sea.

June 8.— 6.45 a.m. Hove up and proceeded. Hoisted foresail and mainsail. Light SSE. breeze, fine and clear. Ship steering badly. Lashed helm hard up. 1.20 p.m. Wind shifted to NNW. All aback. Lowered mainsail and wore ship. Proceeded under foresail. Fresh water tanks leaking. Crew at work on pumps. Ship steering very badly on account of quantity of water in well putting her too much by the head. Position at noon. Elliot Is. bearing South (compass) distant 19'. 5.30 p.m. All aback. Main sheet carried away. Furled mainsail. Ship straining and labouring heavily in the swell. Wind N by W., force 5. 10.20 a.m. Anchored in 13 fms. owing to ship being set rapidly toward Elliot Islands.

June 9.— Decided to remain at anchor all day until ship pumped dry and damage repaired. Crew pumping ship and clearing up decks. Shipped new tiller and tightened up heel guys.

June 10.— Light ESE. wind; fine and clear. 9 a.m. Ship visited by native fishermen. Bought fresh fish. 8 p.m. Light SE.



CAPTAIN SCURR ON THE DECK OF THE "NINGPO"

usual poop or half deck. Many additions have been added, but the old wooden stock anchor has been retained. We are indebted to "Shipping and Engineering" for the following details of her first voyage

wind. Everything clear for running. Moveable gear lashed. 9.30 p.m. A large junk hauled alongside and some men tried to board. We immediately opened fire with revolvers and apparently hit one or two. The junk cast off and made sail, but a more vigilant watch was set, as apparently Yoochow pirates were in the vicinity.

June 11.—6.30 a.m.
Weighed and set foresail. Set course N 60° E. Light breeze and sea, heavy swell. 10.30 a.m. Set three reefs of spanker. Hands overhauling mainsail and pumping. Position at noon. N. Saddle Is., bearing S 12° W. distant 15'. Course made good, N 50° E. Distance $23\frac{1}{2}$ miles. 8 p.m. Moderate SE by E. wind, fine and clear. Heavy swell.

June 12.—7 a.m. Light SE. breeze, fine and clear. Slight swell. Hoisted mainsail. 10 a.m. Vessel all aback several times owing to variable wind. Position at noon Lat. $31^{\circ} 51'$ N. Long. $123^{\circ} 20'$ E. Course made N 35° E distance 55' miles. 5 p.m. Light variable winds, confused sea. Set full mainsail and spanker. Midnight. Moderate ENE. wind and rough sea.

June 13.—8 a.m. Light SE. by S. wind and dense fog. Position at noon. Lat. $32^{\circ} 40'$ N. Long. $124^{\circ} 25'$ E. Course made N 49° E. Distance 74 miles. 8.25 p.m. Weather cleared. Ship found to be making water aft. Unable to locate leak. All hands to the pumps. 4.30 p.m. Tiller carried away. All hands called to ship spare one. While stowing spare upper tiller on poop, ship paid off with slight

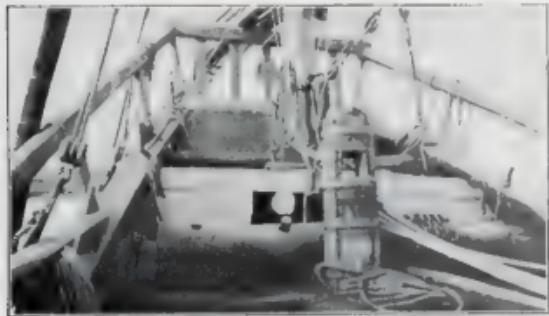
shift of wind and, being at all times hard to steer, gybed before helm took effect. Two men, Walter Flannigan, aged 26 (stowaway), and W. L. Coggan, aged 32 (A.B.), got foul of the main sheet and were swept overboard. Time 5 p.m. The port poop ladder was immediately thrown over and the two men made for it safely, Flanpigian being heard to shout "We're



THE "NINGPO" AT ANCHOR IN THE RIVER AFTER HER RETURN FROM THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE PACIFIC

all right." A native sampan was also thrown over and floated dry, right side up, being in the water within four minutes of the accident. The ship was put about and the second mate detailed to watch the men in the water. Another sampan was launched as soon as possible and manned by A B's Robinson and Dawes, who pulled away in the direction of the men but, owing to the approaching darkness and the swell running, they failed to locate them. The ship lost sight of the ladder,

but hauled up for the sampan and on ranging alongside, found it empty, so let it go and put about to pick up Robinson and Dawes before darkness set in. They were got on board at 6.30 p.m. in a very exhausted condition and the sampan had to be left. The ship then cruised about in the vicinity of the accident under reduced sail, wind SE. and freshening, with dull weather and passing fogbanks, but nothing was seen of the men.



THE POOP-DECK FROM WHICH THE TWO MEN WERE SWEEP BY THE MAIN SHEET WHEN THE VESSEL GYBED. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE RUDDERHEAD IN WHICH THE UPPER TILLER WAS SHIPPED

June 14.—2 a.m. Wind freshening from ESE. and sea rising. Ship labouring and straining heavily and making more water. Lowered mainsail, the lower sheet bridle on third reef batten having carried away. All hands at the pumps. 8 a.m. Wind increased to fresh gale from SSE. with heavy sea and rain. Ship hove to under reefed foresail on port tack, heading SW. by W. Labouring and straining heavily. Position at noon: Lat. $32^{\circ} 25'$ N. Long. $124^{\circ} 19'$ E. Course made, S 21° W. Distance 16 miles. 9.30 a.m. Strong gale and high sea. Leaking badly. Discovered fresh leak at sternpost. Three after compartments

flooded and water washing up into after cabins. A large quantity of provisions damaged. Water in after well, 5' 2". Cleared and provisioned lifeboat ready for emergencies. 4 p.m. Strong gale and high sea with thick rain. Ship straining heavily and making water at an alarming rate. Wind SE.

June 15.—4 a.m. Strong gale and high sea. Head lacing of foresail carried away and fore band on gaff swung out of position. Rigged force pump at daylight and connected aft. All hands on pumps. Soundings aft 7' 6".

Noon. Fresh SE. wind and high sea. Overcast and showery. Ship labouring heavily. Position, Lat. $32^{\circ} 50'$ N. Long. $123^{\circ} 58'$ E. Course made N. 35° W. Distance 30 miles. 1 p.m. Decided to return to port for repairs; all hands being exhausted with constant pumping, leaving no time for repairs. 5 p.m. Hoisted foresail after repairs. 6 p.m. Repaired leak aft. Soundings, 8 ft. Moderate to fresh SW. by W. wind and sea, fine and clear.



THE QUARTER DECK OF THE "NINGPO." THE LIFEBOAT IS SEEN LASHED ON THE MAIN HATCH ABAFT THE MAINMAST

June 16.—4 a.m. Moderate wind and sea. Heavy swell. Ship continually making water. Hands at the pumps incessantly. 8 a.m. Similar weather. Position at noon: Lat. $32^{\circ}53'$ N. Long. $122^{\circ}55'$ E. Course made N 85° W. Distance 54 miles. 2.30 p.m. Hoisted full foresail and squared away for port. Condemned standing tiller and shipped spare one. 4 p.m. Strong NW. wind; rough sea; fine and clear.

June 17.—4 a.m. Moderate WNW. wind and sea. Fine and clear. 10 a.m. Ship still making water at an alarming rate. Pumps kept going continually. Position at noon: Lat. $31^{\circ}38'$ N. Long. $122^{\circ}30'$ E. Course, S 16° W. Distance 78 miles. 4 p.m. Light, variable winds and calms. No steerage way on ship.

June 18.—9 a.m. Set mainsail. Light breeze came away from SSW. Position at noon. Lat. $31^{\circ}41'$ N. Long. $122^{\circ}27'$ E. Course N. 38° W. Distance 5 miles. 3 p.m. Breeze freshened from SE. and came away stronger. 7 p.m. Observed Shaweishan Light bearing SW. by S. Fresh SE. wind, rough sea. 9.12 p.m. Lower mainsheet block carried away. Lowered mainsail.

June 19.—2.30 a.m. Brought up. Lowered fore-sail and let go anchor in 7 fms. 10.15 a.m. Weighed anchor. Set foresail and proceeded. Position at noon. Ten miles East of Shaweishan Lighthouse. 5 p.m. Heavy rain squalls. Lost all bearings. 7.30 p.m. Weather cleared. Found ship set into North channel. Proceeded on soundings. 9.30 p.m. Let go anchor for the night.

June 20.—7.20 a.m. Hailed native boat and asked for pilotage assistance. Natives appeared afraid and kept off. Hailed several boats during day, but none responded.

June 21.—4.45 a.m. Weighed anchor and hoisted fore and mainsails. 8.20 a.m. Hailed native boat and asked for pilot. They agreed to pilot ship to Woosung and made fast their boat alongside. Placed them in charge of tiller and lead. 10.35 a.m. Light wind; anchored to await flood. 1.40 p.m. Hove up and proceeded. 2.20 p.m. Grounded in $1\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms on Tsungming Island. Mate and steward took attending boat and proceeded to neighbouring village for information. 2.45 p.m. Refloated and proceeded. 3.15 p.m. Grounded in $1\frac{1}{2}$ fms. 6 p.m. Mate and steward returned with pilot recommended by Taotai of village. Vessel failed to float on evening tide.

June 22.—9 a.m. Attempts to refloat ship



THE FORECASTLE BUILT IN THE MAIN HOLD. BEHIND THE TABLE ARE THE BUNKS IN WHICH THE CREW SLEPT

unsuccessful. Mate went ashore to await arrival of trading steamer and apply for towage. 1 p.m. Mate returned. s.s. *Hsintai* willing to tow ship for sum arranged by master. 9 p.m. Fresh SE. wind and choppy sea. Bower anchor laid out with 90 fms. but ship not refloated.

June 23.—Moderate SE. wind. Attempts to heave vessel off unsuccessful.

June 24.—Attempts to refloat ship still unsuccessful.

June 25.—Fresh NE. wind; heavy rain 8 a.m. Captain went ashore to determine towing possibilities of *Hsin Tai*. 1 p.m. Carried out port bower with 60 fms. cable but failed to refloat ship.

June 26.—8 a.m. Tug *Vulcan* arrived, but water not sufficient to permit her to render aid. Carried out bower anchor again with 45 fms. cable. 10 p.m. Hove anchor home but could not refloat ship.

June 27.—Attempts to refloat ship unsuccessful.

June 28.—9 a.m. Tug *Lingkong* arrived and commenced to tow. 11 a.m. Towrope parted and attempt unsuccessful owing to insufficiency of water. 10.30 p.m. Vessel floated and swung to flood tide. 10.45 p.m. Tug passed hawser and towed ship into channel. Proceeded toward Shanghai.

June 29.—2.30 a.m. Brought up and anchored. 5.20 a.m. Weighed and proceeded. 9.10 a.m. passed Woosung. 11.40

a.m. Arrived Shanghai and anchored below shipping.

OLD EFFORTS RECALLED

In 1905 a fine war junk set sail for San Pedro under the command of Captain Burg. She came to grief off the coast of Japan, where she put up for a month for repairs, and shortly after getting under weigh again, Captain Burg died. She reached her destination eventually but on her next voyage foundered whilst rounding Cape Horn, but her crew were all picked up.

Forty or fifty years ago another junk fully manned and under the command of a foreigner started from Shanghai for Europe and America via the Cape. Not only did this junk visit New York and London, but returned in safety to China.

The *Ningpo* has the good wishes of many residents in China, who sincerely hope she will succeed in her second attempt to reach America.



AN OLD WAR JUNK OF THE SEVENTIES

TWENTIETH CENTURY FACTS

THE twentieth century will have twenty four leap years, the greatest number possible. February will have five Sundays three times—1920, 1948, and 1975. The earliest possible date on which Easter can occur is March 12th. The last time it occurred on that date was 1818. The latest date that Easter can occur is April 25th. It will occur but one time in the coming century on that date—1945. The middle day of the century will be January 1st, 1951. There will be three hundred and eighty eclipses during the coming century.

The Quiet Hour

On the Deadly Commonplace

SOME people keep what is called a "commonplace book"—a book of blank pages, as I have met it, in which they copy out any passage of prose or poetry which, browsed upon in their reading, strikes their fancy. This is a harmless, even a pleasing habit, though, in passing, a word of warning may be given: Intimacy should never be cultivated with the keeper of a commonplace book. In a burst of enthusiastic ingratitudo he is apt to repay your friendship by suddenly producing the book and reading it to you.

But there are other people—a much larger proportion—who keep a commonplace mind—a mind of blank pages on which by slow degrees become printed expressions, ideas, jokes. In the most terrible sort of commonplace mind there is one of each; one expression, one idea, one joke. This is an awful thing, and its terror is emphasised by this—that the possessor is neither aware of his poor equipment nor does he appear to suffer by it.

There is the person whose sole expression is "Really," followed by a note of interrogation. This is of the most maddening. You rush to him enthusiastic with some big intelligence, or you meet and impart to him some fact of deep interest. He replies—he always replies, "Did he really?" or, "Did you really?" or, "Did it really?" You say: "Yes, *really*." He answers: "Oh, *really*—fancy that!" He would probably say: "Is he really?" if you told him his best friend was dead. But this would be such a happy release for the friend that it would ill become one to show annoyance.

Over the subject of commonplace jokes it is well to hurry with all speed. Hack-

neyed, commonplace tags of speech are at all times bad, but when these take the form of "jokes" they become improper. There is the man whose one idea when it rains is to say: "Grand weather for ducks." Another example is the huge joke which some people find in the term "deuce," used at a lawn-tennis party.

The commonplace mind is, of course, capable of cure. It is only required sternly to repress the commonplace thought before it finds expression in words. If this be done systematically the thoughts will in time grow disheartened, and, throwing up the job in disgust, will fly off elsewhere. They may then be replaced by others rising from intelligent observation, interest and reading. This is all quite simple. The difficulty arises in the fact that no one has ever yet been found who will confess—even privately in the stillness of the night hours—that he is commonplace. It is just the same with the sense of humour. There is not a single educated person in these islands who will not on occasion sigh with mingled pride and pity, and say: "What an awful thing it must be not to have a sense of humour!" or "How splendid it is to have a sense of humour!" Thus, taken at their own estimate, everybody has a sense of humour. This not so.

Since, then, the commonplace mind cannot recognise itself, the only thing is for someone to tell it the dreadful fact—"to say it very loud and clear; to go and shout it in his ear." The cure would almost certainly be complete, but the majority of us would probably shrink from a measure so drastic. An indirect method might be tried. Every time our commonplace person comes out with his everlasting remark he should at once be replied: "Yes, that's what you are always saying."



Our Young Folks' Corner



A Butterfly's Career

Written Specially for Social Shanghai

IT was a beautiful garden in one of the loveliest of tropical islands: full of scarlet hibiscus, plumbertia, gorgeously coloured cannas, tangipu (or flame plant), tiger and eucharis lillies, roses of all varieties, exquisite violets, and flowers of every description.

One day a butterfly was born. She grew up the daintiest of little creatures: not a large showy butterfly; but refined and exquisitely made, and delicately proportioned. Her colours were not gaudy, but a lovely bloom spread over her orangey brown wings.

She was a very fascinating little creature altogether.

The butterfly spent her early days chiefly amongst the violets; which grew modestly in a leafy bed, their delicate odour scenting the air around; filling it with sweetness and purity. The violets loved the little butterfly; and at night folded her safely in their arms, and by day gave her all their sweetness.

For a time she was quite content and satisfied among the violets; but by-and-bye a longing came over her to see life, life at any cost! To join in the throng of other gayer butterflies, and to lead a life of excitement and pleasure. Her old friends the violets seemed out-of-date; in fact she rather despised them for their quietness and simplicity. So one day she flitted amongst them and said, "I shall die of ennui if I stay with you any longer; you are dowdy, too quiet and prim altogether, contented to live in one little groove all your lives. Now I am *ambitious*, and have *ideas*. I want *life*, and to see all the beauties of the world. Other butterflies find flowers with gorgeous colouring of every variety, while you poor violets have but one hue. Oh! this is too monotonous altogether." And without even saying adieu, the ungrateful little minx of a

butterfly sailed away to seek fresh fields and pastures new.

The little violets felt very sad and hurt, for they loved the butterfly with all her wilfulness; and they knew that no real happiness would come of her ambitious notions. They were afraid she would only be bitterly disappointed in life, and perhaps come to utter grief. She was too delicate and fragile to buffet with all the



Photo

Rembrandt

Our Portrait Gallery
JOHAN ERNEST RAFFEN
A Norwegian baby

temptations and hardships of the world, so they said to each other: and as evening came on the violets fell asleep with glistening tears of dew in their eyes, and with heavy drooping hearts. But when morning broke they determined to smile and be cheerful. They hoped the butterfly

would repent and come back, and they all agreed to take her back to their hearts whenever she should return.

Meanwhile the butterfly was madly, gaily happy. She met some handsome companions who all flattered her, and "turned her head" so much that she began to fancy she was as gorgeous and beautiful as themselves. But in reality she was far daintier, and was quite out of place with her gaudy companions. The sun shone, the flowers in the garden were at their best, and the air was full of delicious fragrance. Sometimes the butterflies would flit off to distant gardens, where more exquisite blossoms grew. With flirtations and honied compliments from various bright coloured flowers the days passed by all too quickly for the little orange-brown butterfly. She never had time or inclination to think of her former "pals" (for she now used slang, and was quite up-to-date in every way), the violets; although they sometimes caught a glimpse of her soaring through the air with many gay companions. She had one particular admirer, a glorious butterfly of a splendid sapphire blue and peacock green hue, who was attracted by her more refined daintiness, which he had not met with before. He enticed her off to many gay scenes, and indeed she did not need much persuasion. She flirted with many others besides himself; but his chief rival in her affections was a delicately hued Moon Moth of a most elegant shape. He was poetically inclined, and very dreamy and aesthetic; a complete contrast to the restless little orange-brown butterfly. He wrote sonnets to her; and in his lazy moonstruck way was head over ears in love with her. He very seldom exerted himself much before-evening, and then twitted about in the short twilight (if it can be called twilight in the tropics), and in the soft light of the moon the beautiful moth looked his best with his delicate opalescent hues. The lively little orange-brown butterfly felt full of joy and delight as a rule, though at times she felt a little dissatisfied, and sometimes even in the most splendid coloured flowers she thought the honey tasted almost bitter sweet.

One day indeed, her thoughts went back to the violets and their delicious fragrance.

But "no," she said to herself, "I could never go back to such a humdrum life as that." The butterfly's energy was immense, although she was tiny; and the life of the butterflies she consorted with was fast and furious.

She was in an ecstasy of delight when she was with the sapphire butterfly, though her feminine artfulness never let him see her intense admiration for him. Sometimes they flitted off to a distant pomelo (or wild orange) tree covered with exquisite bridal blossoms, and brimming over with the



Photo

Rembrandt

EDWARD ALFRED HARIS

honey and sweetness of life. Here the butterfly and her gay companions would spend a day of luxurious feasting and caresses. The sapphire hued butterfly was quite a gay Lothair, experienced in wiles to fascinate the weaker sex. One day they tasted the honey in the flower of the tea bushes growing around them; in appearance almost like a wild white rose blossom; but the honey was sharp and the bitter taste burnt her mouth; and for the rest of the day the little orange-brown felt a distaste for everything and everybody. She sulked with her sapphire blue lover; so the moon moth said he would take her out in the

evening, when she might feed on the delicate moon flower, which only blooms in the moonlight, and fades with the morning's sun, in this lovely tropical island.

They went, and by morning she had quite recovered her usual light spirits. So day succeeded day, each one gayer than the last if possible. Birds sang joyously, the grey and white squirrels living in the bungalow roof gave their shrill piping notes, as they went busily through the hours. The sun shone forth with his glorious shining smile on all, and gentle breezes breathed around.

One day when the sun shone with even greater brilliancy than usual, the little butterfly having had a slight disagreement with the sapphire blue, tossed her head and spreading her dainty wings sallied forth alone, without her attendant swain. She knew that there was a handsome scarlet lily bowing its stately head just under the edge of the bungalow verandah, looking down with scorn on the poor little purple violets beneath, where they grew in their leafy bed. As the butterfly flew off, she happened to pass a sanctimonious old praying mantis, he seemed to turn greener than ever on seeing her, and set up on a leafy branch of a croton bush, with his arms folded as in prayer. He had always viewed little orange-brown with great disapproval as he considered her very frivolous. To-day he merely looked at her and remarked, "you will be coming to grief, young lady, one of these fine days, with your wild doings. You should lead the 'simple life' as I do," and his goggle eyes gazed fixedly at her as she scornfully sailed away without vouchsafing any reply. She reached the verandah, and alighted on the glorious lily, so rich and red in colour. The sun shone on the butterfly's dainty outspread wings. "How lovely the bloom on your wings is to-day, you are looking more fascinating than ever," said the lily, "but where is your faithful adorer, the sapphire blue?" Little orange-brown butterfly felt very much annoyed by these remarks, and feeling almost disappointed in the lily's sweetness, did not reply. She began to think she would pay a visit to the violets below: they at any rate never made rude personal remarks. Their quietness would be a change and a rest for her after the gay life she had been leading.

So absorbed was the butterfly in these thoughts, that she never noticed two boys in the verandah close by. One of them held a butterfly net in his hand. She was preparing to alight on the violets beneath, feeling rather shy and ashamed of her behaviour to them, when suddenly there came a crushing blow, she felt a deadly pain all through her body, and tried to struggle from the treacherous net she was caught in, but in vain. A rough hand pulled her out at last, and a voice said, "Oh! I say Ted, all the bloom is rubbed off its wings, it's not much of a butterfly now" "No," replied the other boy, "not worth the trouble of sticking a pin through"; and he dropped her carelessly among



Photo

OVID HERBERT RITTER AND LUCY ELIZABETH
RITTER

the violets, while the scarlet lily above shook her damaged head in derision.

The poor little butterfly felt utterly helpless and weary, all her beauty gone, and maimed for life, she was too broken-hearted to speak at first; and when she tried to tell the violets how ashamed and sorry she was for her ungratefulness to them, no words would come. The little

violets held her gently in their arms, and whispered words of comfort. They told her to rest, and all would be well in the morning ; and she would be able to enjoy life and be tenderly cared for by them.

None of them jested at her now her beauty was gone, and her delicate wings all broken and smirched. Their words comforted and soothed the butterfly ; but she knew in her heart that life could never be the same again. She was spoilt, broken, helpless, of no use in the world, and could never be gay and happy again.

Night came on. None of her gay butterfly friends had sought her out. No doubt she would quickly be forgotten with hardly a passing regret—even from the sapphire butterfly or the moon moth.

The air was balmy, the lively crickets chirped, fire-flies darted about among trees and shrubs, like tiny lanterns flitting to and fro. The stars shone brightly ; but the moon had only just begun to rise as she was getting old and weary. Sounds of music and voices came from the bungalow, and the heavy scent of tropical flowers pervaded the night. The dainty violets hung over her with their leaves, lightly folding her in their arms ; and the little butterfly sank gently to rest, never to wake again in this life ; her joys and follies and sorrows all past.

The dewy tears shone in the violet's eyes. They were very sad at losing little orange-brown ; but they murmured to each other, "she came back to us, and knew that we really loved her as ever ; and she died happy with us, and not among strangers. We would not have it otherwise," they said.

The sky began to cloud over and a heavy rain descended from above, mingling with the tears of the violets, and washing away the remains of the poor butterfly. Until all that was left of her lay hidden under the violet leaves. K. M. C. MacMillan.



The Two Sides of It

THERE was a girl who always said
Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
She always was debarred.

There always was a cloudy spot
Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever quite just right,
She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
In every day that came.

Of course things tangled up sometimes
For just a little while ;
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
She used to say and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled
Through all their lives together ;
It didn't come from luck or fate,
From clear or cloudy weather.

The reason lay within their hearts,
And coloured all outside ;
One chose to hope and one to mope,
And so they smiled and sighed.



A Story with a Moral

THE STAG AND HIS HORNS

A STAG was drinking in a lake when he saw his likeness in the water. He admired his fine spreading horns, but he felt ashamed of his thin awkward legs.

Hearing the roar of a lion close at hand, the stag rushed off to the mountains. His despised legs carried him swiftly away from his dangerous enemy, and he would have escaped if his much admired horns had not caught in the branches of a tree.

He tried in vain to free himself, but before he could do so, the lion came up and killed him.

MORAL.

To be useful is better than to be beautiful.



An Essay on the Chinese

A Nation that Does Everything Differently, and Lives its Life from Z to A.

UNLIKE the imitative Japanese, their neighbours, the Chinese, insist on doing things in their own peculiar way if they are to do them at all. They have been forty centuries earning the reputation of the most conservative folk in the world. Reform is busy in China; but reform in such a land has no easy task. Chinese love their habits as strongly as their life itself.

The Chinese do everything backward.
They commence their dinner with dessert, and end up with soup and fish.

Their compass points to the south instead of the north. The men wear shirts, and the women trousers; while the men wear their hair long, the women coil theirs in a knot.

The dressmakers are men; the women carry burdens.

Books are read backward, and any notes are inserted at the top.

White is used for mourning, and bridesmaids wear black.

The Chinese surname comes first, and when a gentleman of the Celestial Empire meets and salutes an acquaintance each of them shakes his own hand instead of his friend's.

Vessels are launched sidewise, and horses are mounted from the off-side.

The Holidays

PUT the books and slates away,
This is the sunny First of June,
And we will go this afternoon
Over the hills and far away.

Hurrah! we will have a holiday,
And thro' the wood and up the glade
We'll go in sunshine and in shade
Over the hills and far away.

The wild-rose blooms on every spray,
In all the sky is not a cloud,
And merry songs are ringing loud
Over the hills and far away.

Not one of us behind must stay,
But little ones and all shall go
Where summer breezes gently blow,
Over the hills and far away.

A Lesson

WHAT is wrong in these sentences—
(a) "A lasting and permanent peace."
(b) "A pure and unadulterated article."
(c) By this means I shall succeed."

An Exercise

IF you fill in the empty spaces with letters from the alphabet, you will be able to read these sentences :

1. Many——men say that under the
——are hills and valleys just as there are
on land.

2. I love to sit at my——in the garden,
watching the busy——as they fly from
flower to flower.

2. Don't——your little brother, Florrie;
it is too bad of——.

Answer: yyyy (wise); c (sea); eeee (ease);
bbbb (bees); titt (tease); u (you).



Phot.

Rich

EDWARD HORACE VAUGHAN
SON OF CAPTAIN AND MRS. VAUGHAN

Riddles

WHY is a little man like a good book?
Because he is often looked over.

WHY should a stupid student study the
letter P carefully?

Because it can make an ass pass.

WHAT is the oldest piece of furniture in
the world?—*The multiplication table.*

WHY does a sailor know there's a man in
the moon?—*Because he's been to sea (see.)*

O Little Child

"O LITTLE child, thou bringest with thee still,
As Moses, parting from the fiery hill,
Some dim reflection in thine eyes,
Some sense of Godhead, some indefinite wonder
As of one drifted here unwillingly,
Who knows no speech of ours and yet doth keep
Some dumb remembrance of a gracious home,
Which lights his waking hours and fills his sleep
With precious visions which unbidden come—
Some golden link which nought of earth can sunder,
Some glimpse of a more glorious land and sea!"

TRAM CURRENTS!

A LITTLE boy went home from school the other day and told his mother that when the electric trams started running the authorities intended not to run them on the Thursdays before Good Fridays. Thinking it was rather soon to decide on that, the mother asked:—"Why won't they run, dear?" "Well ma, they want the currents for the buns."



A CHILD'S PRAYER

A SHANGHAI child was saying his prayers aloud beside his mother's knee, added a prayer on his own account. "Oh, please, dear God, make me pure, absolutely pure as Alpine Milk."

Quaint Sayings

Bobby HARVEY, aged three, is at times destructive. His mother, on his return from the ash barrel whither he had been sent with the pieces of a treasured dish, said, reproachfully, to him:

"Oh, Bobby, you break mamma's heart being so careless."

He looked up wonderingly and said:—

"Div me pieces an' I put 'em in ash barrel."

HOW SHE DID IT

SCENE: A garden in India.

PAPA: "Mabel, what on earth are you doing up there on the elephant's back—mother is waiting for you."

MABEL: "Oh, daddie, Miss Jackson told me to write a composition on the elephant. I suppose this is what she meant; but it's very difficult, for he won't keep still a minute!"



LITTLE JAMIE was observed poring over a book belonging to his mother on the management of children.

"What are you doing with a book like that, Jamie?" asked his mother.

"I want to see if I'm properly brought up, ma," replied the precocious youth.



Photo

The Burr Photo Co.

MASTER OLEG MEDVIEDEFF

An Evening Prayer

All this night may angels be
Very, very close to me,
Keeping me from harm and wrong,
Hushing me to sleep with song.
Grant that my dark hours may be
Watched and guarded, Lord, by Thee!

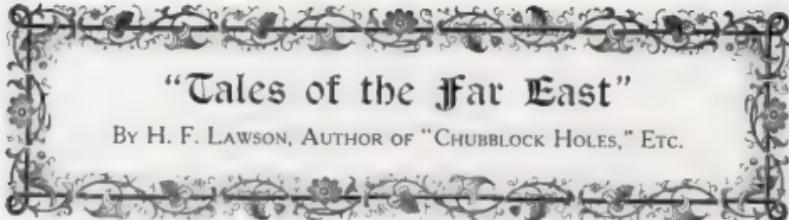


SNAPSHOTS OF SHANGHAI CHILDREN WHO WERE AT THE RACES



The Off-day Races

On the Off day of the Races children are allowed to come with their parents, and quite a large number of children are always present if the weather is fine. They are very smartly dressed, and always look very well and happy.



"Tales of the Far East"

BY H. F. LAWSON, AUTHOR OF "CHUBBLOCK HOLES," ETC.

No. 13. Green Tea

I always seems to me—speaking as one who knows little about such matters—that authors are not sufficiently discriminating about the titles of their works.

In the majority of cases there is one central idea in the tale, around which are woven a number of trivialities, leading-up episodes, and a large amount of other interesting—and frequently uninteresting—detail.

To choose a title which will at once give away the central idea, which enables the reader to forecast the plot, to prejudge the characters, appears to me to be imprudent, however fitting the title may be; in fact, its very fitness is its unfitness.

I am not of course alluding to historical, geographical, or scientific books. In these it is just as well to give us in the title an idea of the subject treated.

Were we desirous of learning, for instance, the condition of the Athenians at the taking of Troy, we might be disappointed if we bought a book which we afterwards found dealt with buzzard farming in South America!

Read the titles of a catalogue of novels; in how many cases can you not with tolerable certainty guess what is coming. "The Rector's Crime," "A Seaside Flirtation," "An Aeroplane Tragedy," "The Millionaire and the Barmaid," "His Hour," all tell us beforehand what the books are about.

My objection extends, even to a greater extent, to choice of names for the characters.

Is it not unfair to label a man with a name which in itself declares him a

villian? Have you ever heard of a man named Varney, Vericker, Jasper, Grice, Grierson, Grimshaw, who was not an unmitigated scoundrel? Such may possibly exist—I have never come across them—but if so, the exception proves the rule. The old proverb "Give a dog a bad name," etc., applies equally to men. If it is not presumptuous for a rank outsider like myself to criticize our inimitable Charles Dickens—with many strokes under his signature—what can you say of a man named Uriah Heep? At the outset you feel that he is a mean, sneaking, grovelling, smirking, unscrupulous cur.

Or say, Scrooge. Directly you read his name, the thought presents itself that here is a grasping, squeezing, unprincipled miser.

Bill Sykes suggests a callous brute of the lowest order. Fagin we know will be a cunning designing thief, and so on *ad libitum*.

You would be disappointed, nay, your judgment would be offended, were such names to turn out in the book to apply to good men, true and noble. You would say that the book was a lie, that such a thing could not be, that it was a reversal of all the time-honoured and accepted rules of nomenclature.

And so it is in innumerable cases.

Cannot our great novelists rise superior to the blood-and-thunder descriptive titles of the Adelphi Drama style?

"Greed of Gold," "The Sin of her Childhood," "The Worst Woman in London," etc., may be correct enough, but they are too illuminating for the Mudie's

Library 3 volume novel class. If one can glean from the title a sort of synopsis of the narrative, what is the good of painfully struggling home with 3 thick volumes, and wading through the unthrilling gag and garbage surrounding the doings of the hero and heroine and a group of more or less uneventful personages placed there as fill-up and padding.

It is said that the true art of the French *chef* is to produce a delectable dish whilst at the same time concealing the nature of the ingredients. One can eat, say, a "Paté a la Hervé" and declare it delicious without having the faintest idea of what it is composed, at all events for the time necessary to devour it, when a guess might be hazarded. Our gastronomic curiosity is aroused in the toothsome delicacy, our appetite whetted by mystery, we take an intelligent interest in the meal, not as a mere daily necessary evil, but as an artistic piece of culinary skill; and herein lies the pleasure of the epicure.

But supposing the *chef* had named the concoction on the menu as, say, spiced veal in pate, what a difference there would be! The same dish, the same taste, but no interest. We have been told what it is, ergo, there is nothing to do but to eat it. The delight has vanished.

Now, tales are a parallel. What we enjoy is the mystery of not knowing what will happen. Do we not frequently read page after page of boring uninteresting small talk and other matter, just in order to see "what comes of it"? If we were to know beforehand, should we be bothered reading the intervening rubbish?

Ladies are generally credited with the idea that they read the last chapter first "to see how it ends," but if they did so, where would be the sustaining interest in their perusal of all the previous waste?

Out here in the East we get cable news of the result of any important event, the Elections, Parliamentary Bills, the Crippen

case, or other mysteries. What is the consequence? We miss altogether the excitement, the daily suspense during the case which entrails us and feeds our cravings for sensation; and when the full reports arrive by mail they fall flat; we read them—if we have nothing else to do—with feelings akin to indifference, because we already know the result. The cablegram is the title to the story, and as it discloses the "finis" of the matter we wish no more; the details are of no consequence.

I grant that classical writers can by reason of their amazing genius hold one's interest throughout a long work even when we know the plot and result. One could not cavil at, say Shakespeare's Historical Plays or similar monuments of literature, wherein are painted in such glowing colours and living animation, wonderful emotional pictures which would keep our interest even were there no plot at all, but can anyone compare with these the insipid powerless meanderings of the general very common or garden novelist?

In the realms of music, too, masters can use with impunity titles which designate the "motiv" of their work, because it is the genius of their treatment which commands our absorbing interest.

Although we know what to expect in, say, Bach's Organ Fugues, or Haydn's "Creation," it is not the plot or "subject" of the work which fills our souls with emotion, but the *masterly treatment*.

In Schumann's "Fugues on the name of Bach," the composer tells us even the notes he will use, but we can all the same enjoy the ingenuity with which he works out the idea.

But what man who understands the A.B.C. of music does not turn with horror and loathing from such hideous travesties as, for example, "The Siege of Lucknow," "The Forge in the Forest," or other pantomimic atrocities?

We are in the days of the "descriptive programme."

Whilst I admit that this idea tends to cultivate those who are uneducated in music, to guide them as to the meaning of the composer, does the man "*in the know*" relish the plan of the whole incidents in a new piece being explained and pointed out before-hand? The effect is marred, the delightful little surprise of, for example, the clever modulation in the 35th bar—noted in the programme—does *not* come as a surprize, and is consequently only half enjoyed. He lacks the wondering excitement as to how the artist will revert to the original key and restore his tonal balance, so to speak, because it is already explained that he does so in a succession of descending thirds in triplets on the 'cellos and horns.

It is much like printing the synopsis of a tale at the beginning of a book.

Then take Painting. We see a landscape with every object clearly defined, and after a glance pass on. Why?

The picture is a good one, very well painted. *But* it is all on the surface. There is no half-veiled mystery, nothing to make you pause and *think*! The story is told on the face, and there is no sustaining influence.

What you want is something indistinct, undefined, inscrutable, an impressionist sketch, something before which you can stand bewildered and try to make out what it is; puzzle over whether that figure in the background is a cow or an angel, etc. If the title, or the Explanatory Catalogue, *gives it away*, you don't have the excitement, but pass on half bored.

What about Bridge? Why is Double Dumⁿy not nearly so interesting? Because you have not the excitement of wondering in which hands the cards are distributed. The two open hands on the table have "*given it away*."

Then there is the absurd practice adopted by some of the American and a few English magazines of giving a "resumé" at the beginning of each tale, and also of some novelists who describe at the commencement of each chapter what is going to happen! Is it not ridiculous?

I could instance scores of analagous cases, and any reader may have them on application enclosing stamped addressed envelope!

Like Hall Caine, I have not taken the trouble to read Marie Correlli's works; but who, on perusing the title "*The Sorrows of Satan*," could not with intelligent anticipation picture a benevolent old gentleman wrung with pain at the faults and failings of misguided mortals whom he as a loving father is compelled to punish with eternal perdition? Our sympathies go out to the dear old man before we start the first chapter; and the more refined of us, too sensitive—and perhaps too sensible to risk being made miserable by the harrowing scenes no doubt depicted, wisely consign the book to oblivion, unread and unmourned.

I do not for a moment dare to question the novel views of the talented writer, who may have more insight into such things than we have. She may of course have been privileged to an interview with the old gentleman, and be merely the mouth-piece of his apologetic explanations. To convert such a gifted mind to become an exponent of his benign feelings towards mankind would indeed be a triumph worthy of the skill which we less favourably disposed mortals attribute to His Satanic Majesty.

This, however, I have nothing to do with; perhaps such an interview pays, but *I* desire neither his presence nor such an intimacy as would enable my pen to confirm his reassuring words of comfort.

All the world except Marie Corelli may be holding uncharitable opinions of him, but I much prefer him to keep off the grass at *my* little place; I can choose my own playmates, whose tennis shoes will not disfigure my lawn as much as a cloven hoof.

If he considers himself maligned, why does he not seek redress in the Libel Courts of His Britannic Majesty? He can count amongst his friends some lawyers who have already sufficient personal knowledge of his methods to be able to plead his grievances without reading up the case.

So avaunt there, Mr. D.—, I leave to your literary and forensic friends the glorious task of disseminating your teachings and convincing ignorant man of your beautiful and noble strivings for his welfare. I am content to "disquish" on titles.

You will notice that the title of this tale—Green Tea—does not give anything away.

We frequently hear of marvellous presents, gold watches, suits of clothes, life pensions, etc., being given away *with* a pound of tea, but never tea itself, whether green or black.

When you have finished this story—if you ever get so far—you will wonder what connection there is with the title.

Well, I will tell you. There is absolutely none! That is why I chose it.

All our best writers, Browning, Hardy—Thomas, not Kier or the sauce man—and others do this. Like said sauce, it adds piquancy; and is just one of those master-strokes which indicates the hand of a true "litterateur."

On looking back, however, I find that my intended short preface has overstepped the limits of brevity to such an extent that my tale—and it was a good one too—will have to remain untold—or untaled.

So I doubly secure myself from any accusation of giving away the story.



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT

SOME people are perpetually giving offence in the most unconscious way.

"Now, do let me propose you as a member of club," says Smith.

"But suppose they blackball me?" replied Brown.

"Pooh! Absurd! Why, my dear fellow, there's not a man in the club who knows you, even!"



A RURAL SCENE IN CHINA

From an old photo

An Appeal to Non-Volunteers

IN the South African War, 147,000 Civilians, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers went to the front. Many of them had never even handled a rifle. At Tweefontein, Lindley, Vlakfontein, they paid the price of their indifference. Lord Roberts visited and gave detailed consideration to the battlefields contested during the campaign, and came to this conclusion: "Had our men been trained to shoot better, most of the unfortunate incidents which have to be deplored in connection with both these campaigns would never have occurred."

at Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt gave the result. Marksmanship gained the battle in those days, and a sterner England took full advantage of the fact. Any raw yoeman drafted into the ranks was as good a man as the veteran-at-arms.

Then came the introduction of fire-arms. The smooth-bore musket had a limited range and accuracy. The value of marksmanship became depreciated—it took a ton of lead to kill a man during the Peninsular War—and discipline, courage, and perfection in drill became the essential qualifications of the soldier.



Photo

Latt Chotte

VOLUNTEERS AT THE RIFLE RANGE

These are the facts. Lord Roberts points the remedy. It is that every man should have the opportunity of becoming a good rifle-shot.

In the Middle Ages exercise with the national weapon was national pursuit. That weapon was the mighty long-bow. Every village had its butts. Law and custom enjoined that every freeman should practise therewith. Our tremendous victories

We have now a weapon infinitely more accurate, more deadly, and further carrying than the long-bow. Marksmanship is once more the deciding factor. More so than ever. These be the days of fighting in open formation. There is no "shoulder to shoulder" to lend a man confidence. His confidence is solely in the knowledge of his ability with his weapon. American authorities encouraging the promotion of

rifle-practice in the States, give it as their opinion that :—"In estimating the military efficiency of the soldier, if we, consider ten points as the standard of perfection, at least eight of these points are skill in rifle-shooting." Lord Roberts endorses this statement.

Some there are that contend that straight shooting is not the first qualification for a soldier, but that victory now lies with the side trained to fighting tactics. Very true, but a singularly poor argument. Tactics are just as necessary in shooting as in football.

Most people are imbued with a natural desire to defend their rights and when the day of need arrives no doubt every man in

Shanghai would be keen to help, and if untrained would prove cheerful and heroic, but aggravatingly useless by reason of his want of technical knowledge.

"Of course," says this young man and that young man with a fine air, "Of course if trouble arose, I should join the Volunteers, like a shot." But it does not reflect any credit on the speaker. He simply intends offering to defend his rights (a very easy thing to do), and buried beneath the indifference which prevails in Shanghai, he makes not the slightest effort so to prepare himself that his existence may become at once a safeguard against disturbance, and a guarantee of success in the event of the latter happening.

The Consul-General for Denmark

MR. THEODOR RAASCHOU has been the Consul-General for Denmark at Shanghai and Consular Judge for China since January 20, 1904. He was born on June the 28th, 1862, and was educated at the University of Copenhagen, where he took his final degrees in law. After practising law for some years he was engaged in business until he joined the Consular Service, and was appointed vice-Consul afterwards acting Consul for Denmark in London. The public is also indebted to him for the active part he has taken in many of our most important musical organisations. At the present time he is chairman of the Philharmonic Society and is one of the directors of the Chamber of Music Society, and he also acted as Chairman of the Public Band Committee which was instrumental in bringing Herr Buck and his foreign assistants to Shanghai. Mr. Raaschou is a member of most of the important Clubs in Shanghai and is an enthusiastic shot and tennis player.



MR. T. RAASCHOU, CONSUL-GENERAL
FOR DENMARK.

Chinese Like Jokes

THE following stories are jotted down to give a glimpse of a little recognised trait of Chinese character—love of fun and keen appreciation of humour.

To many a westerner it would come as a surprise to hear the hearty laughter of the Chinese at an amusing story and to see the merry twinkle of their almond eyes at some humorous remark. When a dispute has arisen between a foreigner and a group of Chinese and voices are beginning to rise rather high and trouble is evidently brewing if the foreigner can adroitly seize the comic side of the question, make a witty remark about it and laugh good-humoredly his opponents, if their passions are not aroused, will burst into a hearty guffaw. Then, good temper being restored, the discussion can be resumed in an amicable spirit.

Such stories naturally lose in translation, especially those which depend for their complete understanding upon a knowledge of Chinese customs, but many of them will forcibly remind the reader of anecdotes current in western lands.

MAKES A DYING REQUEST

"If I die," he said, "you must bury me in the water." The father concluded that, in accordance with his usual line of conduct, the son would do the exact opposite of what he was told. So, after congratulating himself, no doubt, on his astuteness in arranging to get buried in a good place on dry land, the old man died. But, alas! his admirable scheme failed. After his father's death the young man said to himself, "All my life-time I have disobeyed my father; now that he is dead I will obey him this once." So, in scrupu-

lous obedience to the dying injunction, he buried his father in the water.

Here is a hit at the mean man, who is by no means an unusual phenomenon in the middle kingdom, but who there, as elsewhere, is regarded as a good subject for a jest. A very mean man once invited some acquaintances to a feast, but made such scanty provision for them that no sooner was the food placed on the table than it disappeared as if by magic. Figuratively speaking, there was scarcely a mouthful for each guest. One of the latter asked the host to have a lamp put on the table. "Why?" asked the host in amazement. "It is still early; it is quite light." "One can see nothing on the table," was the crushing rejoinder.

THE CHINESE BORE

OUR next tale turns the tables on the guest and shows that the genus "bore" is known in China. A certain man was very fond of calling upon his friends, and, unfortunately, when he once got into their houses it was very difficult to get him out of them again. One day an individual whom he was honouring with a long visit got very tired of his company, but did not know how to get rid of him, as he could not very well tell him point blank to go.

So he got up and looked at the sky, "Clouds are gathering," he said, suggestively; "it will soon rain." His visitor replied with alacrity: "If it is going to rain I mustn't go; it might rain before I reach home." So he did not go. The unhappy host, finding his plan unavailing, racked his brains for another, and by and by he rose and looked out again. "The clouds

are scattering," he said, "perhaps it won't rain after all." "If it is not going to rain," remarked the imperturbable guest, "there is no need to hurry; I can stay on."

SHOWING OFF

THE foible depicted in the following story might possibly, with some slight modifications, find its parallel among fashionable circles in England. A family had just bought a new bedstead. It was very grand and ornamental, and they were anxious that a family with whom they were connected by marriage should see and admire it. But how could they manage it? It would seem rather silly to say, "Come and look at our fine new bedstead." A more roundabout and delicate way of proceeding must be devised.

After a little cogitation a capital plan suggested itself. The *materfamilias* feigned illness and lay upon the new bedstead. As had been anticipated, the other *materfamilias* called to enquire after his health, was ushered into the sick room and took her seat by the side of her friend. Now the visitor, on her part, had really come in

order to show off a new pair of shoes. Accordingly as she sat by the bedside she raised her foot rather high so that the pretty embroidered shoes might not escape notice. Then she thus addressed the



A DOMESTIC SCENE IN CHINA

invalid: "Housemother, what illness are you suffering from?" The lady in bed was not too ill to observe the elevated foot and to know what was meant by it, so she replied, "I am suffering from the same disease of the heart as yourself."

PUSH

THAT is the word on the door leading into the Hall of Achievement.

The door opens to the man who is going forward, the man who is advancing with force, the man who is *pressing on*.

It is closed to the man who waits for the door to open itself, the man who waits for some one to open it for him—the man who waits for anyone or anything to do his work for him.

On the door's other side is the word *Pull*. It is used only by the man who is coming back.

Apply the pressure. Go forward.

Push!

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE GOVERNOR OF HONGKONG

THE news of the attempted assassination of Sir Francis Henry May, the new Governor of Hongkong, first filled the minds of the public with consternation which was quickly followed by congratulation on Sir Henry's marvellous escape. The outrage was committed by a Chinese called Li Hon-hung, who, according to the following description, given

entrance of the General Post Office, which is only a very short distance from Blake Pier, defendant, half walking and half running, approached the chair of Sir Henry May. He ran out from the crowd on the Post Office side between the troops who were standing at the "present arms." The man pointed a revolver at His Excellency's head with his right hand.



GUARD OF HONOUR FORMED BY 100 RANK AND FILE OF THE KING'S OWN YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY. SIR HENRY MAY ESCORTED BY MAJOR GENERAL ANDERSON, AND STAFF OFFICERS, INSPECTING THE GUARD

by Mr. P. M. Hodgson, the Assistant Crown Solicitor at the Police Court in Hongkong, came within an ace of accomplishing his dastardly object.

Mr. Hodgson described the attack saying that when the new Governor, Lady May and their daughters had reached the main

Sergeant Garrod, who was walking behind some nine paces from the centre of His Excellency's chair, saw the defendant run out and immediately made a dash at him between the Indian constables, four of whom were on the right, forming part of the escort of the chair. He arrived there just

in time to snatch the right hand wrist of the defendant holding the revolver, the same moment as the revolver fired, thus directing the bullet slightly upwards, and preventing the defendant from bringing his hand down again to fire a second shot, which he attempted. It is doubtful whether Sergeant Garrod's temerity would have been quick enough to prevent this bullet pursuing a more vital course had it not been for Indian Constable No. 539, who was the nearer of the escort at the moment. The defendant had his arm knocked up, which was immediately seized by Sergt. Garrod. Between them the defendant was borne to the ground, and was at once

pinned down and arrested. He dropped the revolver, which was picked up by Sergt. Garrod and at once handed to Sergeant Grant. The escort was then reformed, and the chairs proceeded to the City Hall. At first it was not known where the bullet which had been discharged was lodged. It was found, on arriving at the City

Hall, by Chief Inspector Baker, lodged in the right hand corner of the canopy of Lady May's chair.

The Attorney-General, in prosecuting, said that there was no personal motive for the crime which was an attempt to strike terror into the hearts of the Government of the Colony by a dastardly attack on the King's representative. The Judge sentenced the prisoner to imprisonment for life with hard labour.



THE SPECTATORS SURGING ROUND THE ASSAILANT TRYING TO LYNCH HIM



THE ARREST OF THE WOULD BE ASSASSIN. THE EUROPEAN SERGEANT NEAREST THE CHAIR IS SERGT. G. H. GARROD TO WHOM THE GOVERNOR OWES HIS LIFE. SERGEANT GARROD WAS THE RECIPIENT OF THE PERSONAL THANKS OF THE GOVERNOR AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE. THE GOVERNOR IS SEATED IN CHAIR IN FOREGROUND

His Excellency Sir Henry May, Governor of Hongkong

THE Hon. Sir Francis Henry May, K.C.M.G., was born in Dublin in 1860. His father was the late Hon. G. A. C. May, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, who married the fourth daughter of Sir Mathew Barrington of Limerick. In 1891, Sir Henry May married the daughter of Gen. Sir George Digby Barker. He was educated at Harrow, and at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1881 he was

member of the Legislative Council and C.M.G. Later on he held the following responsible positions: Captain Superintendent of Police, Superintendent Hongkong Victoria Gaol and Fire Brigade, and he administered the Government of Hongkong during 1903, 1904, 1906, 1907 and 1910. He was Colonial Secretary, Hongkong from 1902 to 1910. Since when he has been Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner Western Pacific. He was decorated for valuable services rendered during the coolies strike and great plague in 1892, and received his K.C.M.G. in 1909. He is the author of two useful publications, "A Guide to Cantonese Colloquial" and "Yachting in Hongkong." His attempted assassination by a Canton native took place on the 4th of July, 1912, when he was on his way to the City Hall to receive addresses of welcome as Governor of Hongkong from the British and Chinese Committees.

Referring to Sir Francis H. May's new appointment the *Shanghai Times* says:

A Sydney contemporary recently published an appreciation of the new Governor of Hongkong that is so happily expressed that we feel inspired to quote it :-



SIR HENRY MAY, K.C.M.G., GOVERNOR
OF HONGKONG

appointed by competitive examination to a Hongkong Cadetship, and in 1886 as Assistant Protector to Chinese. From 1888 to 1891 he was private secretary to Governor Sir William De Voeux, Admiral Sir F. Fleming and Lieutenant-General Digby Barker, after which he was assistant Colonial Secretary and Acting Colonial Treasurer. In 1895 he was made a

"Sir Francis will be remembered for many a day in Fiji. They had been accustomed in the civil service down there to the *dolce far niente*, and previous Governors had rather encouraged this and won popularity. Sir Francis May put a little electricity into the service and practically reorganized it. He made loafers work and workers work harder. He introduced new

methods. He imposed new taxes. He ruled with a rod of iron. And he left behind him there as he had in Hongkong, a passionless respect which is not love, nor admiration, nor hate. He will not be a figure-head as Governor of Hongkong."

The prophecy in the last sentence will assuredly be justified by the event. There are many things about Hongkong that demand the Kitchenerlike treatment that Sir Henry May loves. The grosser abuses of corruption and nepotism that flourish in the political soil of China are practically unknown, but there is much in regard to the Civil Service that would certainly be the better for a change. Sir Henry has had the advantage of working with most of the higher-placed officials as a colleague and he knows all about their capacities and their failings. In one or

two instances the latter have been the subject of general comment, and it was assumed that no steps were taken owing to the easy going disposition of the head of the Administration. Justice without mercy is likely to be the motto of Sir Henry's official rule, and it may be expected that peccadillies that in the past were winked at will be summarily suppressed. The distinctly irregular practice of Civil Servants taking paid positions from private employers is hardly likely to receive mild treatment. It was long a matter of remark that persons in the enjoyment of a high salary from the Government had been augmenting their incomes by remuneration for work of a similar nature performed by private employers. While it is always unwise to prophesy there is reason for supposing that Hongkong will in a very short time possess a model administrative machine.



Sage Financial Sayings

IT makes no difference what line a man may be engaged in; he may be a banker, a doctor, a lawyer, or an employee of any kind. He has a good chance to-day to lay up a competence in twenty years if he saves.

DON'T grind for a pittance, but watch for a chance to better your condition.

THERE are speculations which amount to certainties, only keep a sharp look-out for opportunity, and be content with small profits.

THAT if money's the root of all evil the lack of it is the cause of all worry.

IT is a mistake to be afraid of money. Money is willing to be your friend; is willing to work for you.



CAUTION TO THIN PEOPLE

THERE was a young lady of Lynn
Who was so exceedingly thin,
That when she essayed
To imbibe lemonade,
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

THE GRUMPY MUG.

WO men were sitting in the garden of the Hôtel Couttet, at Chamonix, enjoying their after-dinner coffee and cigars. Both were in evening dress, but their bronzed countenances bore eloquent testimony to the fact that they had been spending the greater part of their time recently on snow in the burning sun. They were, in fact, both members of the Alpine Club, and had come to Chamonix for real climbing, rather than for the sort of *dolce far niente* life in which a good many people indulge at Alpine resorts during the summer months. Just at present, however, they were taking a few days' easy, as a preliminary to a big attack on some of the more difficult peaks.

Presently Fairleigh, the better-looking and better-groomed of the two men, got up.

"Off to inspect the new arrivals by the evening train, old man?" inquired Turner, who showed no signs of moving himself.

Fairleigh nodded and went indoors. Presently he came out again and resumed his seat beside his friend.

"Same old crowd, I suppose?" said Turner. "Same old big-booted moun-taineering girl, same old parrot-voiced American, same old grumbling Britishers, eh?"

"Turner," said Fairleigh, solemnly, "don't be so beastly cynical. There's a real girl turned up this time—the first I've seen in this tripper-haunted hole."

"Not a decently-dressed girl, Dick! Don't say that! The Commune of Chamonix will probably feel it their duty to interfere if anyone with clothes that fit

has strayed inadvertently into their sacred precincts."

"I give you my word she's pretty, well turned-out, and charming."

"Go on," said Turner briskly. "I suppose you turned your inquiring eye upon the visitors' book?"

"Of course," assented Fairleigh.

"And you discovered——?"

"That her name is Miss Josephine Wedmore, that she comes from Boston, and that she is travelling with her aunt, who doesn't look as if she counts for much, and her young brother."

"Ho-ho! And the young brother?"

"Decent sort of boy about twelve. Not so bumptious as the usual run of American child. Signs 'Robert' in the book, but answers to the name of 'Toots.'"

"Well, upon my word, you seem to have made pretty good use of your time. Where is the fair Miss Josephine at the present moment, for instance?"

"In the *salle à manger*, enjoying the usual scratch dinner reserved for those who arrive by the late train; but you'll bet she'll be out here to admire Mont Blanc by moonlight before very long."

Turner admitted that it was highly probable, and at the end of about half-an-hour the subject of their discussion came out through the French window of the dining-room.

She was certainly a good specimen of a well-set-up American girl, while the set of her blouse (or "waist" as she would have called it) and the hang of her skirt made it apparent to the most casual observer that Fairleigh had not over-stated the case in calling her well dressed.

"Come along, Toots," she called out to her young brother; "the moon just getting up behind Mont Blanc is too lovely for anything."

Her voice had the curious emphasis of the Boston drawl, without a suspicion of the knife-edged twang which makes the voices of many American girls so particularly unpleasing.

By the simple expedient of offering her a chair Fairleigh broke the ice, and in a few minutes they were chatting away as if they had known each other all their lives. She asked various questions about the other people she had seen in the hotel, and in particular she wanted to know who a solitary individual was who had been having dinner all by himself when they entered the *table-d'hôte* room.

"Oh! That's a man named Lester," said Fairleigh. "We call him 'The Grumpy Mug,' because he's so beastly unsociable. He never comes into the smoking-room, and he goes off on mysterious climbing expeditions all by himself. Always seems afraid of being asked to pay his share of the guide. Awfully hard up, I fancy."

"He looks very interesting," said Miss Josephine, decidedly. "I should think he must hate having his meals by himself."

Meanwhile, Toots and Turner had been making excellent friends, and the latter had promised to initiate the boy into the mysteries of the art of climbing, about which he was very keen.

"I shall have to do all my climbing by myself," he explained, "because Sis just hates going up hills and getting sunburnt, and all that sort of thing, don't you, Josie?"

"Why, yes," assented Josie, frankly. "I've no use myself for a boiled beetroot complexion and coal-heaver boots," and she thrust out her dainty little razor-toed evening shoes, examined them complacently, and then added, "So that if these gentlemen will look after you to start with Toots, it will be just ever so good of them."

Fairleigh and Turner assured her that nothing would give them greater pleasure, and as the boy was really a decent little chap, and evidently a keen sportsman, it seemed probable that this assurance was not given out of mere politeness.

And so the next day Toots trotted off with Turner and Fairleigh to the Bossoms Glacier to try how he could get along upon ice, while Miss Josie stayed behind in a comfortable chair in the hotel garden, from which she could enjoy a lovely view of the cloudless summit of Mont Blanc.

Mr. Lester, too, was evidently not doing any climbing that day, for he brought his blotting-pad into a shady corner of the garden, and there set to work to write with great diligence, while Josie watched him out of one corner of her eye, and wondered why he seemed to avoid his fellow-creatures.

Fairleigh had told her that he was supposed to be a woman-hater, which is a thing that always piques a woman's curiosity, and she felt a strong desire to make his acquaintance.

Presently she took a letter out of her pocket, and after reading it carefully through, she left it lying loosely on her lap. In a few minutes a gust of wind came, and carried it down towards the corner where Lester was sitting.

"Oh!" exclaimed Josie, making a frantic grab in the direction of the departing letter.

Lester looked up, and saw the letter flitting along the path. He got up and restored it to its owner with a grave bow, but said nothing in response to Josie's "Thank you so much."

He might at least have smiled, she thought to herself, as she decided that "The Grumpy Mug" was a very appropriate name for him after all.

In a few days Toots was established as a general favourite in the hotel, while all the men were avowedly in love with his fascinating sister. At the end of about

a week, to his great delight, it was decided that Toots might make the expedition up the Mer de Glace to the Jardin, which is about a sixteen hours' climb, and takes a certain amount of doing. Fairleigh promised to make himself responsible for the boy's safety, and Josie felt it necessary to impress on him the necessity of keeping a sharp look out on him.

"I've promised poppa to bring Toots safe home to him. So I consider I'm doing a good deal in letting him go off like this with you, Mr. Fairleigh," she explained.

Both Fairleigh and Turner assured her that, with ordinary caution, there was no danger whatever, and she had to be contented with that.

"Is Mr. Lester going with you?" she inquired the night before, when they were talking their plans over before going to bed.

"No," said Fairleigh. "He's got some jaunt of his own on up the Pic du Tacul, or somewhere, I think."

Next morning, by the time Miss Josie and her aunt came down to breakfast, the party for the Jardin were already some hours on their way towards their destination.

In the afternoon Josie was once more sitting idly in the garden wondering whether it was too soon to order tea when, to her great surprise, she saw Fairleigh, looking very hot and dusty, making his way towards her.

"Good Heavens, Mr. Fairleigh!" she said, "Is anything the matter?"

"Yes," he said. "I am sorry to say there has been an accident. I want you to come up to the Montanvert at once. I have ordered a mule for you, which will be here in a few minutes, and then I can tell you all about it on the way."

"Is Toots—killed?" she gasped.

"No," he said, gravely, "it is not so bad as that, I hope. But the fact is we none of us know at present quite how bad the accident is."

In a few minutes the mule was at the door, and Fairleigh started off beside Miss Josie past the English Church for the mountain path leading to the Montanvert.

As they went he told her exactly what had happened. They had reached the Jardin quite safely, and had started on their way back, when Toots, who was roped to Fairleigh and one of the guides, had somehow slipped on the edge of a crevasse, and had fallen into it.

Both men held firmly to the rope, but this had unfortunately caught upon a sharp edge of ice, and before they had time to pull him out again the rope was sawn through, and poor Toots had fallen to the bottom of the crevasse, taking half the rope with him. The crevasse had a sort of bend in it which completely concealed the bottom from view, and they could see nothing of the boy, nor form any clear idea of the depth to which he had fallen.

They had now no rope long enough to reach beyond the bend, and so Fairleigh and Turner had set off at once to the Montanvert Hotel to get assistance and Fairleigh had come on to Chamonix to inform Miss Wedmore.

"And Toots is down in that crevasse all alone?" she asked reproachfully.

"I am afraid so," said Fairleigh, apologetically. "You see there was nothing that we could very well do until fresh ropes arrived."

Josie said nothing during the rest of the way up the hill, which seemed interminable.

At last they reached the hotel on the summit just in time to see a stretcher being carried by two of the guides into the hotel, under the direction of a man who seemed accustomed to command.

"Ah!" said Fairleigh, "there's Dr. Lloyd Jones. By a great stroke of luck I found he was staying here, and asked him to go up with the guides to give any help he could."

Meanwhile Josie had dismounted from the mule, and hurried into the hotel, where she went straight up to the doctor.

"Oh, doctor, is he alive?" she enquired anxiously.

"Yes, he's alive," he answered grimly. He thought women were apt to be in the way on occasions like this.

Josie went up to the figure on the stretcher, for whom a bed had been prepared downstairs.

"Oh, Bobbie!" she began, and then suddenly started back.

"Why! It isn't Toots at all!" she exclaimed. "It's Mr. Lester!"

"Oh; the boy!" said the doctor briskly, "he's all right enough. Bit of a sprained ankle. They are bringing him along presently. But this case is serious, and I must ask you to stand out of the way, please. Fairleigh, will you wire to Geneva for a nurse for me?"

"I will nurse him," announced Josie calmly, having recovered from her first shock of surprise.

"You!" said the doctor looking rather contemptuously at the girl's faultlessly made attire.

"Yes," answered Josie meekly; "I guess you'll find I know as much about it as a Swiss nun, anyway."

"Very well," said the doctor briefly, and Josie flung off her hat and assumed her duties at once.

When the patient had been put to bed and the doctor's minute direction carefully carried out, Josie found an opportunity of learning from Turner the explanation of what was at present an absolute mystery to her.

It seemed that, shortly after he and Fairleigh had gone off in search of help, Lester, who had seen the party from the rocks above, and guessed that something had gone wrong, appeared upon the scene.

"That boy is down there all alone?" he inquired of the guide. "Why, he'll freeze

to death, if he isn't dead already. Give me all the rope you've got."

He proceeded to lower himself down the crevasse as far as the half-length rope would permit, and then quietly took his knife from his pocket and cut the rope about his head, so that he dropped down close to where poor Toots had landed. He found the boy with a sprained ankle and almost numbed with cold, and took immediate steps to restore his vitality and keep him warm. First he gave him brandy from his flask; next he took off his own coat and insisted on the boy putting it on, and then he made him move his arms and feet, with a view to keeping up the circulation. The result of this was that when the guides at length arrived with fresh ropes, and lowered themselves into the crevasse, they found the boy fairly all right, but Lester, who had parted with his coat, and had not reserved any of the brandy for himself, was almost numbed with cold, and when they got him to the surface he had completely lost consciousness.

The doctor was afraid of rheumatic fever, and at once arranged for his being carried down to the Montanvert Hotel. By the time Toots arrived there he had quite recovered his spirits, and if it had not been for his lame ankle, no one would have guessed that he had suffered any mishap at all. Lester's case, however, was serious, and when Josie found that her brother was all right she devoted all her energies to nursing the man whose plucky act had probably saved the boy's life. The doctor, who had begun by looking at her rather suspiciously, on account of her well-cut gown, was obliged to admit that there was no intrinsic reason why a well-dressed girl should not also be a good nurse, and in a very short time he was delighted to find that his patient was improving far quicker than he expected.

The exposure at the bottom of the crevasse, without a coat on, had brought

about an attack of rheumatic fever, as he feared it would. But it was not a very severe one, and before very long they began to talk of the possibility of moving him down into the village.

Turner and Fairleigh were both anxious to make their apologies to "The Grumpy Mug" for having so misjudged him, for they realised that he had practically saved the boy's life by an action which simply had not occurred to either of them.

For the first few days the patient was quite lightheaded, and he raved a good deal in a disconnected sort of way, but in particular he seemed always to be dreaming of a girl whom he called Mignon.

Josie, who had become very much attached to her patient, felt a little jealous of this girl, who seemed to occupy all his thoughts; but she nevertheless determined that, when he got better, she would ask him whether he would not like this Mignon sent for.

When Lester began to recover consciousness he was a good deal puzzled to find Josie installed as his nurse, until the whole of the events gradually came back to him, and he at last realised that it was her brother to save whom he had made that desperate drop into the crevasse.

Miss Wedmore's aunt had moved up to the Montanvert Hotel, as well as Fairleigh and Turner, so that the whole party was there, anxiously waiting for "The Grumpy Mug" to be restored to health.

At last a time arrived when the doctor said that he might be allowed to talk over the events of the past few weeks, and Josie carried out her scheme of asking him about the girl Mignon.

He gave her an opening one morning by saying, "I am afraid I must have talked an awful lot of rubbish when I was delirious, didn't I?"

"Yes," she admitted; "a good deal of it was rather incoherent."

"I—I hope I didn't mention any names," he said.

"Only one," she answered, smiling. "But that recurred pretty often."

"Ah!" he said, "and that name was——?

"Mignon," she answered. "Would you like me to send for her, or write to her for you?"

"No," he said, gravely. "I am afraid it wouldn't be any good."

"Why, has she treated you badly?" asked Josie, impulsively.

"Oh, no!" he said, smiling. "The fact is she doesn't exactly exist. She is the heroine of my new novel."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Josie. "I forgot you were a novelist. And what is she like?"

"I—I had only done a chapter or two," admitted Lester.

"Still, I suppose you had some definite idea of the girl in your mind. You say her name was Mignon?"

"Yes, Mignonette; called Mignon for short."

"And were you very much in love with her?"

"Yes, ever so much; in fact, so much so that I couldn't get on with the book."

"And you had only just begun it?"

"Yes," said Lester slowly; "I began it the day after you came to the hotel."

Here it occurred to Josie that the conversation was getting dangerous, so she thought it was time to remind her patient that the doctor has said he was not to talk much.

Later on she took an opportunity of thanking him for his bravery in going down to rescue her brother.

"You must be awfully fond of Toots," she said, "to have gone down into an unknown depth like that to save him."

"Yes," he said. "But I am not sure it was entirely for *his* sake."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"Well," he said, "it was partly for his sister Mignon's sake."

Josie looked at him, and he looked at her, and they were just beginning to realise that they understood each other at last when the door opened, and Toots put his head in at the door.

"Josie," he said, "Mr. Fairleigh and Mr. Turner want to know if they mayn't come up and see Mr. Lester and tell him what a brick they think him?"

"You can tell them, Toots, that they had better put it off for a day or two. Mr.

Lester has got everything he wants for the present."

"Yes," added Lester, "you can tell them the "The Grumpy Mug" has got everything he wants, both for the present and the future, and he doesn't intend to be 'grumpy' any more."

"Nor much of a 'Mug' either," said Toots to himself on his way downstairs, "if he means that he and Sis are going to make a match of it. He's a brick, anyway; and she's not half a bad sort—*as sisters go!*"



The Famous Boy Roper



YOUNG BUCKSHOT

ONE of the many attractive features at the Astor Gardens has been a most interesting display by Young Buckshot, the Champion Boy Roper of the world, who holds a large number of medals for manipulating ropes and lassoes effectively. These include a gold medal presented by President Roosevelt, and also the world's record in skipping the loop.

Young Buckshot was born in Douglas, Arizona, and is nineteen years of age. He spent his boyhood at a large cattle ranch owned by his father in Wyoming and his present home is in Omaha, Nebraska. Young Buckshot is with Ramona & Co., and intends to visit all parts of the world.



A PROUD BOAST

A SHANGHAI resident and a globetrotter passing the vacant ground opposite the Race Course.

"This is one of our greatest show-places" said the resident.

"Why, it is only a vacant lot!" replied the globetrotter.

"Certainly, but it's where the circus always performs when it comes to town," responded the proud citizen.

MISS ADDIE LEIGH

MISS Addie Leigh who at various times has attracted large audiences to the Victoria Theatre with her fine voice, is of English and Scotch parentage, but has spent much of her life in Australia. She is exceedingly pleasant to talk to, as she possesses a charming personality, and appears to take a vivacious interest in life generally, and her own work in particular. Concerning the latter she gave a representative of "Social Shanghai" the following details:—

"When I first decided to adopt a musical career I fully intended to stick to musical comedy and light opera, but an opportunity for securing good vaudeville engagements as a soloist, induced me to give the former up in favour of the latter, and I appeared under Rickard's management at the Tivoli Theatre Sydney and at the Opera House, Melbourne.

Later on I went in for concert work, and was fortunate in having a long tour with Keith Kennedy, the wonderfully clever boy violinist, and Madame Bertha Kennedy, the talented pianist. This period of my career I look back on with much pleasure as I found Madame Kennedy to be not only a very talented musician, but a very sweet woman and a valuable friend.

Before coming to Shanghai I was touring in Java with a concert party of my own, when I was fortunate in having the valuable assistance of Dr. Prange, the leading

musician of Sorabaya, while my violin soloist was Herr A. Loman, musical director of the St. Cecilia Society.

"What sort of programme did I give?"

"Here is a specimen that will perhaps give you some idea."

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| 1 ELEGANTE. Viola Solo | TIRINDELLI |
| 2 GOOD-BYE | PAOLO TOSTI |



MISS ADDIE LEIGH

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 3 COMIN' THRO' THE RYE | |
| 4 AVE MARIA from Cavalleria Rusticana | MASCAGNI |
| (With Violin Obligate by A. LOMAN) | |
| 5 LEAVE ME NOT | TITO MATTEI |
| — — — | |
| 6 DREAM OF THE ANGKLOENG | |
| (Classic "Scena" composed by MISS LEIGH). | |
| 7 ANNIE LAURIE | |

8 a. CAVATINE	W. V. IPEREN
b. TAMBOURIN	Violinob... P. J. GOSSEC
c. REVERIE op 18,	"AMBROSIO
9 INDIAN "CHARACTER COSTUME"	
SONG,	D. REED
10 MEDELY OF OLD IRISH AIRS	

Some ultra musical critics objected to the introduction of a character song into a programme of a more or less classical character, but I found my audience appreciated it, so did not take any notice of the objections which were not very numerous.

I am at present engaged on another composition of my own the subject matter of which is an old Egyptian theme, and which I hope to make both a musical and artistic success.

"Do I ever recite"? Yes, sometimes, I studied elocution and dramatic art under Dorsay Ogden, a master of the old school, but, of course, I devoted the greater part of my student life to vocal studies, which were mainly carried on under the direction of Signor W. Llewellyn.

I was exceedingly sorry to relinquish my

concert party in Java, but the memory of the wonderfully kind reception Shanghai audiences gave me two years ago persuaded me to accept a cordial invitation from the management of the Victoria Theatre to return and fill a summer engagement.

One of the happiest experiences I had during my last visit to Shanghai was when the crew of the U. S. *Rainbow* asked me to sing at a grand concert given on board their ship on the eve of The Glorious Fourth. The three songs I sung got a most enthusiastic reception, and a few days later a small deputation representing the crew, called on me and presented me with a very handsome silver chain hand bag and a silver purse to match. The former had an inscription on it saying it was a gift from the crew. I am going to Hong kong for five weeks or so but immediately after that I am looking forward to finishing my engagement in Shanghai with Messrs. Remus & Co. of the Victoria Theatre, to whom I am indebted for many kindnesses.



To a Shanghai Flapper

"It is certainly impossible for any one save her coevals, to talk with 'Sweet Seventeen.' She is immature and she is raw, and unripeness is not to every one's taste."

In these, our jaded, blasé days,
No more we prize the bloom of youth,
Our ways, alas, are not the ways
That lead to innocence and truth.
But when they call you "raw" and
crude,
I'm sure I don't know what they mean,
I blush that they should be so rude,
Sweet Seventeen!

Your pretty little maiden wiles,
Unconscious in their subtle art,
The freshness of unpractised smiles,
The pure gold of a virgin heart.
These, one would think, are charms which
ought
E'en by the dullest to be seen.
And yet to-day they are unsought,
Sweet Seventeen!

The woman who is thirty-two,
And lacks your clear and candid brow,
Is more attractive far than you.
According to our notions now.
Take heart! The fashion cannot last,
And you, our dear and rightful queen,
Once more shall reign as in the past,
Sweet Seventeen!

The Annual Meeting of the S.V.C. Buglers

THE first rifle meeting of the Buglers' Corps took place on the 7th of July, and proved that the members of this most useful Volunteer unit includes amongst its members some excellent shots, as the shooting average compared favourably with some of the older units of the S.V.C. Bugler-Sergt. A. B. Rosenfeld and Sergt. Major Fry were principally respons-

the prizes, and received in return thanks, cheers, and a souvenir of the occasion. The prize list was as follows :

THE NULLI SECUNDIS CUP.

1.—Bugler Dufour	25
2.—L.-Corp. Ratcliffe	24

THE SECRETARY'S CUP.

1.—Bugler Dufour	27
2.—L.-Corp. Ratcliffe	23



Lai Cheng

Photo
A SNAPSHOT OF THE BUGLERS, TAKEN AT THE RIFLE RANGE, INCLUDING COLONEL BARNES WHO TOOK A GREAT INTEREST IN THE ANNUAL SHOOTING COMPETITION

sible for the success of the meeting as both were indefatigable in their efforts. A large number of visitors were present for whom refreshments were provided, and later on speeches were made by Sergt.-Bugler A. B. Rosenfeld, Colonel Barnes and Sergt.-Major Fry. Mrs. Barnes then presented

THE SECTION COMPETITION.

Won by No. 2 section composed of L.-Corp. Ratcliffe, Buglers, Dufour, Meyer, Siemsenn, Cheetham, Madsen and Grieve with total points 67.

HIGHEST SCORERS.

1.—L.-Corp. Ratcliffe	15
2.—Bugler Dufour	14

SOCIAL SHANGHAI

THE SERGT.-MAJOR'S CUP.

1.—Bugler Meyer	20
2.— ..	Cheetham	16

THE SERGEANT'S CUP.

1.—L.-Sergt. Ellis	23
2.—L.-Corp. Ratcliffe	15

THE TIDEWAITERS' COMPETITION.

1.—Bugler Levy	12
2.— ..	Bollard	12

THE NON-COM.'S CUP.

1.—Bugler Ollerdessen	29
2.— ..	David	24

THE ROSENFEILD CUP.

1.—Bugler Levy	32
2.—L.-Corp. Ratcliffe	32

THE SKIRMISHING PRIZE.

1.—L.-Sergt. Ellis	30
2. Bugler Bollard	28

THE CONSOLATION CUP.

1.—Bugler Madsen	13
2.—Corp. Katz	11

THE SILVER STAR.

Won by Bugler L. A. Dufour with a total of 188.

THE LADIES' PRIZE.

1.—L.-Corp. Ratcliffe for Miss B. Kabelitz	44
2.—Bugler Levy for Mrs. Wohlgemuth	44
3.—Bugler Ollerdessen for Miss M. Roche	42



Photo

Lat Chong

MEMBERS OF THE BUGLERS S. V. CORPS

SMILE

The thing that goes the furthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile—
The smile that bubbles from the heart that loves its fellow-men
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with homely kindness blent;
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

WEDDING

The Youngs—Sims Wedding

THE first wedding that has taken place amongst the members of the Legion of Frontiersmen was celebrated at Holy Trinity Cathedral on the 29th of June, when Q.M.S. Sims of Tientsin was married to Miss Helen Youngs of Dover court, Essex.

The service was conducted by the Rev. A. J. Walker, assisted by the Rev. A. P. Crofton, and the boys' choir was in attendance. The church had been beautifully decorated with white cut flowers and bamboo foliage, and each side of the nave

was lined with members of the Boy Scouts. The bride who was given away by Lieut. W. V. Carmichael, Adjutant of the Corps, wore a very prettily designed gown of white Liberty satin and a long tulle veil fastened by a coronet of orange blossom. She carried a shower bouquet of white carnations and asparagus and maiden hair ferns, and wore a gold necklace which was a gift from the bridegroom. The Misses Lydia and Kathleen Leach acted as bridesmaids, and wore becoming gowns of pale blue voile, relieved with belts and sashes of black velvet. Their hats were of black straw trimmed with immense choux of pale



Photo

Ah Fong

THE YOUNGS-SIMS WEDDING GROUP

blue chiffon. An artistic note of contrast being lent by the shower bouquets of pale pink carnations which they carried. Captain Hollamby acted as best man.

As the happy couple walked down the aisle after the ceremony, the Boy Scouts formed an archway with their staves, and at the Cathedral door a guard of honour formed by a squadron of the Legion, commanded by Lieut. J. O. Barnes, was waiting to accompany the bridal carriage to the Burlington Hotel where a large reception was held by the bride's mother, who wore a Neapolitan mauve gauze dress striped with silk. Her hat was black trimmed with willow plumes, and she carried a bouquet of pale pink carnations. The reception took place in a private dining-room, the refreshment table being quaintly decorated in coloured rice with the words, Happiness, Long Life, and Prosperity. Quite a large number of eloquent speeches were made by members of the Legion, which includes several very eloquent speakers. A photo of the guests was

taken, and later on the happy couple left for Tientsin where they will take up their permanent residence.



MOUNTED SIKHS WHO PROCEDED THE
BRIDAL EQUIPAGE



French Proverbs

LE temps perdu ne se rattrape jamais—Lost time can never be recovered, i.e., there is no time like the present.

Il n'est pire eau que l'eau qui dort—There is no water worse than that which is at rest, i.e., still water runs deep.

Rira bien qui rira le dernier—He laughs best who laughs last.

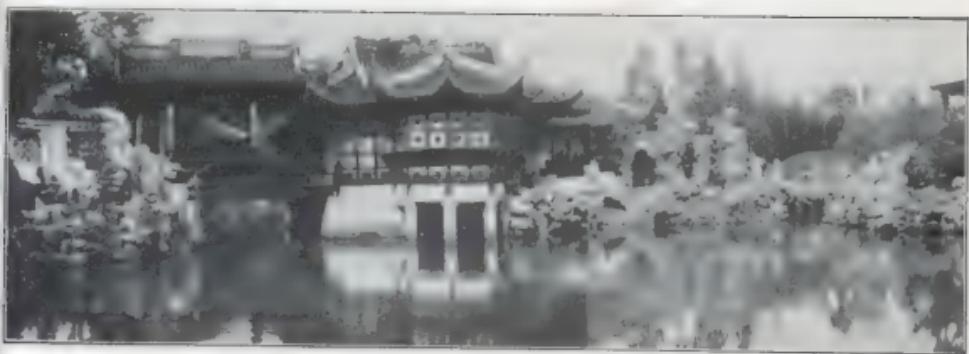
A nuit (dans la nuit) tous les chats sont gris—at night all cats are grey, i.e., a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse.

Chat échaude craint l'eau froide—A scalded cat fears cold water, i.e., a burnt child dreads the fire, or, once bitten, twice shy.



Six Ages

THERE have been all kind of ages in this humorous world. The stone age, the ice age, the iron age, the gold age, and the cheque age. We are now in a rubber age.



A SECTION OF MR. AND MRS. S. A. HARDOON'S BEAUTIFUL GARDEN



Photo

Ah Fong

A PHOTO OF A SECTION OF THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN TAKEN RECENTLY ON THE OCCASION OF A COMRADE'S WEDDING IN SHANGHAI
Reading from left to right

Back Row:- FRONTIERSMAN D'OLIVEYRA (MARITIME SUB-UNIT)

LEGION CHAPLAIN CROFTON

FRONTIERSMAN THOMPSON, LEGION LIEUT. J. O. BARNES, SGT. WAGSTAFF, TROOPERS BILLINGTON, ROSSER, ESSER, JOHNSON, DOUGAL, CROAWELL, HUNTER, TRUMPETER

ROACH, Q.M.-SGT. LADD, ADJ. CARMICHAEL

Q.M.-SGT. SIMS

The Legion of Frontiersmen

FAR EAST COMMAND.

BY LEGION LIEUT. COLONEL REGINALD BATE, F.R.G.S., O.C. FAR EAST

IN response to a request that more may be known of the Legion of Frontiersmen, especially in so far as the Far East is concerned, I have written this article in the hopes that it will bring home to the many Britons out here who are not yet members of the Corps and who are eligible, sufficient information to convince them that they owe their country a duty, and that duty consists in joining some Corps, be it the Legion, the Shanghai, Hongkong, Hankow, or other Volunteers, so that when the call comes they will be able to answer the roll and take their share, however humble or exalted it may be, in assisting to maintain and defend that which our ancestors have fought and bled for, the British Empire of to-day.

What is the Legion? It is a *patriotic, self-organized, non-political, non-sectarian, world-wide Corps*, composed of Britons who have served the country in either service, or in other ways or as surveyors, hunters, engineers, trappers, etc., etc., who have pledged themselves as ready to come up in an Imperial emergency, if and when called upon, untrammeled in the piping times of peace by that amount of red tape that to many makes serving the Empire irksome. Such is the broader scheme of the Legion. It is world-wide, and can claim to be absolutely ubiquitous. It comprehends those that toil at sea, on deck or in the engine-room in addition to those ashore, and its proudest boast is perhaps that it does not seek after those who are endowed with the goods of this world, money and so forth, being as it is a Corps

which admits those whose purses more often than not are well nigh empty.

What constitutes qualification for the Legion?

In the homeland, those who have served the country in the past are eligible and those that are or have been at sea, and abroad it admits all able-bodied Britons of



Photo

W. Mace, L.F.

LEGION LT.-COL. REGINALD BATE, F.R.G.S.,
Late Royal Navy and late South African Field Force, Officer
Commanding The Legion of Frontiersmen in the Far East

good repute who are able to handle a gun, ride straight, know the country they are living in, or are able to speak the language, thus providing men of all professions and trades, as well as guides and interpreters, the last named being perhaps the most important of all functions required in a

part of the world like China, for the lessons of the South African War have more than amply demonstrated the vital necessity of having reliable interpreters, which alas is not always to be found amongst those who belong to the country in question, hence the Legion in the Far East is at once a valuable asset to the Naval and Military Commanders if only for interpreters alone.



LIEUTENANT P. VERNON-JACKSON, I.F., F.R.G.S.
Maritime Staff Officer to Northern Command, late British
Government Service, New Guinea, and South Africa

In no way, shape or form do we ape the services, save in that we are organized in all parts of the world as closely as local conditions will permit of it in line with the general scheme of the services, so that, when the *Great Day* comes, we will not be altogether out of it, and will rapidly fall into line.

Our very constitution shows plainly that we are not a separate or distinct force, we are an addition, a useful one I trust, to the existing forces which for out and out

fighting cannot be improved upon, and we most devoutly hope that our combined experience and local knowledge will be called to the maximum amount of use, and will perform the maximum amount of good when we are sent for.

At the same time it is not to be supposed that we are deficient in "scrapping" talent when that is required, (a glance at the number of hard-earned ribbons on the breasts of the officers and men will show this) and the revolution in China has afforded at least one notable example of what we can turn our hands to, for, when there was trouble in Kiukiang, on several occasions the Legionaries at that port were



2ND LIEUT. W. V. CARMICHAEL,
Adjutant Northern Command

up and doing, taking their share of guarding the Concession, and chipping in willingly and enthusiastically with His Majesty's Navy, and the Senior Naval officer was well pleased with our work.

I cannot refrain from mentioning at this point another piece of work done by the Far East Command during the revolution, work that has earned the admiration of the civilized world, and that is the Sianfu Relief Expedition organized and carried out to a highly satisfactory conclusion, namely the rescuing of British and Swedish missionaries by a band of devoted men under the daring leadership of Lieutenant A. De C. Sowerby, L.F., F.R.G.S., who in times of peace is a naturalist and explorer.

This piece of work was probably the best incident as far as foreigners were concerned during the revolution the Far East has been suffering from, for it was courting trouble to ride for six weeks through a country infested with brigands and members of that dread society which shocked the world 20 years ago in the Yangtsze Valley atrocities, the Ko Lao Hui.

In addition to the above there have been done many isolated acts calling for courage and savagery during this revolution, acts which have called forth praise from the proper quarters, but in conformity with the policy which I have always adopted with regard to the Far East Command, such work has not been advertised, as our Corps is such that it needs no puffing.

A man who joins must once and for all dismiss from his mind the idea that membership means a smart uniform, jingling spurs, and a modicum of "swank," for that is not our way of doing things : he is expected to use his brains and act on his own initiative, and do all in his power to increase the utility of the Corps, as he is also supposed to loyally carry out the obligations which are by no means light, that he has subscribed his name to. There are divers ways in which he may be useful : it is not necessary to detail them, but when I say that British Cabinet Ministers have expressed their appreciation of work done in China, and this I say officially, for I am sure this paper will

reach many Legion-men, I think it will be brought home to them that their work has been thoroughly appreciated.

We are not asking for peans of praise, we are not even asking for public pats on the back, but we certainly do like to hear privately, that we have done useful things for it spurs us on to get out and do just double in the future.

Now it is the hereditary right of the Briton to be allowed to grumble, and I intend to avail myself of that right this far to say that a very large percentage of the



Photo

*The Burr Photo Co.*REV. ASHLEY PACKET CROFTON,
Chaplain

Britons in the Far East do not give a fair share of their talents to the mother country, and they ought to be thoroughly well ashamed of themselves in consequence. We do not try to capture every man we can, far from it, for our first duty is to try and induce the right sort of men to join His Majesty's forces, we taking into our fold chiefly those who are debarred by reason of their employment etc., from serving the motherland otherwise.

In the Far East I doubt if there is any trade or profession that we have not got officers or men capable of taking on, and

in our ranks there are ex-Naval and Military Officers, ex-Naval Reserve Officers, and representatives from every branch of the British service, from the Horse Artillery-man to the "Death or Glory" Boys. I can quote from memory, and select ten men who belonged to the following Corps in the past: Royal Navy, Royal Horse Artillery, Royal Engineers, Royal Marine Light Infantry, Queensland Bushmen, Irish Imperial Yeomanry, Brabant's Horse, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 17th Lancers, 1st Royal Dragoon Guards, and so on, and I think that the man in the street, the Briton who does give his country an occasional passing thought, will readily admit that in retaining these men's services to the country the Legion is doing a work that is worthy.

The Far East Command, which is subdivided into two sub-commands, North and South, is established to-day in every part of the Far East from Siam to Siberia, and good to relate is increasing daily almost, and I now propose to give a brief history of it.

Three and a half years ago, there were as far as I know, only two Legionaries in China, to-day there are over five hundred.

The first two legionaries, who dwelt in a far off part of the Far East evolved a plan and with the magnificent assistance of Mr. Roger Pocock, and Sir William Serjeant C.B., who did marvels in helping them, and with the further assistance of the Captains, Officers and engineers, of many of the British ships trading to the far away port where the first two members of this command dwelt, the Far East Command grew and grew, slowly but surely in spite of the vast number of snubs, official and unofficial, that it received.

Like everything else in the Far East it had to be started, and through the extraordinary enthusiasm of the first members, a large proportion of whom were the despised sailors, it forced itself in upon the more

patriotically inclined, and without putting pen to paper or advertising in the slightest degree, within twelve months the roll of the Far East was 100.

It stands every chance of becoming at least 1,000 strong in the East in the next year, and as the world strength is to-day over 8,000, it will not take long, judging by average recruiting, before the number of officers and men enrolled are 10,000 strong.



CAPTAIN S. H. HOLLAMBY,
Acting Lt. Col., Northern Command

The present head man, and presiding genius, is probably the very ideal of a Frontiersman, I mean Lt. Colonel D. P. Driscoll, D.S.O., who keeps in touch with all of us from our Central Executive in London. He is there assisted by experts, and as far as the Far East Command is concerned, he always has at his elbow, two or three Far Eastern Officers who happen to be at the time on leave so that when reports from China come to hand, he has at once men familiar with China at hand to advise, or explain what may be a bit obscure to those that have never visited this part of the globe.

Reverting to the Far East once again, I may say that the sterling help and encouragement that we have received from Admiral Sir A. Winsloe, Sir E. D. H. Fraser, K.C.M.G., and Mr. F. E. Wilkinson, C.M.G. has done a great deal to wipe up and let us forget the early snubbings we received, for these gentlemen have always done all that they well could to help us both with advice and in practice.

That we are grateful goes without saying, though perhaps our gratitude is not openly displayed, this being of course due to our

desire to shrink out of the way of publicity, but nevertheless we feel it deeply all the same and are thankful for small mercies.

I will conclude by naming the principal officers, and where they may be found, so that readers of these lines who may desire to apply for membership, may know where to send to, and trust that it will be found that *Social Shanghai* also has done its share in bringing before Britons a sense of their responsibility and their obvious duty to their mother country and their ruler George V.



LIEUTENANT J. O. BARNES, LATE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, TROOP LEADER IN SHANGHAI



LIST OF PRINCIPAL LEGION OFFICERS IN THE FAR EAST

- Commandant : R. Bate, Legion Lieut. Colonel, Tientsin.
 Deputy Commandant (Temporary) for North : S. H. Hollamby, Legion Capt., Shanghai.
 " " " " South : H. S. Playfair, Legion Capt., Hongkong.
 O. C. Manchuria : C. Hunt, Legion Capt., Newchwang.
 O. C. Chihli, Shantung, etc. : J. Burton, Legion Capt., Tientsin.
 O. C. Shanghai, Yangtsze Valley, etc. : Deputy Commandant, North.
 O. C. Hongkong, Phillipines, etc. : Deputy Commandant, South.
 Staff Officer for Marine Officers : V. Jackson, F.R.G.S. Legion Lieut. Shanghai.
 " " " " Engineers : A. Kerr, Legion Lieut. Shanghai.
 O. C. Straits Settlements, F. M. S., Etc. : T. Clifton Hutchings, Captain, L.F.
 Kelantan, Federated Malay States.
 Chief Secretary for the Far East : E. Edgar, Captain, L. F. Newchwang.
 Chaplain-in-Chief for the Far East : Rt. Revd, Bishop White, D.D.
 Senior Legion Captain, Kaifengfu, Honan.

THE POSTCARD ALBUM

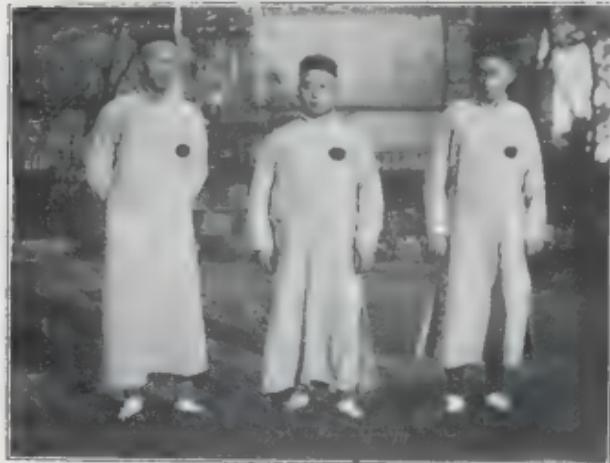


THE FIRST INTRODUCTION OF THE VICTOR TALKING MACHINE TO CHINESE NATIVES

DEAR TOM,

Isn't this a ripping picture? Please observe the various degrees of delight and astonishment on the faces in the photo, which was taken by Mr. Meischke Smith whilst he was journeying in a district where the charms possessed by a Victor had never been heard, and which to some of the simple minded audience probably savoured of the super-natural.

F. J. H.



THREE NATIVE SERVANTS

ONE thing which many visitors are bound to note if they remain here any length of time, is the exceptionally good manners of some of the native servants. The three servants in my picture belong to this category.



Photo

Taken in the seventies

MING TOMBS, PEKING

THE picture shows the approach to the mausoleum of the Emperor Yung Lo of the Ming Dynasty, which is situated about twenty-five miles north of Peking near the Nantao Pass. The avenue of approach to the great tomb is lined by very large figures of men, horses, elephants, camels, lions and unicorns in pairs sculptured out of tremendous single pieces of blue limestone. The figures in the foreground represent military mandarins in full armor, the immense size of which may be measured by comparison with the Chinese native standing by.

A. S.



MARGUERITES

HERE is a group of Marguerites that were intended to be shown at the last Horticultural Show, but which were far too early, or rather the show was too late. Some of the exhibits in this class are immense and so numerous are the flowers that little or no foliage can be seen.



P.M.

Later in the seventies

AN ANCIENT STONE BASIN

THE picture represents an immense stone basin probably intended for holding water in the courtyard of a temple. A Buddhist priest stands by. The decoration is comparatively modern, that is to say, subsequent to the Ming period. The writings appear to have been written with the stones which lie around and merely record the names of visitors in the same way as Tom, Dick and Harry advertise themselves all over the world.

A. S.



ON THE BEACH AT KAMIKURA

DEAR EDITRESS OF "SOCIAL SHANGHAI,"

We are having an excellent time at Kamakura, and wish you were here to share it. Herewith a photograph which will illustrate how truly rural existence is in this part of the world. There are such a lot of nice people staying at the Hotel now.

M.



Our Young Folks' Corner



A Trip to Sunshine Land

AND HOW—BY MISTAKE—ELLIE WENT
TO THE WRONG PLACE FIRST

JF only there were Wish Fairies in these days!" sighed Ellie, as she sat curled up on the nursery window-seat one afternoon. It had been dull and rainy all day, so Ellie had been reading fairy tales; and the story of the "Three Wishes" - which, of course, you all know - had been the last to be read.

It was growing dusk. The lamplighter was going his rounds, and one by one the lamps shone out like glow-worms in the darkness of the square. Ellie stretched herself.

"I'm so tired of the rain and of being indoors all day," she said. "If only a Wish Fairy would come along I'd wish to be in Good-Temper Land—which I'm sure is Sunshine Land. I'm sure it never, never rains there!"

"Would you?" said a small voice, so suddenly that Ellie nearly jumped off the window-seat in her fright. "Well, perhaps there are Wish Fairies, for all you know." And a funny little chuckle accompanied the words. Ellie was very astonished.

"Who—who—who are you?" she gasped, in amazement, at the sight of the quaint little figure before her.

It was a little old woman dressed in orange-yellow, with a smiling, rosy, wrinkled face, and small, laughing eyes.

"Who—who—who are you?" said Ellie again.

"Why, I'm the very person you were wanting a minute ago!" said the little old dame, still smiling. "I'm a Wish Fairy. Now what do you want? I'll grant you three wishes; but remember that after the second, you must wish yourself home again; otherwise you'll have to stay where you are for ever and ever and ever! Now for the first wish—quick!"

* * *

Ellie was rather flurried. It's so difficult to think of anything you want, no matter how well you may know it, when you are hurried, isn't it? And for a minute the little girl quite forgot what she had wished for a minute ago.

"Come, hurry up!" said the Wish Fairy, rather impatiently, for she wasn't used to being kept waiting.



Our Portrait Gallery
A HAPPY LITTLE CYCLIST

"P-p-please, I'd like to be in Temper Land!" gasped Ellie at last, quite forgetting in her confusion that she meant Good-Temper Land.

* * *

"Your wish is easily granted," said the old woman. And with a wave of her magic stick, Ellie found herself transported to a small village green.

It was a depressing place. All was dark, dull, and dreary. There was such a noise and commotion going on that Ellie could scarcely hear herself speak.

There were many children upon it, but they quarrelled and fought together

incessantly, and their faces scowled, and they looked as unhappy and miserable as possible.

"What—what a horrid place!" gasped Ellie, as a tremendous shower of rain came on. "How dull it is! And how it rains! Does it always rain like this here?"

"Yes," said the little old woman. "Whenever a little human is naughty and cries with temper we suffer, for we have sudden storms and gusts of rain and wind in Bad-Temper Land."

* * *

Just at this moment some of the children noticed the new-comers.

"Look! Look at that funny little mortal!" cried a very cross-looking small boy jeeringly, as he pointed with his finger at Ellie. "Come and look! Look at her! What a funny, smiling little thing she is!" he cried, more loudly still. And, at his bidding, all the bad-tempered, scowling children came running towards Ellie and the Wish Fairy.

"She ought not to be smiling here—no smiles allowed in Bad-Temper Land!" cried a little girl.

"Let's make her cry!" said another.

"Yes; let's pinch her and make her c-c-cry!" suggested a third. "That will stop her smiles." And, suiting the action to the words, she gave poor Ellie a vicious pinch upon her arm.

Others followed her example; and Ellie was soon having a very bad time of it, and though she tried hard not to cry, she was very nearly in tears, when she heard the Wish Fairy's voice say:

"You've a second wish, remember!"

"Then please—please take me to Good-Temper Land. I don't like this place at all. P-p-p-please do!" cried Ellie pleadingly between her sobs.

* * *

The old woman waved her stick a second time, and a moment later Ellie was rubbing her eyes, for the sudden blaze of sunshine dazzled her.

After a few minutes she grew more accustomed to the brilliant light, and, still shading her eyes with her hands, she looked around.

She stood in the centre of a large village green, and on the green were numberless children, all happy, all smiling, laughing gaily. Chubby, well-fed, contented-looking children they were.

In fact, everything seemed happy in this wonderful place. The birds sang; the bees hummed; the children laughed; and the sun shone brightly.

Every now and then a strange thing happened, for a sudden ray of even more brilliant sunshine seemed to sweep over the green—just like a flashlight from the powerful lamp of a lighthouse. The first flash made Ellie jump.

"What's that?" she asked the old woman.

"Oh, that's the smile of some human," she chuckled—"the smile of a human who has been unhappy for a very long time, but who has smiled at last at the prattle or kiss of a little child. This is Sunshine and Children's Land, you know, dearie, for children should always be gay and smiling. But"—she sighed—"how different is the other land—Bad-Temper Land!" Her kind face clouded as she spoke, and she sighed again sadly.



A HAPPY GROUP

"Oh, yes!" said Ellie eagerly. "Bad-Temper Land is a dreadful place; and I'm sure, now that I've seen such a lot of cross-patch children, I'll never, never, never be really cross and naughty myself again."

* * *

"Time's up," said the old woman suddenly. "You've only one wish left, remember—so I suppose you'll wish to go home?"

"Yes—please," said Ellie. "I'd like to go straight back to my own nursery.

Home's really the nicest place in the world."

A wave of the wand and Ellie sat up, with a start, and rubbed her eyes. Her kitten had clambered upon her lap and was clawing her arm and trying to reach her face.

"Oh, that horrid Bad-Temper Land!" she said, with a little shudder. "What a dreadful, dreadful thing bad temper is, pussie! The Wish Fairy must have been a dream, I 'spect, but she's taught me a lesson all the same. I'll try ever so hard to be a sunshine child now and always," she ended fervently, "and help to send rays of sunshine to Sunshine Land."

centuries earning the reputation of the most conservative folk in the world. Reform is busy in China; but reform in such a land has no easy task. Chinese love their habits as strongly as their life itself.

The Chinese do everything backward.

They commence their dinner with dessert, and end up with soup and fish. Their compass points to the south instead of the north. The men wear shirts, and the women trousers; while the men wear their hair long, the women coil theirs in a knot.

The dressmakers are men; the women carry burdens.

Books are read backward, and any notes are inserted at the top.



"ACCORDING TO HEIGHT"

"And not only to Sunshine Land, but to Homeland, too!" said mother, with a smile, when, an hour or two later, her little daughter told her of her strange dream. "Smiles are precious things, dearie—they are more valuable than all the gold and jewels in the world. Remember that, Ellie."

White is used for mourning, and bridesmaids wear black.

The Chinese surname comes first, and when a gentleman of the Celestial Empire meets and salutes an acquaintance each of them shakes his own hand instead of his friend's.

Vessels are launched sidewise, and horses are mounted from the off-side.

Backwards in Everything

A Nation that Does Everything Differently, and Lives its Life from Z to A

UNLIKE the imitative Japanese, their neighbours, the Chinese, insist on doing things in their own peculiar way if they are to do them at all. They have been forty

Thoughts from Cicero

What is ill-gotten speedily disappears.

There is a sufficient recompense in the very consciousness of a noble deed.

Change of conduct is the best refuge for a penitent.

Quaint Sayings

AN UNEXPECTED REPLY

A GENTLEMAN was one day visiting a friend's house, and while strolling in the garden came across his little boy, and, speaking to him, said:—

"Well, my little man, how old are you?"

The child answered, "Five."

"And what are you going to be?"

And the unexpected reply was, Six."

A CLEVER TRANSLATOR

"WELL, Johnny, my dear, how are you getting on with your French?"

"Oh, very well, uncle. We translate quite nice, sensible sentences now, such as 'My uncle never allows my birthday to pass without giving me a present,' or 'It is certain that my uncle will give me something quite splendid this time.'"



"WHO HAS TAKEN AWAY MY DOLLIE?"

A REASONABLE ADVICE

"SANDY," said Mrs. Simpson to her eldest olive-branch the other day when he returned from school, "I forbid ye to play or rin aboot wi' that Bobby Wilson ony mair. Mind that, an' if I ever hear o' you playin' wi' him again I'll gie ye a guid lickin'."

"Why have I no' to play wi' Bobby?" queried the youngster, with some surprise.

"Because he's a bad laddie," replied his mother.

"Weel, ma," returned Sandy, after a moment's thought, "I dinna think I'm that awfu' gude mysel' that ye need to be sae fear't."

A Story of the Dutch Queen

WHEN Queen Wilhelmina was quite a little child, her Majesty was not allowed to share dinner with the elder members of the Royal household, but was permitted to make her appearance at dessert and place herself beside some particular favourite. One day she sat by a courtly old general, and after eating some fruit, the little girl turned and gazed up at him. Presently she exclaimed, "I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me." "On the contrary, I am but too pleased and honoured to sit next to my future Queen," replied the old general. "But why should I be afraid?" Assuming a woebegone expression, the little Queen replied, "Because all my dolls have the measles. They're all of them down with it."

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way:
For the pleasures of the many
May be oftentimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

The Island of Make-Believe

Do you know the Island of Make-Believe?

'Tis a spot where the children play,
You can have any wish that you may
conceive

And there's nothing at all to pay;
There's no such thing as trouble or care,
And nobody needs to grieve,
For everyone has a kingdom there,
In the Island of Make-Believe.

There's a beauteous flower called heart's-desire,

You may pluck it from morn till night,
Of its fragrance sweet you can never tire,
And its colours are always bright.

Suppose, as only too often they do,
The ones whom you love deceive,
There are sweethearts plenty for me and you
In the Island of Make-Believe.

It isn't so near as it used to be,
And it's getting more hard to reach,
And we've grown too worldly to sail the
sea
That runs to the island beach ;
For when you know the world and its ways,
Romances you cannot weave,
And you've said farewell to the golden days
In the Island of Make-Believe.



The Three Primary Colours

HAROLD Stokes, trudging along the dusty road from school one hot afternoon, caught sight of his uncle Edward under the shade of the trees on the lawn, making a sketch of the house—Harold's home.

"Uncle Edward," he said, going up to him, "when you were talking about painting yesterday evening to father and Mr. Hurst I heard you say 'the three primary colours.' What did you mean by that?"

"Because they are the first, or foundational colours, out of which every variety of tint is made, just as you make words out of the letters of the alphabet, or scales in music out of notes."

"Then you call them 'primary' just because all the others grow out of them; well, the green for the grass, and the trees behind the house, Uncle Edward, how do you get that?" asked Harold, straining his neck to look up at the picture.

"Yellow and blue make green, yellow and red make the orange I want for the orange lily bed, and blue and red make the purple such as I shall want, by-and-bye, for the convolvulus climbing up the wall by the dining-room window; that is just speaking in a simple, general way."

"But then," said Harold, rising now to his knees, "there are some tints darker than others—in the trees and other things, I mean?"



A PRETTY PICTURE

Uncle Edward answered pleasantly: "The three primary colours are yellow, blue, and red."

"But you have ever so many tubes of colour in your paint boxes besides three; what are they all?" asked Harold, flinging his legs about for coolness.

"They are every one formed out of the three primaries, that is, they are all different depths, or gradations, of red, yellow, and blue."

"Why do you call them the primary colours?" questioned Harold again, rising on his elbows and propping his chin in his hands.

"Just so; that is why I said 'speaking in a general way,' for there are a great many gradations of tint in every colour you see, according to the effect of the light falling upon it—it would take a long time to explain all that," said Uncle Edward, as he busily worked away.

"It must be awfully hard to know what colour to mix," said Harold, sitting back on his heels to watch the play of his uncle's brush. "The shadow on the side wall, by my bedroom window, now; that is no colour at all—how would you make it, Uncle Edward?"

"Red, yellow, and blue, our three primaries, mixed together, would make that. It is a kind of grey, or what is called by artists *neutral tint*," answered his uncle patiently, "but everything depends on the proportion of colours you use."

"A fellow must have to be tremendously careful, I suppose," said Harold reflectively, "I wish I could paint a good, stunning picture like that," he added with a sigh, and then he yawned, and stretched his arms high above his head.

"Perhaps you will, some day," said Uncle Edward; "and now I must put up, for it is later than I thought," and carefully tilting his picture against a tree he began to gather his brushes and colours together.

"I've been thinking of something while we talked," he said, as he scraped his palette.



Photo

The Burr Photo Co

Our Portrait Gallery

"ON HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY"

GEORGE WIDLER

"What was it—was it about your picture?" asked Harold.

"Yes, and no; I was thinking that you and I, and everybody, have been given

three primary colours to paint a picture of our lives with every day—they are, thinking, speaking, and acting."

"How do we paint that way?" asked Harold, fitting the tubes of colour into their places in the box.

"Think a moment, and you will see the whole colour of our lives, from morning to night, is made out of those three primary colours. We do everything by them, every part of our lives that we are responsible for grows out of them. Let us make sure that these primary colours are pure, true, and honest."



Photo

Rembrandt

Our Portrait Gallery

GEOFFREY FIRTHON

"Thinking, speaking, acting," Harold said slowly.

"Yes Pure thinking out of a clear heart; true speaking, never a word less or more than truth; honest acting towards God, your neighbour and yourself—faithful to live up to the best thoughts within you. With these primary colours you can, if you will, 'paint a stunning good picture'—as you call it—of your life as you live it day by day."

IN AND ABOUT AMOY

A REVIEW

ANY one who proposes going to visit or reside in Amoy should invest in a little book called "In and About Amoy," by P. W. Pitcher and published by the Methodist Publishing House, as it contains many interesting and instructive details about the little island. It deals with the area and population, the streets and roads, the people and industries, the ancestral worship, travelling emigration, the opium evil, the Boxer movement, the

it was the rendezvous of bold buccaneers and unscrupulous adventurers, who ravishing and plundering its inhabitants without mercy, made off with the spoils only to return another day to renew their wild depredations more violently than before. It has been the theatre of many fierce struggles, and the stong strategical position, or gate way to all the vast territory beyond (even Formosa itself), coveted alike by Manchus, the Long-hair Rebels, the Dutch, and the Japanese.



Photo

AMOY TAKEN FROM KOLONGSU ISLAND

Taken in the seventies

Taiping Rebellion, the Amoy vernacular, and romanization and other interesting features. It also has an excellent map of Kolongsu and Amoy, and a directory, and is amply illustrated. Herewith a few extracts of interest :—

A GENERAL DESCRIPTION

Perhaps no place along the entire coast has had a more interesting and exciting story to tell than this small island, scarcely eight miles across. Many are the stirring events which have taken place here and in the neighbourhood. For hundreds of years

The story of some of these events has been chiselled on the rocks, or carved on Memorial Arches, which time, for the past 300 years at least, has failed to erase. They are glimpses, however, of a small corner of China, and it must not be assumed that they reveal the whole empire.

ITS COMMERCIAL ASPECT

As a commercial port Amoy itself first came to notice in 1516 with the arrival of the Portuguese who maintained a trade with the Chinese for nearly fifty years, i.e., till 1566. Their intercourse with the

people of this port was conducted, however, surreptitiously on the island of Go-su (beyond Chhi-su a lighthouse station in the outer harbour), as they are forbidden by the authorities to have any dealings whatsoever with the native, or vice-versa. It is said that when the officials discovered what was going on they resented the offence by taking off the heads of ninety merchants engaged in trade with the foreigner. This likely repressed the ardor of the Chinese merchants and they became more discreet in their operations.

Then came the Dutch in 1604, who sailed up as far as Haiteng. But in all their attempts up to 1662 to find a footing in Amoy they not only failed but succeeded in provoking the bitterest opposition. However, after possessing themselves of Formosa in 1624, they were able to maintain a kind of trade in silk and sugar, which was conducted as secretly as possible on the island of Quemoy. This, however, all came to an end when they were driven from Formosa in 1662 by the famous Koxinga.



KOLONGSU' ISLAND, AMOT

After the Portuguese came the Spaniards from Manila in 1575. Notwithstanding the fate of the unfortunate merchants mentioned above the Spaniards managed to induce others to enter into trade with them and succeeded in building up a trade that required a fleet of "thirty or forty junks" to carry the product to Manila. This trade amounted to over "a million and a half gold annually." The principal article handled was raw silk, which was transhipped at Manila to Mexico where it was used "to weave the celebrated fabrics so much in vogue at the time."

FAMILIAR NAMES

Among the old firms which were once established here the following names will be familiar: Dent & Co., Elles & Co., Brown & Co., Fearon Low & Co., Russel & Co., Lapraik, Cass & Co.

And the small firms: Wilson & Nichols, N. Moalle, F. C. Brown & Co.

THE CITY

The city of Amoy on the island of the same name is situated 300 miles north of Hongkong, 200 miles south of Foochow the capital of the province, 550 miles south of Shanghai, and 1,100 miles south of Peking.

This island is seven or eight miles across, and about twenty-five miles in circumference. It came near losing a large slice of itself by the waters of a deep bay on the west side. The surface is extremely rough and rugged. Great boulders, and high rock-capped hills stretch out before one's vision in a line of unbroken profusion and forming a landscape both wild and pleasing.

THE FIRST MISSIONARIES

For many years China was nothing more than a hermit kingdom. She shut herself off entirely from the outside "barbaric" world. Her walls were high and strong, and every door hermetically sealed against all intrusion of the foreigner, merchant or missionary.

Early in the nineteenth century, the missionaries Morrison, Milne, Bridgman and Abeel began knocking at the barricaded gates of the Empire for admission to preach the everlasting riches of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But for years they were obliged to confine their labours to the suburbs of Canton and islands of Macau (a small island off the southern coast of China), and the bleak and rocky coast of the Empire. In no other place in the vast nation were foreigners tolerated.

This seclusion was persistently maintained until the year 1840.

THE CUSTOMS

The history of the Customs House at Amoy is so interesting that it deserves more than a passing notice. Its establishment dates back two centuries. From Commissioner Bowra's report of 1906 we find that "it was founded in 1685 upon the recommendation of Shih Lang the successful Admiral in suppressing Koxinga's power." For nearly fifty years it was under the direction of "the secretary of the provincial board of revenue who was changed yearly."

In 1729 a new order of things came into vogue when the Governor of the province

was made the Director. He in turn was superseded in 1738 by the Tartar General. Then about 1860 the great change took place when the Maritime Customs Service at all the treaty ports was placed under the supervision and control of a European Inspector-General, Horatio Nelson Lay, paid by the Chinese Government.

In 1901 the Native Custom came under the control of the Foreign Customs (until this time separated), and just to show how matters were conducted, it was discovered that 294 persons were on its pay-roll, a great majority of whom were little more than parasites, drawing pay and doing little or absolutely nothing in the way of work. The number has been reduced to about thirty, while thousands of dollars find their way to the coffers of the government treasury which formerly found their way to some bottomless pit.

TABLETS

The practice of erecting tablets is said to have begun at the end of the Second Dynasty B.C. 2255-2205. The kings of Chau (Chiu Dynasty B.C. 1122-255) made an innovation when living persons were substituted for the wooden affairs. This practise, however, passed away with the dynasty in which it prevailed.

There is a tradition, too, that, at first—whenever that may have been, these tablets were in the form of carved images made to resemble the deceased, and which had the power of expressing their feelings. For example, one of them upon being struck by some offended person wept copiously over the insult; another upon seeing a member of the family suffering from a wound, was moved to tears out of sheer sympathy.

But who the originator was, or what the date of its institution, probably never will be known. The only fact we are sure of is, that tablets came into use a long, long time ago and are worshipped by 400,000,000

—if not more of the Chinese people to-day. The supposition or belief, as noted before is, that at death the soul of a person separates into three parts; one of which enters the spirit world, one the grave, and the other the tablet.

PLACES OF INTEREST

There are round about Amoy not a few places of interest to the foreigner and native alike. A walk through Amoy city with its narrow and crooked streets, open shops, and the many unfamiliar sights and *smells* will excite deepest interest and astonishment. A walk through the old original city with its gates and surrounding wall recall vividly to your mind all the oriental scenes of which you have heard or read.

Beyond the city there are places that will excite still greater interest. In some places entire hillsides are covered with graves. The mounds are covered with cement. They remind one very forcibly of these words in Matthew xxii, 27: "white sepulchres, which

indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness." China is one big grave-yard, you can never get away from graves. They are in the door-yards, on the hilltops, along the highways and hedges, everywhere. Look where you will, rarely will your vision be unobstructed by a tomb of some kind.

Some two miles or more, back of the city, there are many temples nestling among the hills and rocks. "Embowered in groves of trooping banyans" they are indeed picturesque places.

THE ROCKING STONE

The Rocking Stone. Not far from these temples, along a by-path, there was a wonderful stone called by the natives *Hong-tong-chioh*, i.e., "The wind moving (rocking) stone." A single boulder, forty feet long, twenty feet high, and fifteen feet thick, weighing hundreds of tons, rested on the very edge of another rock so evenly balanced that any one could set it rocking. A strong wind might do so. Alas! the Rocking Stone is no more. This, one of the most interesting curiosities of the region,



ROCK WITH INSCRIPTION

has been destroyed. It was rocked once too often and landed in the valley below the rocks where it has stood for ages as the wonder of hundred of sightseers, who visited the place annually.

Early in the year 1908 some sailors from a German warship visited the place and naturally set about to make the stone rock. They succeeded in getting such a movement on it that, probably before they were aware of the danger, the stone lay on its side down in the valley below. Fortunately no one was hurt. Had it fallen over on the other side, the case might have been different for it

would have crushed to atoms the small hut standing there, and quite likely the people who lived in it. The rock must have gone down with tremendous momentum, and it now lies a long distance away from the base on which it stood.

PO-LAM BRIDGE

Twenty-five miles west of Amoy there is a famous bridge the date of the construction of which no man living knows; nor just how it was put together. There are natives who will tell you that man could

KOLONGSU

Kolongsu is a small island just off Amoy (south) about one furlong. The meaning of the word "Ko-long-su" is Drum-Wave-Island. *Ko*=a drum; *long*=a rushing stream of water; *su*=an island; the whole referring to the waves of the sea which go rushing through a hollow rock on its shores, producing a sound like drumming.

In its very centre a huge pile of rocks lift their heads skyward 300 feet; while on



PO-LAM BRIDGE

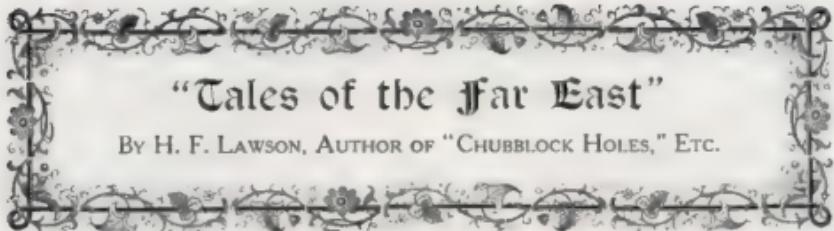
not have lifted, by any imaginable machinery, to their present position those immense stones of which it is made. The only conclusion they come to is, that the gods must have done the work.

The bridge is called "The Po-lam Bridge"—a place much frequented by foreigners residing in Amoy. It is 200 yards or more long, built upon a dozen or more solid stone piers each about twelve feet high. Some of the stones laid on these piers are of great length and weight. One of them is seventy feet long, five feet thick and four feet wide, weighing something like 107 tons.

the island in other places immense boulders are scattered around promiscuously.

Among this particular mass of high rocks, which have the name "Camel Rock," there is one large stone on which ideographs have been inscribed."

These are only a few extracts from this interesting and instructive little book, which also includes several quaint and amusing native stories, and a great many most useful points concerning the vernacular. It will be found most useful to any one who is studying Chinese history, or the Chinese language.



"Tales of the Far East"

By H. F. LAWSON, AUTHOR OF "CHUBBLOCK HOLES," ETC.

No. 18. With Boat and Gun on the Whangpo River

BUT of course I always did maintain that Russell was about the limit. He was the most aggravating man you could possibly know; when you thought you had him fairly caught he would somehow wriggle out of the difficulty and get you there yourself. In fact no position was untenable for him, and had he been a stockbroker he would probably have even emerged from the recent Shanghai Stock Exchange *débâcle* with credit.

He was an adept at the three "Bs," bridge, billiards and bluff, and the proverbial proving that black is white would rank as child's play beside some of his argumentative achievements.

The fourth dimension possessed no more terrors for Russell than the mixing of an insidious cocktail, and we can sum him up altogether as being quite impossible.

Still, he was a useful man to know at times.

It was in thus-wise. There were three of us, Russell, Jack Foster and I, and the prospect of charming weather enticed us to take a few days holiday, going up to Hangchow on a shooting jaunt.

The kind of *game* mostly in evidence on these shooting expeditions, by the way, is generally common or garden bridge, but this is neither here nor there. It was the Garden Bridge at Shanghai—and surely *this* can be called common—which concerned us, and near which we were waiting for the "train" to come along to pick up our houseboat. A saucy little motor craft

close by attracted our attention. "Whose is that?" asked somebody, "No-ones" said Russell, in his usual cryptic explanatory style. "What do you mean?" "Well, it was Brown's, but he sold it to Jones, consequently it is no longer his property. Now as Jones has not paid for it, and repudiates the purchase, it is not *his*. Ergo, it is nobody's." We looked wistfully at the *Petrel*. "Wouldn't it be fine if we could take it along with us?" "Well, why not?" said Russell. We wakened up the laodah in charge and told him to hitch it on to our houseboat. "But master no have talkee my." "That's allee lightee, John. It's a bit of friend pidgin. We walkee Hangchow and wanchee flying boat come allee samee. We come back five days; you go catchee fantan or smokee opium; my pay you two piecee dollar cumshaw. What side the petrol?" "*This b'long Petrel!*" pointing to the boat. "No, you slit-eyed crazy owl, *petrol*, gasoline, you savee." "Oh, gas'line. Nohave got." "Well, supposee no have got gasoline, how fashion makee him walk? You go catchee some, chop-chop." "No can do; plenty too far."

Here was a predicament! Not so for Russell, however. "What about Dr. Pellet? He lives close to and has a motor car. I'll go and borrow some." "You know Pellet, then?" "No, but what has *that* to do with it? Leave it to me." So Russell went off and rang the bell at the house. The Doctor was not in! "Master no have got, eh? Well, maskee, my wanchee inspect motor house to look see if all proper." He was taken round. "Here,

mafoo," in an angry tone, "what fashion you mean by having *two* tins gasoline this side? Don't you savee it's against the regulations? I shall report it to the Municipal Council and bime-by you catchee plenty bamboo.—But man-man; look here, mafoo. Dr. Pellet b'long muchee ploper man; my no wanchee be hard. You takee one piecee tin across to the Astor House jetty chop-chop, and my no talkee more."

Which the astonished masoo did with alacrity, and when he had disappeared we promptly annexed it and hauled it aboard.

Only just in time, too, for the "boat train" arrived and we were hitched on at the rear, during which Russell wrote a chit to the A.P. Co. ordering them to send a tin of gasoline to Dr. Pellet's, which we afterwards learnt they did, and in the absence through oversight in Russell's instructions to send *him* the bill, they accompanied the tin with an account! The scene following the Doctor's arrival home was, I believe, almost historical.

Useful man, Russell!

We started off, narrowly missing a collision with one of the arches of the Garden Bridge, and it was only by dexterous manipulation of a boat-hook that we saved the bridge from destruction.

We passed in succession the German Club, Palace Hotel, and English Club, this being the first time, I should think, that Foster had ever done so without calling. However, the bar of the last-named, long as it is—120 feet I believe—is not long enough to stretch out to thirsty souls half-way across the River. I looked at Foster; his lips were twitching, and he wiped his watering mouth with the back of his hand as, with a sigh, he turned sadly away. My soul was filled with compassion, I took his arm gently and led him down to the cabin. "My poor friend" said I, "bear up; let not your proud spirit droop. Do you suffer from indigestion, gout, dyspepsia or any other complaint? Take

Dr. Williams' P—— I mean, if you are heavy hearted and sore oppressed and feel bitter, imbibe this gin and bitters." He imbibed, and his grief was assuaged—but not his thirst.

Russell came in at this juncture and we were soon engaged in an animated conversation. "We shall have a good opportunity of seeing the tidal Bore at Hangchow, it is just the season." "That's good. But now what about 'chow,' isn't it time we had tiffin?" Oh, *hang chow*," said Foster, "it is too much of a Bore." We seized him and threw him out of the cabin. Such people have no right in decent society.

"Wot Ho!" suddenly yells Russell. "Whatever's the matter?" I ask in alarm. "Matter? Nothing's the matter; that's the name of the boy. Here, Wot Ho, you go talkee Chue Fat (that's the amiable rascal of a cook) makee tiffin—soup, fish and chops, chop-chop."

We were soon enjoying a hearty meal, to which we had admitted Foster—on conditions. "Curious thing," I remarked, in finishing, "that the best ginger is grown on Chinese graves." "Nothing curious about that," exclaimed Foster, eyeing the succulent roots, "it is quite natural. The very word is partly derived from that reason. Ginger—Gin—Spirit—Departed Spirit! That is the *root* of the whole matter." Before we recovered he had clutched the Dom and a glass and disappeared on deck.

Despite this shock we managed to put in a comfortable afternoon siesta, and when the heat wore off, Russell suggested that we should examine the *Petrel*. It turned out that none of us knew how to run it, but in Russell's opinion that was of no moment.

Useful man, Russell!

He and I got into the boat, which was attached to the houseboat by a rope about six yards long, and commenced work.

Fortunately Russell understands engines a little, and after trying all the levers and working out the gasoline connection and control, we succeeded in about an hour in obtaining the desired explosions. "Sounds like a hen clucking" said he. "Perhaps this particular brand is a *hengine*," I suggest. "Not strong enough for that." "Well then, maybe a *chickengine*," I hazard. "You silly ass, it would be more useful if you would occupy your brain vacuum in finding out why the crass thing won't go instead of trying to remember mildewed pre-Adamite chestnuts. The machine is certainly a bit of a chickenigma. It is *clucking* all right, but not *clutching*.

at me. I let go, and the boat shot ahead and dashed into the rear of the houseboat! "Cast off, Foster, quick," we yelled, which was immediately done. "What the Dickens do you mean by ramming us that way," he bawled, "that is not a Diesel *motorpedo*. Call off your bulldog ironclad destroyer, you double-decked Hague Convention breaker, I surrender. Come aboard the lugger, Admiral, and seize the prize. I suppose it's the whisky you want."

But the *Petrel* had stopped dead, something having gone wrong through the impact, and we saw the houseboat fading away in the gloom.



THE "PETREL"

Foster was standing at the stern of the houseboat watching us, and bellowed out, "When you two fellows have finished quarreling perhaps you will set the thing going. It is getting dark now and you've not much more time. That's the worst of trusting to you to manage a little tin kettle like that." "That's one for you, Russell. If you only treated me decently I would shew you where the fault lies." He was crimson with heat and vexation. "If you think you can manage this blamed thing better than I can, go ahead." "Well, perhaps if I take my foot off the clutch brake, it may have an effect." He glared

"Maskee," shouted Foster, "I'll hitch you up on my way back in a few days. *Au revoir.*"

Here was a pretty pass; the boat train had disappeared and we were left stranded. That comes of going on a jaunt with Russell.

Well, there was nothing for it but to buckle to and find out the trouble. Nothing was buckled, however, and after some work we got the engine going again. But it would only run on the reverse gear! We laboured on, and eventually had the joy of getting it in order, after which we were soon skimming along the

River, and in half an hour overtook the houseboat.

Foster was surprised to see us; he had set our *three* cocktails in front of himself, and was about to polish off the lot for us, but we saved him the trouble.

He did not give us the hearty welcome which he ought to have extended to his ship-wrecked companions, but a nice bath and a good dinner soon dispelled all tendency to recriminations.

"Foster," I said, "knowing your exaggerated predilection for apple dumplings I had three of them made at home, as Chue Fat can't do them nicely, and here they come, so eat and be merry." "Good boy" he responded, "for this I forgive you all your unmerited remarks." He took his dumpling, reached for the sugar basin, helped himself liberally and fell to with a will. "By the way, I forgot to tell you that the sugar basin is full of salt. Does it matter?" I ask innocently. He threw his spoon down with a regrettable exhibition of temper, accompanied by invectives which are printed in some of the comprehensive dictionaries. They were quite comprehensive to us, however, and I expressed surprise. "I am *so* sorry you don't like your pudding, Foster. I can't understand it; I had them specially made for you, and they are really very good," as Russell and I finished ours and smacked our lips with gusto; "however, don't apologise, old chap; I know that a bit of sailing sometimes upsets some people."

Now Foster is passionately fond of sailing, and my remark did not seem to have the mollifying effect intended. It is hard to know how to please some people.

We spent the evening talking, and once started on sailing and yachting topics, Foster had an illimitable store of yarns, some of which were good and the rest new, with which he regaled us.

In finishing, he expressed the opinion that there was room for a new periodical solely devoted to this subject on different lines. Yachting Tours would be a speciality. "I wish some '*litteratoors*' would take it up." "Rather says *litteraterrs*. And what would you call the journal, for a good title is half the battle?" I asked. "Oh, say *The Canewspaper*." "Here, Foster, you had better jump into bed quick; if I know anything of medicine you've got caneumonia or else canewphobia. Come, Russell, don't go near him, he bites." "And drinks," said he; "give me a strong dose of whisky and I will go quietly." So ended the first day.

We call at Kashung, where Foster tells us to wait, he will be back in a few minutes. "Why, where are you going?" "Well, I have got a Chinese cheque on me." "Well?" "Don't you see, you looney, I want it *cushing*."

I am afraid we are going to have trouble with Foster; his symptoms are pretty bad, and if Russell takes the infection there will be the Dickens to pay—unless Thackeray claims it.

Suppose Russell begins at breakfast calling for the marmalade, or floating kidneys, or a bit of Hamlet, or something equally eggsasperating? I shall certify him under the British Pharmacopœia as *Insaneatogen*. I tell you I cannot stand it, I am only human; and I must watch them both carefully with the "heye of an 'awk" for the slightest outbreak.

The old anthem occurs to me where the ladies of the choir sing:—

Oh for a Man
Oh for a Man
Oh for a Mansion in the Sky

to which the male voices respond:

Send us down Sal
Send us down Sal
Send us down Salvation from on High,

but I shall require Sal-volatile if this sort of thing goes on.

We reach Hangchow, and early next morning unmuzzle the motorboat and dive down one of the numerous creeks—which reeks—and start for a happy hunting ground.

Foster knows of a place where the birds most do congregate, and I enquire how far off it is. "Oh, a matter of about two miles as the cock crows." "Wait a bit, Foster; I never was good at British standard weights and measures. How do you measure that? By avoirdupois or coal merchant's?" "No, you lubber, by Fahrenheit. You see, when the crow flies —" "But, excuse me, it is a well-known scientific fact that crows have no flies!" "Oh indeed, that's very singular." "And plural too, I understand. And that's where your calculation is all wrong. It would be safer to adopt as a basis the County Council's measured motor-car mile of 1,000 yards, which is equal to 5 guineas fine and endorsement."

We proceed gaily along the flooded rice-fields, occasionally stepping up to the knee in a hole. Foster raises his gun at two birds in a tree. "Hold hard," I cry, "those are jackdaws." "The one on the right may be a jackdaw, but the other's a jackdaughter" he howled.

"You crazy owl, stop yer 'owling" I said, "come along and don't be a jackass; you're half one already." "What do you mean?" he exclaimed angrily. "Well, your name is Jack, isn't it? And that is even more than half." "Dooded smart, are'nt you, eh what? Great Cæsar, if these were only the mediæval times and I had you up at my Castle——" "Jackasstle, that would be, eh?" "Oh, continuez, monsieur, je vous prie, que vous êtes spirituel." "Ah, mais non, monsieur, vous me flattez, n'est-ce-pas?" We shake hands, and fall on each other's vertebral columns in an affectionate embrace; J. F. is a good sort, but he is so dreadfully touchy.

At this moment Russell and the dog round a clump of trees and stand appalled.

"Great Cleopatra! Is this a lover's meeting, you mooney spooney loonies. I am afraid we are "de trop." Come, doggy mine, let us leave the love-birds to their games; we will seek game-birds which we love. These clandestine amours may be good sport, but, gadzooks, I liketh it not. I thought we were after pigeons, not turtle-doves. Faith, we had mock turtle soup to dinner last night, but this is *real* tortling and no error. But what's the good of carrying your guns? Put down your arms so that your arms will be free. Well, ta-ta, my pretty dears, I hope no one disturbs your sweet Romeoing. Pay no heed to the bacteriological bugbear of kissing; I assure you that whilst there is plenty of arm, there is no 'arm in 'ugging, although I myself can barely bear a bare bear, whether it be a bugbear or a Polar. You may rely upon me not to breathe a word to poor Mrs. Foster of this sickening scene, which would be like a foster-ing wound to anyone but a bad foster-father. You have not even the excuse of a moonlight night with shooting stars, for this is the morning and the time for shooting pheasants. But seriously, this Julietting is all foolietting; leave such sick-love to love-sick maidens, pull yourself together so that you can pull the triggers—but not those together. Attention! Shoulder arms! Right about turn! Marrch!"

"On, on we go, like tramps at evening stealing," but meet few birds and less luck. Occasionally a pheasant rises with a great "Whirrrr," but it is so sudden and unexpected that by the time we raise our guns and take aim it is too far off. The dog is excitedly running through the bush, and each time we fire, stands stiff and alert waiting for the bird to fall. The disappointment on its face is painful to behold, and after many of these failures it put its head on one side, looked at each of us with a puzzled expression, turned away with a dejected shake of its head

and disgusted contempt writ large on its features, and curling its tail between its legs, set off in a crestfallen woebegone trot in the direction of the boat.

"Hang it all, Foster, why in the name of Nimrod don't you shoot something? Here are Russell and I holding back so that you can have the first kill. We can't wait all morning. Why, the pheasants are simply playing games in their antics with you." "Playing games, are they? By Jingo, let me just find some birds and I'll give them pheasantics," he cried in a rage.

Suddenly his gun goes off. "Why, you Judy, that's a magpie you've shot." "I don't care even if it's a *maggiano!* Its music shall be no more complained of by the third floor back, at all events."

We were weary and thirsty, and far from the boat. "When you are tired of killing game, Foster, you might look round and see if you can strike a forestaurant. I could do with a good square plain tea." "Thanks, I have no teasquareoplane, nor am I a balloonatic to wind about these parts in an aviatortuous way looking for the cup that cheers!"

"The cup that *cheers?* Oh, you find the tea, and *I'll* make the *applause.*" "What a plaus-ible, pitiful, pithy, painful pun, to be sure. Come, gather up the fragments that remain of our hunting prowess, and we will stalk home. Prithee let us begone; I too could do with a taste of the cup that——applauses!"

We stalked and talked by the way. "By the way, Foster, what about the *Bore.*" "Well, I was telling you, my gun is a 16, and—" "Oh, have you begun big-gun talk again? I meant the *Tidal Bore*, you cuckoo." "Oh, drop that tomfoolery; I bore it all the morning and have had about enough. You are like an insinuating worm." "Yes, and even the worm will—bore. But what a white-livered, narrow-chested, knock-

kneed expression of yours, Foster. Can't you illustrate your meaning better?" "I'm no good at chrysalistic language, or caterpillistration either. Now suppose we cry quits." "All right, are you ready? One—two—three—Quits! — Why don't you join?"

Poor J. F. He was really vexed, and as luck would have it, in jumping a small creek he underestimated the leap and landed in the mud, slipping down full-length on his face in the unsavoury mixture. Being extricated, he looked a sorry figure, and sputtered out "Pretty picture that?" "Yes, it would make a fine *mudscape,*" I said. "But Foster, suppose you have swallowed some of this pestiferous slime! Why, it is rank poison; you had better let me give you an emetic or anecdote of some kind." "Great Heavens! No, no," he gasped, "none of your anecdotes; I couldn't *swallow* them. No; let me die first, and don't embitter my last moments."

We cleared a passage for his mouth and nose, and I tried to make him lie down on the bank so that I could experiment on him with my lately-acquired knowledge of artificial respiration, but he strongly objected. We persuaded him, however, to take off his jacket and other things, and in this state he was certainly not very respectable company for us to be seen with, but we managed to get back to the boat without being arrested.

"Now, Foster," said I, clinging lovingly to his arm, "in future *do* be careful, for *my* sweet sake. My untiring efforts to amuse you seem to have left you in an unhappy frame of mind, and the combination of bad luck has left you in a—er—combination which is in my idea not altogether ideal."

I like Foster, and when he gets low-spirited like this I always try to cheer him up.

So Russell and I go off in the motor boat, skimming in and out of the various creeks, some of which are very pretty,

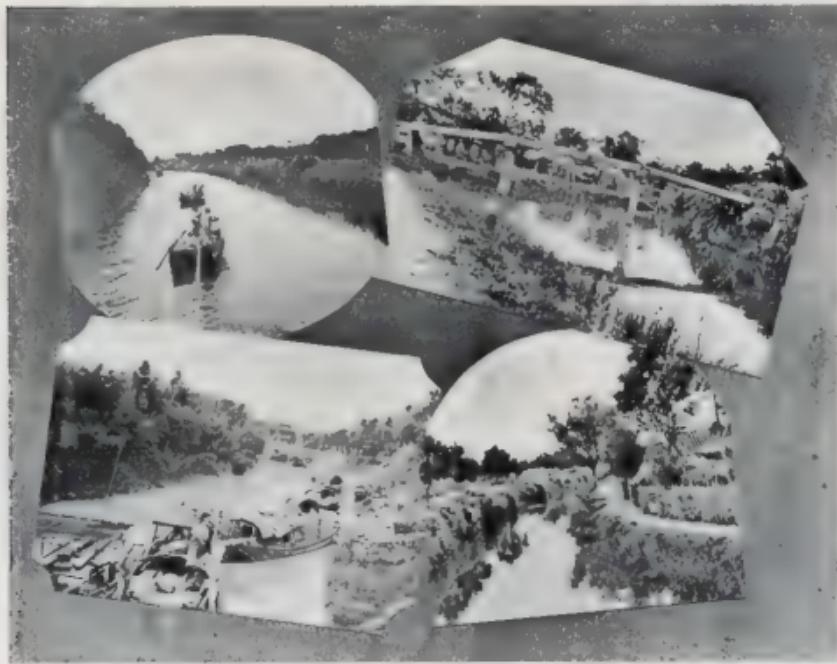
with the abundant overhanging foliage on the banks and the occasional ancient mossgrown bridges. Each widening of the stream brings into view a different scene captivating to the eye; the verdant hills in the hazy distance, the perfect blue sky mirrored in the clear cool running water which seems to invite you to a delicious embrace in its refreshing caress, and the melodious warbling of birds of all kinds, makes it an Elysium of sweet content.

Away from the bubbling seething world, away from all discordant noise, this is the time when one feels the hallowed serenity and charm of complete peaceful isolation, a tranquil restful calm unruffled by turbulent thoughts of the World, the Flesh, and—Foster.

Which reminds me that we had better return to that Child of Nature. I lent him my copy of H. T. Wade's excellent book "With Boat and Gun on the Yangtsze," an invaluable work for serious sportsmen, and we shall see whether Foster profits by his studious perusal of it.

But who knows what that misguided youth is up to now? He was intending to do some fishing, and if the fish he catches are half as long as the tales he will tell us about them, the second course of our dinner will not be lacking in quantity. Let us go back and see. *Dum vivimus, vivamus.*

But for the continuation you will have to wait my pleasure—and leisure.



Photos

H. C. Marshall

"EACH WIDENING OF THE STREAM BRINGS INTO VIEW A DIFFERENT SCENE
CAPTIVATING TO THE EYE"



Non-suited

A CHICAGO jury has non-suited a milliner who sought to make a husband liable for a fifty-dollar hat purchased by his wife. Our lady readers will quite understand when it is pointed out that the jury was composed of nine married men and three bachelors.

Real Mean

Two Germans were on their way to work, when one of them, Hans, observed their countryman Schnider on the other side of the street, sweeping the walk in front of his saloon. "Adolph," said Hans, pointing to the saloon man, "yust look at Schnider doing his own schweeping. By golly, he is der meanest und stingiest man vat iss." "No," retorted Adolph, "he is not so stingy as you think. He almost treated me vonce." "How do you make dot oud?" questioned Hans. "How could he almost treated you vidoud doing it?" "Vell, dat happened dis vay," said Adolph. "Vone cold mornink I dropped into Schnider's place und sat me down by der fire for a little varmness, und Schnider vas cleaning der bar up. He tooked all der bottles from der shelves, viped dem clean, and set dem on der bar; den he tooked der glasses und did likewise; after dot he viped der shelves off, und put der clean bottles und glasses back. Ven dis vork was finished he looked over to me und says, 'Vell, Adolph, vat are ve going to have?' Und yust as I was going to say 'Beer,' he says, 'Rain or snow?'"



The Kaiser and the Reporter

An amusing story is recorded by the "Tribune's" Berlin correspondent. Quite recently the Kaiser was on his way by train to Potsdam with a few intimate friends. In the Royal saloon stood an impulsive male servant in livery awaiting the orders of the monarch. The Kaiser was in a lively mood, and the conversation became

very animated and distinctly confidential. Suddenly the Kaiser interrupted the conversation, and summoned his secretary. Then, pointing to the servant, he demanded, "What is that man doing here?" The unhappy servant was questioned, and finally was obliged to confess that he was a reporter on the staff of the "Lokalanzeiger." The Kaiser began to twirl his moustache, a sign of coming storm. Then he recovered himself, and, smiling somewhat grimly, ordered the train to be stopped. This was done, and the luckless reporter was invited to step out of the train. He hastened to do so, and was deposited on the railway-track ten good miles from the nearest station. And the Kaiser spent the next five minutes laughing over his own vengeance.



Father Vaughan and the Society Lady

A GOOD story was told by Father Bernard Vaughan at a garden fête in the East-End, recently in the course of a little speech thanking a number of his working-class admirers for the gift of a "gun-metal watch with a shoe string." A smart society woman, he said, followed him one day from the church into the sacristy, exclaiming—"There are thieves in the church; my satchel is stolen." "What were you doing?" he asked. "Praying, of course," replied the indignant lady. "Next time," counselled Father Vaughan, "follow the master's advice, 'Watch and pray,' and you will save your temper and your satchel."

A True Story

HERE is a story which is told of an Archbishop, the truth of which is vouched for by a well-known incumbent. His Grace had a coachman to whom he was very partial. The coachman, unfortunately, developed a habit of taking rather more than was good for him. Time after time his indulgent master's reproaches were met with promises of amendment, only to be broken. One night, when his Grace had to attend an important function, he took the precaution of again warning the coachman against temptation. When the time came, however, James was in a helpless condition, and to avoid scandal the Archbishop pushed him into the carriage, shut the door, and mounted the box himself. He arrived safely at the Palace gates, which were opened by the porter. In driving through the wheel collided with a stone post, whereupon the porter cried, "What! druk again, then? And I'm blowed if he hasn't got the old cock's hat on this time!" And an unexpected voice from the box rejoined, "No; it's the old cock himself."



Must Have Been Irish

SOMEWHERE in the veins of "Extra Billy" Smith, the Confederate General, there must have run an infusion of Hibernian blood. Smith was one of the most irascible as well as one of the most patriotic of officers.

On one occasion he was leading the regiment of which he was then colonel on a long and difficult march. Weary and exhausted, the man halted for a rest by the wayside. When it became necessary to move on the General gave the order, but the tired men remained stretched upon the ground.

The order was repeated peremptorily. Still no motion. By this time the temper of the General was at a white heat. He thundered out:—

"If you don't get up and start at once I'll march the regiment off and leave every one of you behind."



SHE (in her last dress from Paris): "What's the difference between a gown and a creation?"

HE: "I can't remember the exact figures, but it's a small fortune, anyhow."

Wasted Energy

"MAD!" he exclaimed. "Of course I'm mad. I tell you what we need in this world is some good system of general thought transference or mind reading. You know how hard I worked to get Margaret?"

"Yes."

"Just gave all my waking thoughts to the subject, neglected my business, and all that, and made a fool of myself generally."

"But you succeeded."

"Oh, yes; we're engaged. And now that we have exchanged confidences I find that she was working just as hard to get me, and it makes us both mad to think of the waste of effort."



III Trimmed Sails

QUOTATIONS cleverly malapropos or nearly distorted furnish half the wit of the professional humourist. Nevertheless, when such a verbal mis-step is spontaneous there is often real fun in it.

A young man had been out sailing with his sister and a friend of hers. He did not know particularly well the fine points of the art, and on trying to make the landing against a head wind, he exclaimed, after several vain attempts—

"Well, it is better to have luffed and lost than never to have luffed at all!"



As the steamer was just starting from Calais, an English passenger shouted out to a French friend, "*Au reservoir!*" To this the Frenchman, with equal ignorance of any language but his own, responded, "Tanks!"



"JONES grumbles at cold weather."

"Yes."

"And he grumbles at hot weather."

"Yes."

"What does he like?"

"He likes to grumble."



Elderly Misses

THERE has been invented a machine for testing the sex of eggs. An aspiring politician tells us that he is sure of the sex of those eggs which do not hit him. They are elderly misses.

POULTRY NOTES

OVERCROWDING

To overcrowd the roosting compartment is bad enough in all conscience ; to overcrowd the soil is far worse. In the former instance, the health of the birds suffer, it is true, and they soon lose their vigour, becoming unprofitable and unhealthy ; but in the latter case, disease makes itself apparent very quickly, frequently resulting in death. This is a question that appeals to every poultry-keeper, whether he is a fancier or a

fowl-sick. There is no excuse whatever for this state of affairs in such an instance. It is the unfortunate poultry-keeper who possesses only a small amount of land who has no option but to confine closely his poultry. However difficult the matter may appear it must be faced, for once the land becomes foul, disease and death are almost certain to ensue.

CURING FOUL GROUND

If the soil is in a very bad condition, it should be dug up and planted with some



CHICKEN RUN AT "WAYFORD"

utilitarian, or whether he maintains a flock of a score or a thousand fowls. Those who are so fortunately situated as to have plenty of space available for their poultry need not worry about the matter, since they can constantly remove the fowls from one place to another. At the same time, I have frequently come across instances in which, notwithstanding the fact that there was an abundance of space available, the fowls were crowded into small runs, with the inevitable result that the land became

quickly-growing vegetables. Cabbages answer the purpose well, since their growth is somewhat coarse, and they absorb a large amount of the manure. It is seldom, however, that such drastic measures are necessary, for if the matter is taken in hand upon the very first sign of impurity the soil can be quickly brought back to its former state. A light dressing of gas-lime or a 1 per cent. solution of sulphuric acid should be applied, which generally removes all impurity without delay.

THE VALUE OF GRIT

When fowls are confined in runs it is necessary to supply them generously with grit, as otherwise they are unable to digest their food properly. Birds enjoying their freedom, on the other hand, are generally able to obtain for themselves all they require. Good samples of specially-prepared grit can be bought quite cheaply, while, if one cares to go to some trouble, it can be prepared at home at practically no cost. Broken flints, glass bottles or jars, answer admirably, or if very sharp gravel can be obtained it does equally well. As a rule, however, it is advisable to buy what grit is needed, as the labour of preparing it at home rarely pays.

For quite young chickens it requires to be extremely fine, little larger than very coarse sand, while for adult stock it should be about the size of peas, not rounded, of course, but as sharp as possible. Grit is really a substitute for teeth, as its main purpose is to grind up the food into fine powder, in order that it may be properly assimilated. The food passes from the mouth through various channels to the gizzard, where it comes into contact with the grit, and where it is ground up exceedingly fine. A trough containing grit should always be kept before fowls in confinement, so that they can have as much as they require, and it is surprising what a large quantity they do consume.



The Present

The past is passed, then put it by;
Where it hath fallen there let it lie;
Each day is given his own blue sky.

The future comes, do thou but wait;
Each morning dawns at God's own date,
And evening shadows fall not too late.

The present lives. Awake! Awake!
In line of march thy place to take;
Across the desert a path to make.

The present lives within our lives;
Who wins the future is he who strives;
The best of the past in to-day survives.

L. F. H.



Wonderful Life-saving Product

HALF-A-TON of the curious vegetable produce known as kupok reaches Amsterdam yearly from Java. It is a yellow, wadding-like material, which covers the seeds of the Eriodendron, a rapid growing tree of the Malaccas, and its fibre is remarkable as being much lighter than cork, so that it will support in the water thirty five times its own weight. The fibre, however, resists all attempts at spinning or weaving. It is silky, only about an inch long, and is made into thin rings. The claim is made that kupok never decays. A 10 oz. mass will support a man in water, and the substance is expected to become useful for life saving apparatus, and is even looked upon as the probable future stuffing for all ship's beds.



JAPAN has a history extending over two thousand five hundred years.

AN HEROIC ACHIEVEMENT, OR, THE RELIEF OF HSIANFU

[Reprinted from "The China Times," January 22nd, 1912.]

THE following intensely interesting narrative of the Sowerby Expedition to Hsianfu will, we feel sure, prove of much interest to everybody in China and elsewhere, and as it is direct from one of the members of the expedition, its authenticity is undoubted:—

The expedition which will be known as the Shensi Relief Force, or Sowerby's Light Horse, in days to come, was hastily formed at Taiyuanfu early in December last so soon as the news had reached there of the story of the massacre of the missionaries in Shensi, and after two members of the party had made certain hurried arrangements in Peking and Tientsin the whole party assembled at Taiyuanfu and started for their destination Hsianfu, on the 4th of December, 1911.

The expedition consisted of seven Britons, one Swede, and one American, under the leadership of Mr. A. de C. Sowerby, and the names of the others are as follows:—

Messrs. Nystrom, Palmer, Denver-Jones, Keyte, Long, Warrington, Fairburn, and Evans.

After leaving Taiyuanfu the expedition proceeded in a south-westerly direction, and after three days moderately hard travel, reached Fenchoufu, where the sole representative of missionary enterprise was Rev. Pye of the American Board Mission, he and he alone having stayed there, in spite of the tales of unrest. Needless to say, he treated the party with all the hospitality that lay within his power.

A stay of one night only was made at this place.

STAGE TWO.

Leaving Fenchoufu the next move was in a westerly direction Sueitehchou being the objective and the Yellow River was reached and negotiated two and a-half days out of Fenchowfu and the border of the Shansi Provinces was crossed but five and a-half days out from Taiyuanfu.

Holding on in a westerly direction the eighth day out from the starting point brought the party to the important city of Sueitehchou where the English Baptist Mission is established. At this place were found, Mr. and Mrs. Watson and two children and Mr. Comerford, and there is no room for doubt that the arrival of the expedition, which we may say was absolutely unexpected, was directly instrumental in saving the lives of these five people who were in hourly, nay momentary, danger of being killed by the members of the "Ko Lao Huei," one of the most dangerous, and most blood-lustful secret societies the Chinese Empire contains.

Just before the expedition arrived—a few days in fact—the city had been attacked by the "Ko Lao Huei" (above 300), but the citizens of Sueitehchou manned the city walls, drove their oppressors off, captured and executed thirty odd, including one of the chiefs whose pony was afterwards bought by one of the members of the expedition. Had the situation been otherwise the missionaries would undoubtedly have been put to death.

A day to rest, refit, and recuperate, was taken at this place before the third stage of the journey was commenced.

STAGE THREE

On turning to again the expedition proceeded southerly, the next point to make for being Yennanfu, at which place some other missionaries were supposed to be, the Borst, Smiths', but on arrival at Yennanfu, which was reached five days later, it was found that these people had already left.

to try and overtake them and at daybreak on the following day, two of the party, Messrs. Keyte and Palmer, pushed on ahead with all possible despatch, and succeeded in catching them up the following day.

From the time the main party rejoined Messrs. Keyte and Palmer and their charges, the journey to Hisanfu was what might be termed, lively.

OVERON TO



Photo

W. MacE. L.F.

THE HSIANFU RELIEF EXPEDITION

COMMANDED BY LIEUT. A. DE C. SOWERBY, L.F.

Started from Tientsin, December 4th, 1911

Reading from left to right

Back Row.—E. T. NYSTROM, J. H. DENVER-JONES, P. D. EVANS AND W. M. PALMER

Front Row.—E. R. LONG, H. J. FAIRBURN, A. DE C. SOWERBY, J. C. KEYTE AND F. W. WARRINGTON

The journey from Sueitehchou was rather uneventful, save for passing from time to time, bands of robbers, who, seeing the very warlike look of the party, thought it advisable to give it a wide berth.

Seeing that the missionaries above referred to had already left, a messenger was at once sent out along the Shianfu road

As the party drew close on Ichun, the gates of the town were slammed in their faces, the wall was manned by armed men, and it was touch and go as to whether they would commence firing on the party for quite an uncomfortable space of time.

This incident, however, was responsible for an exhibition of the pluckiest nature on

the part of the leader of the Expedition, Mr. Sowerby, who, single-handed, rode right under the muzzles of the hostile rifles, parleyed with the men, and through his excellent knowledge of the vernacular, convinced them that this errand was peaceful, and when they were satisfied, the gates of the city were opened to the party.

Members of the party all testify to the gallant action above described, which is worthy of the best traditions of what a Briton can do when he is apparently cornered.

Mr. Palmer also, during the course of this stage, was once cut off from the main party by a band of robbers, armed with spears and swords, but on his drawing his revolver, and the robbers finding that he was a foreigner, they disappeared to the four winds.

It was quite a common sight passing villages to find a row of heads slung up in wicker cages, and in spite of the most alarming reports from time to time, that were handed in, the party never swerved from its objective.

One day off Hsianfu an escort of mounted men met the party with an idea of acting as protectors, but as one of their guns went off, and the bullet whizzed uncomfortably near to the ears of the party, they were requested to form the advance guard.

At length, after twenty-five days interval from the time the party left Taiyuanfu, the city of Hsianfu was reached, where the party was accorded the warmest possible welcome by those whom they found had not left the city.

At Hsianfu a week was given over to making the fullest possible preparations for the return journey, and when these were complete, the party left for home their number increased by thirty-one foreigners, chiefly Britons, to say nothing of Chinese, who were loath to remain with the city.

Unfortunately Mr. and Mrs. Shorrock, together with Drs. Robertson and Young, would not be persuaded to come away, and whilst we certainly recognise that the doctors are only acting in their professional capacity, and for the cause of humanity, we deplore the obstinacy of the Shorrock family, as there is overwhelming evidence to prove that theirs is a position of jeopardy.

On the return journey the most interesting incident between Hsianfu and Honan-fu was the passing of the escort and convoy between the lines of the Imperial and Revolutionary forces, who through the fact of the Leader Mr. Sowerby, ceased fighting for one day to allow them through.

Ghastly sights all along the road were the order of the day, and it was quite a common sight to see naked corpses lying by the roadway mutilated with abominable savagery and the pariah dogs eating them.

These horrible sights had to be witnessed by the unfortunate ladies of the party, who, from all accounts, behaved in the finest manner possible.

At length, after twelve days travel, Honan-fu was reached, and when within 160 li of that city, Messrs. Sowerby and Evans forged ahead, to cable the British Minister and others of the successful result of the mission.

When the main party arrived, they found awaiting them at Honan-fu a special train to convey them to Peking.

The members of the expedition pay the most eloquent tribute to the specially great assistance rendered to them by Sir John Jordan, the British Minister, who did everything he possibly could for them.

It is almost superfluous for us to remark on the excellent way the expedition was carried out, and we feel that the attached copies of the letters from the British and Swedish Ministers, together with the Baptist Mission, in themselves reflect the opinion of everybody East or West of Suez.

RESOLUTION OF THE SHENSI CONFERENCE
ENGLISH BAPTIST MISSION

We, the members of the Shensi Conference of the English Baptist Mission, desire to place on record an expression of our high admiration for, and deep gratitude to all the members of the Shensi Relief Expedition, for the noble and heroic way in which they have been prepared to sacrifice, not only their position, but also their lives, in the attempt to help us: and for the unfailing courtesy, as well as courage, displayed in all their dealings with us. (Signed) A. G. Shorrock, Local Secretary, Haianfu.

January 1st, 1912.

THE BRITISH AND SWEDISH MINISTERS'
TRIBUTE.

Peking, January 18th, 1912.

Sir,—We beg that you will accept for yourself and will convey individually to Messrs. Nystrom, Long, Evans, Warrington, Denver-Jones, Fairburn, Keyte, and Palmer, our heartfelt thanks for the valuable services your party has rendered to the British and Swedish Governments by undertaking the relief of the missionaries in Shensi.

We have kept our Governments as fully informed as possible of the progress of your expedition, and now that we have the pleasure of welcoming your safe return with the parties rescued from different parts of the Province, we shall not fail to express to our Governments as we desire to express to yourselves, our appreciation of the courage and devotion which has enabled you and your companions to carry your undertaking to a successful conclusion.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient servants,

(Signed) J. N. JORDAN,

G. V. WALLENBERG.

A de G. SOWERBY, Esquire,
Hotel des Wagons Lits,

Peking.

* * *

In conclusion we may, we think, express a hope that the Governments concerned will recognize in a practical way the excellent services rendered, and reimburse those who are considerably out of pocket through the expedition.

❧

TONGUE-TWISTERS

Most people have at some period of their lives been requested by certain evilly disposed persons to repeat rapidly the information that "She sells sea shells," or to say that the "Sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us." "What a shame such a shapely sash should shabby stitches show." Or they may have been desired by a maliciously-inclined fellow guest to require an imaginary individual to "Give Gumes Jim's gilt gig whip," or to comment upon "How hard it is to say, 'How high is it?'"

When a pretty teaser has obtained a temporary victory by setting you the aforementioned task, just request her to repeat six times in one breath, "What a pity poor Peter pecked pretty Polly's pigs!" If she survives, ask her to inform the company ten times in ten seconds that "Six misses mixed hisses." When the surgeon has repaired her parts of speech; you may with propriety ask her, "If he sipped, should she sip?" "Should a ship's steward sell a shoddy suit?" "The bore brought boar brawn," "Sam should soon sell Shiem six shilling single shingles," "He threw two true throws."

In all probability this will be the *coup de grâve*, and as your victim is borne from the room in a swoon you are at liberty to hiss in parting these fatal words, "Should sooty Sue seek soap?"

TREES

BY A SHANGHAI RESIDENT

In Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" the advice is given, "Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping."

Most gardens are almost destitute of any trees when new ground is broken, or have only a few willows or mulberries scattered about, but where good trees are already growing they should not be disturbed unless absolutely necessary, or unless they are very small. The selection of the best trees depends upon the position of the grounds, and lawns, and also whether the owner wants shade trees as quickly as possible or whether he is content to wait a few years and go in for really good well-grown specimens, which can only be obtained when young: the higher ground trees are planted on the better. The best kind to introduce into a garden are "hard wood" trees, somewhat resembling elms; there are very few that the borers will not attack, even some of the harder and slower growing kinds; hard wood trees take much longer to attain any size, but are much more effective in the long run.

Willows and Mulberries should never be allowed in any garden though they are often found there originally and allowed to remain to mask other buildings or because they give plenty of shade or because they grow quickly; the objections to them are numerous. Willows are always attacked by borers, which eventually destroy the tree, the stump has to be dug out and a gap is left which takes years to fill up again, moreover they scatter their leaves about and are most untidy at all seasons,

and the white pollen in the spring is most objectionable besides throwing a quantity of dead wood and broken twigs: the "scissor grinders" prefer them to any others, and if the willow is close to the house, the noise in the summer is most trying.



ELM TREES

Mulberries though very fast growers and looking fairly attractive, are objectionable especially in the fruiting season, as the ground gets covered with the fallen mulberries, staining ladies' dresses, and attracting swarms of blue bottle flies, the

tree is also subject to attacks from borers; both willows and mulberries utterly destroy the turf under them, but as most trees do this they are not singular in this respect.

Poplars also should be avoided as they throw a great deal of dead branches, and wither at the top very quickly, besides looking very untidy.

Ash Trees.—One of the fastest growing trees which can be planted with effect is the so-called Chinese Ash Tree "*Pterocarya*";



AN OLD ASH TREE

it is a strong grower and rarely uprooted by the wind: indeed the roots have an objectionable habit of spreading for many yards in circumference and on a level with the ground; straight grown specimens should only be planted, and when young should be pruned so as to grow thicker; it requires plenty of room, and will survive a great many years, though occasionally good

large trees are seen to decay before they ought to, possibly from the roots getting into the damp soil; they are generally free from attacks of borers.

Plane Trees are also very effective, with this drawback that the leaves are very untidy falling before any other tree, but being large they afford good shade: they have, however, rather a bad hold of the ground and if in an exposed position, are often blown down in a gale unless supported by strong posts; these should be periodically examined to see if the base is rotten, otherwise they fail when the time comes for sustaining the tree itself.

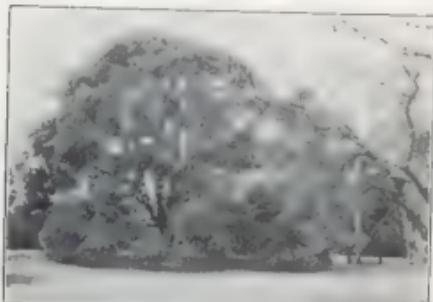
Tallow Trees.—These are good trees to plant, but they must be put in young, if transplanted when say 5 or 6 feet high, they are apt to linger a year or two and then give out: once they begin to grow they are very effective, and should have plenty of room to spread and plenty of sunshine, they throw a lot of dead wood each winter,



TALLOW TREE

especially the ends of the branches, but the summer growth soon makes amends. Borers attack them to some extent, and the stems should be carefully examined now and then, when the caterpillar or grub can

generally be dug out; if the part effected is very badly attacked, some damp gunpowder fixed in the hollow will smoke out the grubs, which occasionally grow to the size of one's little finger. The tallow is the last tree to come into leaf, and one of the first to go, early in November, but when shedding its leaves, the tree looks very pretty for a few days as the autumnal tints are very varied.



A CAMPHOR TREE AT "UNKAZA"

Camphor Trees.—These grow very well once established, and should be allowed plenty of room to spread. Shanghai gardens rarely contain them though they are obtainable near Hangchow.

Magnolias grow to an immense size, but at first, progress is very slow: they also require plenty of space, throwing out very long roots, which militate against transplanting after several years' growth.

Salisburia is also a fine tree for a garden, as it grows straight and fairly fast: it may be known by its small fan-like leaves, and will thrive best on raised mounds or rising ground, as indeed will all kinds of trees.

Maples.—These beautiful trees are perhaps the most ornamental that can be

introduced, though they take some time starting, and indeed some of the species remain very small. They are most attractive in the early spring and autumn, and when small they require some watering and attention in the very dry weather: borers do not attack them, fortunately: they should be planted in shrubberies or in places where they can get a certain amount of shade, as they appear to wither unduly quickly when young if very much exposed. A garden cannot contain too many of these beautiful trees, which may be obtained very cheap from Japan, or can be grown from seedlings: it is advisable, when young, to protect the stem near its roots in winter with stable manure, and as they grow larger, if planted amongst shrubs, the latter must be moved, as the maple expands; the leaves turn red about end of November: there are some red-leaved kinds, which look very handsome when first coming into leaf: after a fortnight or so, they change to green, but again become red before the leaves fall.



CHINESE PINE TREES

Acacia or *Locust Tree*.—This is also a very fast grower and a handsome tree, though like planes, they must be supported with stakes, as they have even less hold of the ground than the plane: the flower

resembling a white lilac is very sweet smelling, and altogether fewer more graceful trees are not to be found.

Cryptomeria Japonica (*Japanese firs*) Make a most effective screen in a few years, they grow best when very young close to each other, and can be transplanted afterwards when 3 or 4 feet high : some of the weaker ones require staking for the first few years to make them grow straight: they also look very effective planted singly if good specimens. They require plenty of sunshine and some slight attention when young: what can be done with these elegant firs can be seen at St John's University at Jessfield, where a fine avenue exists. The cost of the young trees is about 50 yen per thousand in Japan and it will repay any one forming a garden to send over for 1,000, as this allows for inferior or dead specimens to be thrown away later on. If the garden contains a number of these trees, it would be as well to go over them in November or December, and break off all the dried branches which be found to abound: the tree is thus freed from a quantity of dead matter which, if left on, tends to collect leaves and dirt, retarding the growth in the following spring.

Crepe Trees (*Lagostromia*).—These trees are very pretty in a shrubbery but should not be in an exposed position; they have a fine pink and white blossom flowering in September and the tree casts its bark once a year leaving the surface quite smooth: they can also be made into shrubs by constant pruning.

Chinese and Japanese Peach, Cherry, Plum Trees and Chinese Tulip Trees.—

These should also be introduced into shrubberies as they are the first to blossom and look exceedingly pretty. Nearly all trees require some pruning and cutting back of the overgrowth when young: shoots bursting through the upright part of the stem from about 10 feet downwards should be cut off as they tend to weaken the main



CHINESE YEW TREES

portion, besides with most trees it is undesirable to have branches nearer the ground than 10 feet, as there is then no danger of striking against them.

Peebo Trees look well in a plantation, and bear a quantity of yellow fruit, but they do not attain any great size.



An Easy Expedient

"MY DEAR old friend, how were you able to acquire such an immense fortune?"
 "By a very simple method."
 "What method was that?"
 "When I was poor I made out that I was rich, and when I got rich I made out that I was poor."

SCALPED

A HONGKONG STORY

"Which of these twain shall my poor heart obey"
—H.M.S.—"PINAFORKE"

I HAD just made myself comfortable, that is, comfortable from a bachelor's point of view, viz., dressing-gown, slippers, easy-chair, lemon-squash, and a novel, and was lazily watching all the good people, and many who were not good, going to their various places of worship (show-rooms?), it being Sunday morning, when the boy handed me a chit, informing me at the same time that "coolie talkie have got ansar!" I recognised old Fairbank's scrawl, and vaguely wondered while opening it if he was going to church and wanted to drag me with him? Poor fellow! church was apparently far from his thoughts when he wrote the following note:—

"Dear Fred,—Am indulging in 'a fit of the blues'; if you have nothing better to do, come and share the indulgence.

"Yours ever,

"R. F.

"P.S.—Spent last evening at 'The Bower,' and am leaving for Sydney tomorrow!"

"R."

Poor old Rex! another "Scalp" to the credit of the Viva; such were my thoughts; for the postscript sufficiently accounted for the "blues."

"Coming—half-an-hour"—I wrote in reply, and while getting into uncomfortable out-door "rig" for a ten minutes' walk, my thoughts wandered over the events of the past three years.—How I had one day boarded the Australian mail steamer, to meet an old acquaintance from the Antipodes, only to find that he had missed

his passage at Port Darwin, and how when I was stepping over the gangway to return on shore I was almost knocked overboard by a vigorous slap on the shoulder, accompanied by a hearty voice, saying, "Why, Fred, old man; have you forgotten me, or am I changed beyond recognition?" and turning I beheld before me the last man I expected to see in this part of the world. "Hallo, Rex," I cried, "wonders will never cease. No, I certainly have not forgotten you, though you have changed a little since we last met; but how the deuce do you come to be here? Never mind just now; gather your traps and come on shore and we'll have the story in comfort."

Good old Reggie Fairbank! We had been chums from childhood, had loved and fought each other at school, had fallen in love with the same girl at the ripe age of sixteen (the girl was about thirty), and when she had refused us both we had sworn eternal friendship, and made a solemn compact never to marry. Shortly afterwards we were separated, I going out to my uncle and guardian in Calcutta, and Reggie, or Rex as he was called at school, taking a stool in his father's office. I had in course of time been transferred to the Hongkong branch of my uncle's business, and had never again met old Rex, though I had frequently heard of him, and on a few occasions from him, each time from a different part of the world. As he had told me in his first letter, six months in a counting-house was more than sufficient for him, and he had no intention of grubbing away in an office for the remainder of his life.

He had written to me from Montreal, from San Francisco, from Kimberley, South Africa, and lastly from some place with an unpronounceable name in the South Sea Islands, where he told me he had purchased a share in a trading schooner, was making money "hand over fist," and where, if it had not been for our compact, he would have married a "dark but comely" daughter of a native chief who was worth, I forget how many, acres of cocoa-nuts, and the possessor of twenty wives! Then for over five years I had heard nothing of or from him, and I began to think that after all he had broken the compact and become a "cocoa-nut king," and I felt a little sorry for him, with his numerous mothers-in-law; and then like the proverbial "bad penny" he had turned up again, and of all places in the world, at Hongkong.

His story was the usual one of the "rolling stone," of ups and downs, with rather more than a fair share of the "downs." His father had died several years ago, had left him a few hundred pounds, which lasted him as many weeks, and he was now without a relation in the world, or, as he used to express it, "without encumbrance!" He had resisted the wiles of the dusky beauty of the South Seas, and had barely managed to escape a parting salutation from the muzzle of a Snider rifle, which he had foolishly presented to his would-be father-in-law. He was wrecked in the Bass Straits, lost schooner, partner, and a valuable cargo of island produce; and was picked up senseless lashed to a water cask by a steamer bound for Melbourne. And then, with a little over one thousand pounds, all he had managed to save during his five years' trading, he had come to Hongkong in the hope of finding me.

Such is a brief outline of the story he told me of his wanderings since I last heard from him. He was the same boyish

old Rex of former years, light-hearted and careless of to-morrow, handsome, brave even to recklessness; ever ready to help a friend even to his last cent, and he soon became a favourite in the colony, where he entered into partnership with a rising firm, and was apparently settled down, when the event which caused him to write the above note to me happened; but I must not anticipate.

* * *

Shortly before the arrival of Rex in the colony I had acted as best man at Tom Manning's wedding. Manning was a queer sort of fellow whom very few people really liked. Fairly good looking, of quiet temperament, and very clever in his profession, he made very few friends, for though many were attracted by his quiet demeanour, all soon discovered in him a selfishness beyond the ordinary. Indeed, "as selfish as Dr. Manning" soon became a byword. Why he had discovered any preference for me I could never understand, but such was the case, and if he had been asked to name his best friend in the East, I have no doubt my name would have come first to his mind. I could not have called him my friend, as I consider friendship, but I felt somewhat sorry for him in his almost isolated position, and further than that I had never troubled to analyze my feelings on the subject.

Five years ago Manning had gone home for a trip and on returning in the French mail had fallen in love, if a man of his disposition could be said to fall in love, with pretty Miss Eugénie Merrill, the eldest daughter of the late senior partner of the firm of Merrill and Roberts, of Shanghai.

John Merrill had married a French lady, who died on giving birth to a second daughter; and a few years afterwards, when Merrill "went over to the majority" his daughters were left to the care of a brother-in-law, who was attached to the French consulate in Hongkong, and who

being a bacheler promptly transferred his charges to a convent in Marseilles.

Miss Eugénie, having in the popular phrase "finished her education," had been sent for by her uncle, and on the voyage out had met her "fate" and Tom Manning.

However, the uncle, in the character of guardian, had stipulated for a twelve months' engagement, as he said, to give the girl time to see a little of life; and at the end of the twelve months they were quietly married, I assisting as "best man." What she could ever see in Manning nobody could understand; but there is no accounting for fancy, and altogether the general feeling was one of sympathy for the sweet and lovable girl who had by her kind and sympathetic manner won the hearts of all.

Selfish though Manning was in general, much was forgiven him on account of his wife. Their pretty home "The Bower" soon became the favourite resort of all those "worth knowing." Indeed "The Bower" might well have been named "Liberty Hall" and Mrs. Manning "Queen of the Revels." There was always some diversion, music, dancing, tennis-parties, etc., picnics, boating-parties, and last, but by no means least, a pleasing, kind, ever sympathetic, sweet, and pretty hostess, whom half the men in the colony were secretly in love with. Manning was almost an outside consideration as far as his guests were concerned, and this apparently pleased him; he would frequently excuse himself on the plea of business, and very few ever missed him.

Of course it was but natural that I should have introduced Rex where I had got into the habit of going so much myself, and Rex, for all his wandering and "roughing it," would have been a welcome addition to any society. A fair musician, a good dancer, and a splendid singer, he had a wonderful variety of amusing anecdotes from all parts of the world, and

it was but natural that he should become a great favourite. And like all the rest, he fell in love with Mrs. Manning at first sight.

About a week after the advent of Rex all the "satellites" of "The Bower" were on the alert, watching for the signal "mail in sight," for by the next mail Mrs. Manning's younger sister would arrive and many were the conjectures in bachelordom. What would she be like? Had she followed her sister's example and thrown herself away already? What a shame if some fellow had carried off the prize so many were waiting to compete for, provided of course that she was like her sister! However, there was a dance next evening at "The Bower" and bachelordom was duly introduced to Miss Vivienne.

And now, how shall I describe her? Descriptions were never my *forte*, particularly of the fair sex. In some respects she was like her sister; the same lovely dark hair and eyes, the same features, etc., but a totally different temperament. While Mrs. Manning was of sweet, soft, warm disposition, and one to whom you would feel impelled to go if in trouble, with the certainty of receiving sympathy and sweet consolation, her sister was cool in the coolest sense of the word.

As Mrs. Manning had without doubt inherited the sunny nature generally conceded to be a special charm in the daughters of her mother's country, so equally without doubt had her sister inherited her cool and collected manner from her austere English father. "Icicle" was the verdict in bachelordom after the first month. And yet there was a subtle something that attracted; a something indefinable which told of a strength of passion hidden under that cool and apparently unsympathetic exterior; otherwise how could so many really good and sensible fellows have risked singeing at the flame, or rather "freezing?"

Jack Phillips, Will Matheson, Frank Carlyle, "Little Billee" Stevens, and others; and now poor old Rex! All had gone the same way. All had begun by falling in love with Mrs. Manning, and ended by being rejected or "frozen" by "La Viva!"

Of all the "moths" I was perhaps the only one who had escaped the freezing, possibly because I had not yet subjected myself to the process. I had been very near it once or twice, but something always happened to prevent it. Latterly I had given way to Rex and I felt sure he would eventually win! True, I thought at first that he disliked her, and I fancy she must have thought this also, and for that reason had set herself to please him; not, I am sure, with any malicious intention, but Rex was one of those fellows whom all women like and many go mad after. Ah, well! I thought, perhaps she is heartless after all! And now, to comfort the wounded heart. We can't allow Rex to go like this.

* * *

"It's no use Fred, I must clear out for a while, you know I couldn't stand the chaff. I have made a fool of myself, but I don't care to be made a fool of by others. I honestly believe it was the chaff more than anything else that finished poor Little Billee Stevens."

"But, hang it all, Rex, you can't run away from us like that. Wait a few months and try again. I am sure she likes you above all the rest, and possibly you have been too precipitate. Wait a little and try again. Some women like playing their fish, and who knows but what you may yet be successful?"

"No use, old man. She told me plainly that she had no intention of forfeiting her liberty just yet, which means, of course, that her appetite for 'scalps' is not yet appeased. But seriously, my opinion is that there is somebody else, either here or at home, who has got whatever heart she once possessed; and she just amuses herself

here with fools like me! By the way, how is it you have never tried your luck? I thought at one time that you were the favoured mortal."

"Well, I don't know, Rex; I had thoughts in that direction once, but somehow I have never mustered sufficient courage. If she had been Manning's wife and Mrs. Manning the Viva I think there would have been fewer broken hearts; and I might possibly be a married man now."

"By jove! yes, Fred; if as you say the positions had been reversed, how different all would have been. But I think you are somewhat conceited in imagining that you would be the individual. I am rather inclined to think there would have been more broken hearts. But what an unfeeling devil Manning must be? I am sure that in spite of her apparent happiness his wife hungers for the love which is the very life of such a woman! How is it things are invariably the opposite to what they should be? Now if he had married the sister. But what's the use of speculating with that miserable 'if'? Well, clear out now, Fred, I am going to pack up my belongings. Come and see me off to morrow. A few months at Coolgardie will no doubt cure me; in fact I feel half-cured already. Good-bye! till to-morrow."

Good old Rex, I thought as I strolled homewards; after all its only a case of injured pride. Broken heart is not his complaint.

* * *

"Melbourne, 2nd May, 189—

"My dear Fred,—It is such a while since I heard from you that I feel sure something must have happened in your Isle of Fragrant Streams, as I remember the local Press used to satirically designate that domicile of plague and bad Government. You often remarked that 'nothing ever happens here,' and your letters can generally be reduced to two words, 'nothing unusual'; therefore your long silence conveys to me

the idea of 'something unusual.' Write as soon as you receive this and let me know how you are getting along. Give me all the news; you know I was long enough in Hongkong to make anything in the way of news interesting.

"I am getting restless again and I feel like seeking fresh fields, and possibly I will visit the old country, as we say here. If I decide to go home and you should care to see me I will travel via Hongkong. However, I will wait till I hear from you again. Coolgardie turned out a veritable man-trap, also a money-trap for the small capitalist, and you may guess I didn't stop there very long; but I have been fairly successful in other directions, and I think I now deserve a holiday. By the time you answer this I will be ready to resume my wanderings, as you style my occasional flits to and fro. By-the-way, how is the 'scalp-hunter'? Who was the last victim? Do I know him? Anyhow, I pity the poor fellow whoever he may be.

"I am now more fully determined than ever not to break our compact of early years. I suppose you will agree with me? Never marry, Fred. A married man is a ruined man. For proof you need only look around and see the number of men who used to dream of future greatness, and who on getting married have become quite content with the greatness—very greatness—of their *ci-devant* scalp-hunting partners.

"No, Fred, old man, there's nothing in it. Keep wide of all icicles and scalp-hunters, and if you should ever be tempted, just think of the free, unfettered life led by

"Your sworn bachelor Friend,

"R.F.X."

* * *

"Hongkong, 189—

"Dear old Rex,—Your very welcome letter came to hand yesterday. I wondered what had become of you, but thought you must be on tramp once more, as I did not

receive a reply to a *very interesting* letter which I sent to your Coolgardie address. Of course the unexpected always happens, and I had just about given you up when your letter arrived. And now for the news from this end of the world. Your feelings have certainly come near the truth. Something *has* happened, and to be as brief as possible, our compact is broken, and I am married. I fancy I can see the look of disgust on your face as you read this; but just remember how near you yourself came to being the guilty party.

"You ask about the 'scalp-hunter,' the last victim, and whether you know him.

"Well, yes, you do know him, but he certainly does not stand in need of your pity. The last 'victim' was myself! But she was not satisfied with the 'scalp' only, she took the whole man.

"Excuse the smudge, old fellow; I just received a stinger on the ear, which made me see half a dozen inkpots. The 'scalp-hunter' is standing behind my chair, looking over my shoulder as I write, and is bestowing on you all the least flattering and impolite names she can think of. Of course I showed her your letter. I know it is awfully mean of me, but I could not resist the temptation of letting her see herself as others saw her in former days. She is now wondering what became of the piece of *gâteau de noce* she was foolish enough to send to Coolgardie.

"I asked her if I was to invite you to come this way, but she says that if your ideas have not undergone considerable alteration since you sat down to write this horrid letter (so she calls it) you are not fit for civilised society. However, old man, come by all means, and as soon as possible, and if you will stay for a while in Hongkong, we will probably visit the old country together. I have a right to a holiday also, and I think a run home would do us both good. The *Guthrie* will carry this letter and when she returns

I will expect to find you on board; but the less you have to say about icicles and scalp-hunters when you arrive here the better for yourself. I will certainly not attempt to defend you, as I am rather shy of interfering with the very greatness of my scalp-hunting partner,

"Your Benedict Friend,

"FRED LEONARD.

"P.S.—I had almost forgotten to mention as an item of news that Dr. Manning died a month after we were married. Contracted blood-poisoning while attending to a case in the hospital.—F. L."

* * *

EXTRACT FROM "HONGKONG EXPRESS,"
DECEMBER 10TH, 189—

"We witnessed a very interesting ceremony this morning, viz., the wedding of Reginald Fairbank, Esq., to Eugénie Manning, eldest daughter of the late John Merrill, of Shanghai. After the reception given by Mrs. Ellison at Woodland Grove, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbank, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, left by the *Empress* en route for Europe. We are sure we but echo the sentiments of all in wishing them *bon voyage* and a speedy return to the Far East."

H. M.



Photo

R. G. J.

WATERWITCH BAY, WEIHAIWEI

"Pretty Tolerable"

It was in the Far West of America.

"How are things?" asked the tourist.

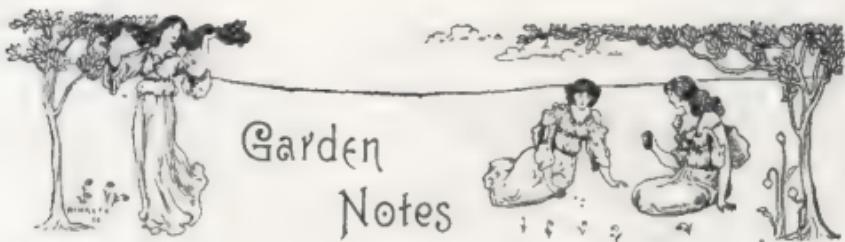
"Pretty tolerable, stranger," responded the old man, who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclone levelled them and saved me the trouble."

"That was good."

"Yes; and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile, and saved me the trouble of burning it."

"Remarkable! But what are you doing now?"

"Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."



Garden Notes

The Evolution of Flowers and Vegetables

WE are apt to think that plants, and especially vegetables, were found by man when he first made his appearance on the earth just as they are to-day. This is, of course, an entirely erroneous idea, for in no sphere have science and evolution played a greater or more important part than in the gradual development of flowers, fruit, and vegetables.

localities on the South Coast, notably above Chessil Beach a Portland and on the island bearing its name in Kynance Cove, Cornwall, the thin shoots of the wild asparagus—no thicker than goose quills—may still be found in the month of May.

By what means this inconspicuous plant was raised to the status of a dainty and highly prized vegetable or to whom the inception of this remarkable feat of horticulture is due, can never be known.



Photo

THE DUTCH GARDEN AT WAYSIDE PARK SHOWING IN THE DISTANCE THE RESIDENCE OF MR. R. W. MACCABE

D. McGregor

In the kitchen the changes have been equally astonishing. Of all cultivated vegetables none exhibits so remarkable a range of variation as the cabbage. Few people are aware that a common British plant still abundant at many spots along the South Coast, is, practically speaking, the direct ancestor of every known variety of cabbage. Another example is to be found in the asparagus. In a few isolated

It is a curious fact that the majority of our highly prized vegetables certainly the potato, the cabbage, the asparagus, and the beet—were all originally maritime species.

Seed Boxes and Tubs

Do not make seed boxes too large, one foot or a foot and a half square by 3 inches in depth is quite large enough, as they are

easier handled, and if made of various sizes so as to fit into each other, they stow away in the off season more conveniently.

The best kind of tubs are made from strong beer or wine casks cut in half: 44 or one inch holes should be drilled in the bottom of each half, and when painted green, with black iron hoops, they look very neat: if the tree or plant is very heavy, good iron handles should be screwed on for the purpose of shifting the tubs easily, or a short piece of rope secured by 2 strong knots, makes a serviceable handle though not so neat as a metal one.

Aspidestras

THESE plants are propagated by division of the roots, which is best done in early summer, when the weather gets warm. The plants need to be turned out of the pots, and the drainage and most of the soil removed from among the roots. With a sharp knife sever the stem from which the leaves grow into as many pieces as can be done, allowing each piece to have as many roots as possible—a growing point, and two to four fully-developed leaves. The divided portions can then be put into four-inch pots, using a compost of two parts turfy loam, one part leaf-mould, and one part sand. The potting should be done firmly, and a thorough water given, and the divided plants will not require shifting for some time, as growth is slow, especially the variegated variety.

Plants and Moisture

THE vitality of many plants seems largely a matter of moisture. A plant that cannot endure frost, and which, of course, would be killed by heat many degrees below the

boiling point of water, can cut off its seeds, each of which contains a plant like its parent, and after these are thoroughly dried, they may be subjected to heat above the boiling point, or exposed to the greatest degree of cold that can be produced, and escape unharmed. Give these seeds water, however, and they act exactly like the parent plant in their relations to heat and cold. The change in the seeds which enables it to endure extremes of heat and cold, while due largely to lack of water, is also due to other causes.

Poisonous Garden-Plants

AMONG the garden-plants commonly in vogue which possess a poisonous nature botanists mention the jonquil, white hyacinth, and snowdrop, the narcissus being also particularly deadly, so much so indeed that to chew a small scrap of one of the bulbs may result fatally, while the juice of the leaves is an emetic. The berries of the yew have killed many persons; and it is pretty well known nowadays that it is not safe to eat many peach-pips or cherry-kernels at once. The lobelias are all dangerous, their juice, if swallowed, producing vomiting and giddiness, with pains in the head. Lady's-slipper poisons in the same manner as does poison-ivy. The bulbs seem to be the most harmful. Lilies-of-the-valley are also as much so. There is enough opium in red poppies to do mischief; and the autumn crocus, if the blossoms are chewed, causes vomiting and purging. The leaves and flowers of the oleander are deadly; and the bark of the catalpa-tree is very mischievous; the water dropwort, when not in flower, resembles celery, and is virulent.

A Pertinent Question

(Scene: The Public Gardens)

WIFE—"That horrid man near the Band-stand has been staring at me for the last half-hour."

HUSBAND—"How do you know?"

The Shanghai Tennis Doubles Championship

ONE of the most interesting games, from a spectator's point of view, was the final of the Doubles Championship played on Friday, August 9th, on the ground of the Cercle Sportif Français, before a large and appreciative number of onlookers. It was thought that the match would be a closely contested one, the balance of opinion being, if anything, in favour of Messrs. Boyd and Phillips, who had been playing strongly throughout the tournament, their greatest achievement being to dispose of the last favourites, Messrs. Elmore and Murray in the semi-final. The match proved to be very keenly contested, but resulted in a win for Messrs. Klimanek and Middleton by three sets to one, both of whom played a very sound and determined game throughout.

Play started at about 4.45 in very fine weather, Messrs. Boyd and Phillips taking the slight advantage afforded by the sun.

Klimanek took the first service, and after a couple of deuce and vantage won the first game. The second game fell to Boyd and Phillips, the third and fourth games were won rather easily by Klimanek and Middleton. At this point of the game it was noticeable that Boyd and Phillips had not got into their stride, Phillips especially

failing to bring off his very effective cross-shot. It may be said too that Boyd had often been seen to better advantage with his back-hand drive which kept on dropping a few inches out of court. The next game fell to Boyd and Phillips making the score 3-2 in favour of Klimanek and Middleton who carried off the next three games without much difficulty, thus winning the first set by 6 games to 2.

In the second set Messrs. Klimanek and Middleton ran away with the first five



MR. MIDDLETON SERVING

games. Things were not looking at all well for their opponents at this stage of the game, when it seemed that Boyd and Phillips suddenly realised this and set to in quite a different style from what they had been doing. They made a splendid uphill fight here and won the next four games, the score now standing 5 to 4 in favour of Klimanek and Middleton. Boyd and Phillips were unable, however, to pull off

the next game and the second set went to their opponents at 6 games to 4.

In the third set much better tennis was seen and some very fine rallies and volleying took place. Klimanek and Middleton carried off the first two games of this set. All players were now playing for what they knew, Boyd and Phillips secured the next game, Klimanek and Middleton got the next, the score now stood at 3 to 1 in favour of Klimanek and Middleton. The next three games went to Boyd and Phillips making the score 4 games to 3 in their favour. Klimanek and Middleton then brought the score to four games all. Boyd and Phillips then brought the third set to a close by winning the next two games.

In the fourth set Klimanek and Middleton started off well by winning the first two games. Boyd and Phillips after a hard struggle won the next game and equalised matters by winning the fourth game. Klimanek and Middleton went off with the next two games. The seventh game went to Boyd and Phillips and the next to their opponents. The ninth game went to Boyd and Phillips. The score now stood 5 to 4 in favour of Klimanek and Middleton, who pulled off the next game, thus winning the set by six to 4 games and the match by three sets to 1.

On the whole it was a most interesting game to watch, and had Boyd and Phillips not been so long in getting into their stride the game would in all probability have been carried to a fifth set, the couples being fairly evenly matched. We congratulate Messrs. Klimanek and Middleton on their win.

ANOTHER REPORT

The final of the Doubles Championship took place on August 9th at the Cercle Sportif Français before a large number of spectators. The arrangements made by the Committee left nothing to be desired except a little more sitting accommodation,

as quite a number of spectators had to stand so numerous was the crowd. Messrs. Middleton and Klimanek who ultimately won the two fine cups presented by Messrs. Buchanan & Co., played an excellent game from beginning to end, whilst their opponents, Messrs. Phillips and Boyd, were less consistent, and lost many points on account of mistaken stratagem.

Boyd hugged the back line too much for the good of the game, but occasionally showed wonderfully quick judgment in placing the ball where it scored for his side, and his serves were consistently good. His partner's play seemed to become slightly demoralised by the bad luck which



Photo

MR. KLIMANEK

Burr Photo Co.

attended the first set, which terminated 6-2 and was followed by the loss of five consecutive games in the next set which they lost at 6-4. A few brilliant strokes from Phillips at the net, and some excellent play on the part of Boyd, seemed to change the luck and in the next set their position was reversed and they won the set at 4-6.

The next and final set started with two games to the credit of Middleton and

Klimanek, after which the spectators were treated to some brilliant tennis, as all the participants showed to much better advantage than previously. Klimanek got in some telling cross-shots whilst Phillips and Middleton aroused much enthusiasm amongst the spectators by indulging in some very exciting volleying duels, and Boyd accomplished several effective back-hand strokes. The ultimate victory in this set was gained by Middleton and Klimanek who won by 6-4 and thus terminated the match, three sets to one in favour of the latter. Considerable interest would have been added had the umpires taken the spectators into their confidence a little more, and informed the latter in audible tones what was happening during the progress of the match, as very frequently many spectators could not hear



Photo

Burr Photo Co.

MR. H. W. L. TOUSSAINT

Winner of the Tennis Club open singles 1910 and 1912

what their decision was. The match lasted about an hour and a half, and at its termination Madame Fano presented the cups to the victors.



MESSRS. BOYD AND PHILLIPS



The Singles Championship

NEVER has there been a bigger crowd at any tennis match than that which congregated at the Cricket Ground to witness the final struggle for the Championship between H. Toussaint and Klimanek, and which resulted in a win for Toussaint by three sets to one. The best man won. As a single tennis player Toussaint is singularly good, and appears to have improved since he won the same magnificent trophy in 1910, when he also won the five events of the season, viz., Championship Singles, Hong Doubles, C. C. Handicap Singles and Doubles, and the Cercle Sportif Français Handicap Singles.



Views of Mr. and Mrs. Hardeon's Garden

1. A MINIATURE LAKE

2. A SUMMER-HOUSE

3. PAGODA

4. ANOTHER PAGODA AND A QUAINTE LITTLE CHINESE VILLA DESIGNED EXACTLY LIKE A HOUSEBOAT

A Wonderful Garden

CHARITY FÊTES AT MR. AND MRS.
HARDOON'S GARDEN.

MUCH has been said and written concerning the lack of public spirit that is noticeable amongst the residents of Shanghai, but on careful analysis it would appear as though whole sale condemnation on this score was not altogether deserved, as there is really any amount of public spirit in Shanghai, the only fault being that it has been badly distributed. At least that was how it appeared to me the other night, as I passed under the magnificently illuminated archway that leads to Mr. and Mrs. Hardoon's beautiful garden, and I tried to reckon the number of times I had attended other great public or semi-public functions in the same place. Five times I could remember Mr. and Mrs. Hardoon throwing open their entrancingly beautiful grounds during the last year or so, for the purpose of helping the Famine Fund, which was the richer by no less a sum than \$85,000. On each of these occasions many thousands of people came from all parts of the surrounding country to see the wonderful sights, who all paid one dollar for the privilege. Not the least part of the enjoyment derived by the writer was the pleasure of watching the delighted surprise of some of the guests, for whose delectation the grounds had all been gorgeously decorated with myriads of gaily coloured lanterns and electric light bulbs numbering over 22,000. On one occasion a wonderful procession, over a mile long, composed of great illuminated dragons, pagodas, etc., formed an imposing spectacle,

on another many dollars were realised by the sale of refreshments, while Jansen "the great illusionist" and other clever conjurors amused the vast crowds, and I have a vivid remembrance of meeting a procession of men in weird costumes walking along the tree shadowed paths one night supported on stilts at least ten feet high. A splendid kinematograph exhibition, magnificent fireworks, and



Photo

THE ENTRANCE ILLUMINATED FOR THE
FAMINE FUND FÊTE

Imonye

Chinese theatrical performances were also included amongst the numerous attractions, the like of which had never been seen before, and supplied thousands of people with infinite pleasure.

OTHER OCCASIONS

On several other occasions Mr. and Mrs. Hardoon have thrown open their gardens

for different Sunday School Treats. To a certain extent the photos speak for themselves, yet they give but a small idea of the vast enjoyment derived by those who had the privilege of being present.

UNDER ANOTHER ASPECT

I think I liked best the first occasion I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Hardoon's Garden. It was a serenely beautiful afternoon in mid-summer, with a great expanse of azure sky overhead, in which were mirrored here and there little fluffy weather clouds. These stood out in happy contrast to the dark green of the trees, and the riotous growth of foliage and flowers that met one's gaze on every side, and that surely included every specimen of vegetation that could possibly be coaxed to grow in China, including orange trees,

wilows, firs, that reminded one of Scotland, Japanese pines, luxuriant wisteria, beautiful mimosa, hydrangea, peach and cherry trees, magnolias, oleanders, palms, bananas, acacias, elms, maples, and bamboos of many varieties, and many other beautiful specimens of vegetation.

A SERIES OF SURPRISES

Narrow, winding paths or fine broad



Photo

S. Irwin

TWO BIG YELLOW DRAGONS ILLUMINATED THE BRIDGE

roads led to all sorts of unexpected loveliness. Out of the blazing sun we entered a path flanked on each side by groves of tall feathery bamboo, through which like quivering javelins, gleamed shafts of brilliant sunlight. From this we emerged on to a velvet-clad lawn of extensive proportions, which we were glad to leave for the grateful shade of what seemed to be an interminable pergola, laden with a picturesque profusion of beautiful roses. Suddenly a



Photo

PHOTO TAKEN AT ONE OF THE FAMINE FUND FETES

H. C. Marshall

wonderful wall, composed of tiles, met our view, in which was depicted in gorgeous colours several beautiful pictures of a historical nature, and beyond that was a wide lattice work portico, covered with a wealth of wisteria and vines, which led to a beautiful summer-house situated on the edge of an extensive lake. The banks of the latter were all buttressed with great weather-beaten rocks that imparted an appearance of great antiquity as they looked exactly as though they had been placed there by the hand of nature, hundred of years

before, whilst in reality they had been collected during the last nine years from many parts of the country at the cost of much trouble and expense. Here and there in their midst the dark green foliage of a

slender tree harmonised with the exquisite lichen coloured tints of the rugged rocks, and one marvelled where it got the sustenance necessary to existence as no earth was visible. Passing a great dragon formed of



UNION CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN AT TEA

stone which reared its ferocious looking head out beyond the edge of the lake, we went under a rugged stone archway, and along a perilously narrow path, at the extreme edge of the lake, and then wended our way

over a picturesque bridge. Beyond this was a flight of steps, at the top of which was a quaint little summer-house from which could be seen a bird's-eye view of the entire garden.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

A picturesque panorama clear and beautiful in the radiance of the setting sun met the view, the peaceful rural appearance of which made it difficult to



A MERRY BOATING PARTY ON ONE OF THE LAKES

remember that one was close to the busy every-day life of our teeming Settlement. Great trees and high walls shut out every vestige of publicity on all sides, and far in the distance could be seen another quaintly fashioned summer-house overlooking the limpid depths of a lake filled with magnificent pink and white lotus blooms. A wonderfully realistic effect was given to the scene by two miniature pagodas of typically Chinese design, the dusky outlines of which stood out in bold relief against the azure sky, and innumerable quaint tea-houses and summer-houses were dotted over the landscape, with here and there a gleam of the stream that so frequently intersects the garden. The reflection of the departing sun revealed the location of a great stretch of conservatory

and at another point was a Chinese theatre of imposing dimensions. A long low structure, of which one could only catch a glimpse of the flat roof, indicated the location of an aviary occupied by rare and beautifully plumaged birds, and from a pretty kiosk near by came the rancorous call of several gorgeous peacocks.

From this point we followed more well-kept paths interlaced by streams and picturesque bridges, passing on our way a matted thicket of foliage, the dominating note of which was the great spreading leaves of the banana, and further on we walked beneath a veteran elm tree that

had seen more than a century of years go by, and around the bole of which a vine clung lovingly. A zigzag bridge on yet another lake was built on the familiar Chinese design that is supposed to form an insuperable barrier to evil spirits, and led to another picturesque summer-house where we rested in quaint chairs formed from the roots of trees, whilst we partook of delicious tea and other refreshments. As one gazed over the surface of the rippling water to the wealth of luxurious



THE SPACIOUS LAWNS WERE UTILIZED FOR ALL KINDS OF INTERESTING SPORTS AND PASTIMES

verdure in the panorama beyond, one felt that it was a place in which to nurse and soothe the deeper moods, where a feeling of slumberous contentment took possession of one that for the time being dispelled all thoughts of the worries and troubles that are so inevitably intermingled with everyday life.

A MEMORABLE FUNCTION

No fewer than 8,000 guests were bidden to the ninth garden party given by Mr. Hardoon in honour of his wife's birthday on the 19th of August. Neither time, trouble, nor money had been spared in

effecting a complete transformation, the results were nothing short of marvellous. As it had rained heavily in the early part of the day, the air was heavy with dew, and a vivid odour of growing herbage. The dark blue of the sky overhead was illuminated with a crescent moon and twinkling stars, and a grateful coolness pervaded the atmosphere. Amongst the dense canopy of the great trees even to the very highest branches, gleamed coloured lights of variegated colours, which looked like myriads of fire-flies, and nearly every building on the estate was outlined by electric lights, whilst the most dazzlingly beautiful effect was gained by an illuminated design on the lake bridge. It was composed of two great yellow dragons accompanied by the words "many happy returns of the day," which were both reflected in the water underneath with a marvellously good effect. Mrs. Hardoon received the congratulations of her numerous friends under a prettily decorated canopy from the roof of which was suspended creeping plants and quaint lanterns formed from pumpkins carved with characters representing good wishes.

On the lawn in front of this canopy a large number of guests witnessed most wonderful fire-works, imported for the occasion from Ningpo.

Between two tall upright posts was suspended what looked like a great brown



A HANDSOME KIOSK

paper parcel about 10 feet long by 4 feet wide, and 3 feet high. Out of this fell all manner of wonderful illuminated scenes of life size dimensions. House-boats with visitors on board, junks with men rowing, tea houses with sing song-girls, pagodas, etc. All the figures were animated and beauti-

fully coloured.

One scene followed another for over an hour, without a human hand touching the mechanism, which worked in a way which made every one who saw it marvel.

The writer feels that this is but a meagre description of what comprises a most unique garden and a wonderful series of entertainments and can only advise all who have



A GROTESQUE GROUP OF MEN ON HIGH STILTS

not visited the former to grasp the opportunity of doing so, should it ever occur.

MRS. S. A. HARDOON

Mrs. Hardoon is the soul of kindness and hospitality and possesses a quiet genial personality, that has attracted many friends. She is exceedingly interesting to talk to as she possesses not only an artistic temperament but a keen sense of the dramatic, which enables her to picture the details of a story with a brevity of words and a forcefulness of detail that reminds one of Phil May's graphic outlines, so thoroughly descriptive are they. She is passionately fond of animals, more especially dogs, of which she has a large variety, including several beautiful jet black Pekinese pugs, but her most faithful companion is a big liver and white pointer, which follows her about everywhere. In the drawing-room of one of the three mansions situated in the grounds a few of the many hundreds of birthday gifts Mrs. Hardoon received

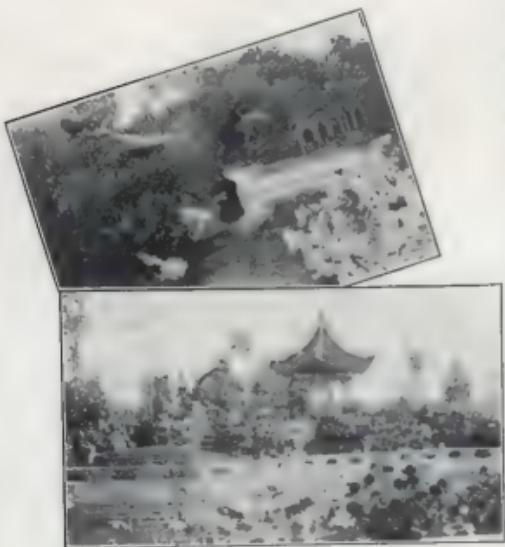


MRS. S. A. HARDOON

were on view, and included a greeting in Chinese characters from the Tutuh, and in the principal summer-house in another part of the ground a handsome gilded tablet inscribed with black Chinese characters found a prominent place amongst the picturesque furnishings and is a token of appreciation from the Famine Fund Committee to Mr. and Mrs. Hardoon.

On the night of the garden party the latter had on a simple but exceedingly pretty gown of pale blue silk entirely veiled in ninon of the same shade, the skirt and bodice of which were embroidered by hand with a pretty design in tiny chrystral beads which resembled a shower of dewdrops.

Her jewels included a necklace composed of several rows of exquisite pearls, also two priceless solitaire diamond earrings, and two jewelled bracelets of unique design.



A QUIET CORNER
THE LILY POND

MR. S. A. HARDOON

Mr. Hardoon is also exceedingly kind and generous and is never happier than when sharing the beauty of this lovely garden with others. Whatever he undertakes to do he does with an amazing amount of energy and whole-heartedness which usually attains unqualified success. A man of strong character and good sense, his judgment can be thoroughly relied on, and he has many good friends. He has always taken a keen interest in the progress of the Settlement, and was at one time a member of the Municipal Council, beside taking part in many other public activities, instituted for the good of the community.



MR. S. A. HARDOON



THREE CHEERS FOR MR. AND MRS. HARDOON



Royal Gardeners of England

THE throne of England has been occupied by several kingly garden lovers. Among others there have been the voluptuous Henry VIII., whose garden reflected in its sumptuous appointments the leanings of its owner, and the sombre William of Orange, the opposite of Henry in his simple tastes, but equally fond of his garden, and it is not improbable that the love for gardening of King Edward and Queen Alexandra has had a great influence towards the widespread diffusion of gardening taste during the late beneficent reign.

The Palace Hotel Fire

A

SENSATION was caused in the forenoon of the fifteenth of August by a fire which began in the cupola of the Palace Hotel. Fears were entertained that the force of water would not be strong enough to reach the cupola, which is over eighty feet in height, and that a

ing buildings had the fire been located in a lower portion of the building; as it was the flames merely blew into empty space where they had nothing to feed on. By the indefatigable efforts of the Hotel staff and the Fire Brigade the fire was entirely subdued in the course of an



Photo

The Burr Photo Co.

THE FIRE BRIGADE ENGINE AT WORK

The situation of the fire is indicated by the ladder

repetition of Messrs. Hall and Holtz's great fires might occur, but this disaster was obviated by carrying engine streams up to the cupola. There happened to be a high wind blowing at the time which would have had a direful effect on surround-

hour or so, and the hotel guests continued their mid-day meal, which had been sensationaly interrupted by the fire. The accompanying photograph illustrates the unusual height of the premises.

A SAD CEREMONY

ON August 11th the funeral of Mr. T. E. N. Rosser took place in the presence of many sorrowing friends. The Rev. A. J. Walker conducted a most impressive service by the side of the grave, which was lined on each side by a contingent of the Legion of Frontiersmen, of which

on the bugle. A large number of masons were present, who took part in the last sad masonic rites performed over the remains of their highly esteemed Brother mason who had died of cholera the previous day, with a startling suddenness that made the loss sustained difficult to realize. A large number



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. T. E. N. ROSSER

the deceased was a valued member. The men were under the command of Lieut. J. O. Barnes, other officers present being 2nd-Lieut. T. E. Dunn, Q. M.-S. Ladd, and Sergt. Wagstaff. At the termination of the service the "last post" was sounded

of beautiful wreaths were sent by sorrowing friends, and amongst the mourners was Mr. F. S. A. Bourne, C.M.G., Assistant Judge, Mr. G. W. King, and several other members of the Supreme Court in which the deceased had held the position of Marshal.



MANY FLORAL TOKENS OF SYMPATHY WERE SENT BY SORROWING FRIENDS

The Shanghai Volunteer Corps

Extract from Lloyds' Twentieth Century Impressions of Hongkong, Shanghai, etc.

PART III

DISTURBANCES in the Yangtsze Valley during 1890 gave a much-needed fillip to the corps, and recruiting, which had fallen off considerably in the piping times of peace, became more brisk. Two new companies were raised, one a German Company, which practised German drill; and the other a Portuguese Company ("D" Company), which adopted English drill. The spirit of emulation was



MAJOR CECIL HOLLIDAY

Major Cecil Holliday who is at present resident in Shanghai arrived in China on the 30th of July, 1897 and joined the old Mih-ho-Loong S.V.C. on the following day. At the beginning of 1891 he received his commission as Captain in the Light Horse, and towards the end of the same year he was appointed commander of the Corps with the rank of Major. His rank is the 3rd member of his family who had commanded the S.V.C. Major Holliday besides being instructor and director of the exercises of the Volunteer Corps in more practical ways also had several active experiences. During his command the Nanking Joss House Troubles took place and with others he marched夜行 (travelled at night) to the Boxer Rising, he was appointed special Staff Officer, and received a letter from the Indian authorities thanking him for the numerous services he rendered. He retired the following year with the rank of Major. Like ten days previous before coming to Shanghai he was an officer in the 5th Volunteer Battalion, Cheshire Regiment.

thus increased, and Major A. Tottenham, who came from Hongkong at the end of the annual training to inspect the corps, was able to refer to "the satisfactory number of efficient"—190 out of a total strength of 263. During the year Major Cecil Holliday succeeded to the command, and Major Morrison retired with the honorary rank of Major in recognition of his ten years' service.

A valuable suggestion came from Major-General G. Digby Barker, G.O.C., in China who inspected the force in 1892. It was that a small body of engineers would form a useful adjunct to the corps for extemporising defences when the force was exposed to superior numbers. Accordingly, "C" Company was reorganised as an Engineers' Company, and this with a considerable accession in numbers to the other companies, brought the strength of the corps up to 339, of whom 297 were efficient.

In 1892 also the old "standing orders" of the corps were revised and re-issued as "regulations"; but of far more importance was the proposal to appoint a paid adjutant. The duties devolving upon the officer commanding the corps having increased to such an extent as to become too great a tax upon his time, a meeting of officers was called to discuss other means by which the duties might be discharged. Speaking both as private citizens and as volunteers, the officers urged upon the Municipal Council that it was imperative "that a paid official should be appointed, whose business would be to perform the whole of the clerical and detail work connected with the corps in all its branches." This suggestion was brought before the annual general meeting of rate-payers on February 28, 1893, and met with unanimous approval. There was some discussion as to whether the adjutant should be a military man, and a certain amount of delay ensued, but eventually Captain Donald Mackenzie was appointed deputy superintendent of police and adjutant of the corps. He arrived in Shanghai early in 1895.

The Sinking of the U. S. Transport "Liscum"

OUR photographs shows the United States Transport *Liscum* as she appeared in the Whangpoo on the 26th of August. At ten o'clock the previous night the vessel, which was lying at the Old Dock Wharf, suddenly wheeled over and sank within fifteen minutes in forty feet of water. Fortunately no loss of

weather was very boisterous, with torrential rains and sudden squalls, and at the time when the vessel sank the tide was unusually high. Whether these factors caused the disaster remains to be seen, as so far the matter is unexplainable.

The work of lifting her is quite a big undertaking, and will be done by coffer-



Photo

U. S. TRANSPORT "LISCUM"

Rembrandt

Photo taken from the wharf

life took place as the two quartermasters who were on watch had plenty of time to walk ashore. For some hours previous to the foundering of the *Liscum*, the

damming round the hull and pumping the water out. Three years ago the same firm lifted the steel coaster *Han-jing* by coffer-damming round the dock.



By courtesy of "Shipping and Engineering"

WRECK OF THE U. S. TRANSPORT "LISCUM"

Burr Photo Co.

The charge for announcements of Births and Marriages is \$1, payable in advance.

+
Births

- CANNING.—On August 19, 1912, at Hayling Island, Hants, England, the wife of L. E. Canning, of a daughter.
- DAWE.—On August 12, 1912, at 21 Great Western Road, Shanghai, the wife of J. J. Dawe, of a daughter.
- HANCE.—On July 1, 1912, at "Claymore House," Swatow, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. R. Hance, a son.
- HOMEWOOD.—On August 1, 1912, at Kuling, to Mr. and Mrs. George Homewood, a son.
- MARTIN.—On August 16, 1912, at Shanghai, the wife of Wm. Martin, of a son.
- MORSE.—On August 20, 1912, at "Ovalau," Neutral Bay, N.S.W., to Mr. and Mrs. Graham Morse, a son.
- NELSON.—On August 18, 1912, at Kobe, Japan, the wife of Greville Thomas Nelson, of a son.
- OLSEN.—On August 4, 1912, at the Victoria Nursing Home, to Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Olsen, a son (Francis Arnold).
- STARLING.—On August 8, 1912, at Chinkiang, to Mr. and Mrs. Horace C. Starling, c.m.c., a daughter.
- STRANGE.—On August 2, 1912, at Weihaiwei, to Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Strange, of Hangchow, a daughter.
- TOCHTERMANN.—On August 20, 1912, at Chinkiang, the wife of Karl Tochtermann, of a daughter.

+
Marriages

- JOHANSEN-BLOCH.—On August 24, 1912, at the Royal Danish Consulate-General, Shanghai, Hans William Rolf Johansen, of the Great Northern Telegraph Company, to Flora, youngest daughter of C. Bloch, Shanghai.
- KAMMERLING-TIEFFENBERG.—On August 4, 1912, at the Synagogue Beth El, 17 Peking Road, Mr. H. Kammerling to Mrs. A. Tieffenberg.

Deaths

- AGUIAR.—On August 12, 1912, Frederico L. Aguiar, in his 16th year.
- ANDERSEN.—On August 9, Nils Peter Andersen, late Captain I. M. Customs.
- BACKSHELL.—On August 21, 1912, at Municipal Isolation Hospital, Shanghai, John Henry Comber Backshell, Detective Sergeant, S.M.P., aged 23 years.
- BRIDSON.—On August 17, 1912, at the Quarantine Station, Woosung, R. R. Bridson, s.s. *Polyphemus*, aged 25 years.
- CANNON.—On August 22, 1912, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Lewis Cannon, U.S.S. *Rainbow*, aged 21 years.
- COLVILLE.—On August 18, 1912, at the Municipal Isolation Hospital, Shanghai, Francis Charles Colville, Pay Clerk, U. S. *Pompey*, aged 34 years.
- GAAN.—On August 22, 1912, at 36 Woosung Road, Shanghai, Felicians Gaan, aged 70 years.
- HANISCH.—On August 2, 1912, at 35 Whangpoo Road, Jeannette, widow of the late F. O. Hanisch, aged 78 years.
- JOHN.—On July 25, 1912, at Clapton, England, the Reverend Griffith John, D.D., in his 81st year.
- KENNERLEY.—On August 24, 1912, at the Municipal Isolation Hospital, Shanghai, Walter Kennerley, Detective Sergeant, S.M.P., aged 30 years.
- OELKERS.—On August 20, 1912, Hinrich Oelkers, Dock Master, Tung Ka Doo Dock, aged 58 years.
- PAPPS.—On August 3, 1912, at 4 Kiao-chow Road, Henrietta Mary Papps.
- PARROTT.—On August 25, 1912, at Shanghai, Ethel Marian Parrott, aged 27 years.
- PEARSON.—On August 1, 1912, at Kiukiang, Frederick Augustus Pearson, aged 57 years.
- ROCHE.—On August 13, 1912, Cyril Alexander Lawrence, aged 15 months.
- ROSSER.—On August 10, 1912, at the Municipal Isolation Hospital, Shanghai, Thomas E. N. Rosser, Marshal, H.B.M.'s Supreme Court.
- ROTH.—On August 16, 1912, Charles Bennett Roth, second son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Roth.
- SLEAP.—On August 30, 1912, Thomas Anders, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Sleap, aged 8 weeks.



P. H. G.

Camera Craft Co.

A GROUP OF INTERNATIONAL OFFICERS AT PEKING



Photo

Burr Photo Co.

RECEPTION HELD BY MR. AND MRS. VON ZEPPELIN OBERMULLER AT THE DUTCH CONSULATE-GENERAL IN HONOUR OF
THE BIRTHDAY OF QUEEN WILHELMINA

Dutch Celebrations

BEAUTIFUL weather prevailed on Queen Wilhelmina's birthday which was celebrated by the members of the Dutch community with much enthusiasm. In the morning a large reception was held on board the Dutch cruiser "Holland," which happened to be in port, whilst in the afternoon a large number of invited guests attended a very successful reception given at the Dutch Consulate.



COMMANDANT CH. H. DE LUSSANET
DE LA SABLOMIERE

General, by Consul General and Mrs. von Zeppelin Obermuller. Captain Sablomiere and a large number of his officers were present, and with the exception of the Japanese Consul, who was debarred from coming by the death of his Emperor, nearly every nation which has a consular representative in Shanghai was represented, while quite a large number of ladies were also present. The Astor House String Band played a programme of delightful popular music during the afternoon, and every one drank Queen Wilhelmina's health in champagne or some other beverage. A picturesque note was lent by the presence of the Shanghai Boy Scouts, who acted as a guard of honour, and looked very business like in their khaki costumes and varied coloured scarves, as they stood at attention on each side of the avenue in front of the Consulate-General. Mr. and Mrs. von Zeppelin are both to be congratulated on the success of the reception which was much enjoyed by every one present.

The names of the officers of the Dutch cruiser "Holland" are as follows.—

Lieutenant M. Wyt	executive officer
Lieutenant G. R. J. Haentjens	Dekker
Lieutenant H. B. L. Braam	
Sublieutenant F. A. Gastmann	
"	G. F. le Rütte
"	H. A. Greve
"	G. E. Biekart
"	C. H. Lylstra
"	F. G. Snethlage
Chief Surgeon W. A. de Loos	
Chief Paymaster F. Akkerman	
Second Paymaster D. W. Gesink	
Chief Engineer L. J. J. Dornickx	
Second Engineer C. P. Kanteyn	



Photos

MR. AND MRS. VON ZEPPELIN AND THE SHANGHAI BOY SCOUTS WHO ACTED AS A GUARD OF HONOUR

Burr Photo Co.



Photo

Burr Photo Co

1. A NAVAL OFFICER.
2. MR. VON ZEPPELIN AND DR. WU TING-FANG
3. CAPTAIN SAROMILKE AND MRS. VON ZEPPELIN



Photo

Burr Photo Co

AMONGST THE GUESTS WERE MANY OFFICERS FROM
THE DUTCH CRUISER "HOLLAND"



THE DUTCH CRUISER "HOLLAND"

Trade of Shanghai 1911

PART I.

TO mention the Customs is, generally speaking, to suggest disagreeable ideas of having to pay duty on parcels before getting these out its clutches. It also calls up a vision of the Clock Tower on the Bund! But there is another side to the Customs. After charging duty and telling us the time, that institution gathers up statistics and records the trade of all China in a series of Reports in big square yellow books. These reports are written by the Commissioners of Customs, or by someone in each office delegated to do it, and the report is divided into two sections, letterpress and statistics. The essay on the trade, as we may call it, is further arranged under about ten headings, such as

Local, Imports, Exports, Opium, etc. to explain the statistics and also to record any events of interest that have happened during the year.

These Trade Reports used to be published in one volume for the year, but are now issued in five volumes:—

Northern, 2. River ports, 3. Central (including Shanghai), 4. Southern and 5. Frontier. Harbin heads the list which ends at Yatung. These volumes are all printed at Shanghai, where there is a branch of the Inspectorate General of Customs, familiarly known as the Statistical Department, presided over by one of the five Inspectorate Secretaries, namely the Statistical Secretary, whose work it is to receive all the reports, collate the statistics, and prepare the many manuscripts, for publication. The present Statistical Secretary is Mr. Paul H. King, and he has also had the Decennial Reports to deal with this year. He has had the help of the Deputy Commissioner, Mr. William Mac Donald, and for Statistics, the Assistant Secretary,

Mr. Ting I-Hsien. The Manager of the actual printing office is Mr. H. E. Sandys, and there is a quite large printing Staff, mainly Chinese, but including some foreign printers and proof readers, whose duties are not light, as an immense deal of printing, besides the Trade Reports



Photo:

THE CUSTOM HOUSE

H. C. Marshall

is done at the establishment in Hart Road.

Some things are known by everybody, and one of these pieces of universal information is that Shanghai is the biggest port in China, with the most important trade and the largest revenue. So the Shanghai Trade Report, though not published first, is probably the most widely read. This year

As the Report has been reprinted in the columns of our local contemporaries and is also accessible in the volume of the Central section of the Trade Reports, we shall not reproduce it in full, but give



Photo

Lai Chang

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS OFF TO THE WAR

(1911) it has been written mainly by Mr. V. Dent, Deputy Commissioner, whose connection with Shanghai starts from his first appearance on this mortal scene, and whose relationship to the great House of

such a description of it as may interest our readers and leave a clear impression on their minds of the trade of Shanghai in 1911.

The first note we make is that 1911 was a normal and very prosperous year up to the end of the third quarter. Genuine trade as opposed to 'booms' was increasing in a gratifying manner, when suddenly the news from Hankow of the Revolution ushered in our old and unwelcome friend "Hard



RUINS OF HANKOW CITY

Dent is interesting, since that Hong helped in the early days to build up the trade of which their descendant now records the progress. The Commissioner of Customs, Mr. H. F. Merrill, in signing the Report, acknowledges Mr. Dent's work.

Times." Here we quote from the report the observation that while money is property, property is not always money—a smart saying that was exemplified towards the end of the year. However, even bad years benefit someone, so that wharves

SOCIAL SHANGHAI

and godowns have profited by the stagnation of trade. At the end of 1910 nine godowns were ample for the storage of bonded goods, whereas by the end of 1911 no fewer than twenty-three were licensed, and more were needed. But godowns have rejoiced, traders—and especially foreign traders—have mourned, because cargo has reposed in the former and not conducted to filling the tills and coffers of the latter.

Yet with all this the Revenue showed an increase of $1\frac{1}{4}$ million Haikwan Taels over 1910, but this includes Hk. Tls. 927, 685 likin and duty paid on 8,433-50 piculs of undelivered Opium.

Foreign Goods, Imports, Direct and Coastwise, show in total gross value an increase of about 21 millions Hk. Tls. Cotton piece goods have increased about 23 millions Hk. Tls.—viz., shirtings over $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions pieces, value 18 million Hk. Tls.—drills, jeans, T-cloths and Italians about 1 million pieces, value 5 millions Hk. Tls. On the other hand, importation of cotton yarn fell by over 300,000 piculs, valued at 8 million Hk. Tls., and raw cotton decreased by 200,000 piculs, at 4 million Hk. Tls. Woollens call for no special mention, but numerous varieties of woollen and cotton mixtures are coming forward and a considerable increase is expected in the importation of shoddy cloths to meet the Chinese demand for foreign clothing. But, as Mr. Dent remarks, until native houses are better heated, foreign clothes will not be acceptable beyond the treaty ports. Metals did a fair trade in the early part of the year, but later on all business stopped, though there are signs that trade will rapidly revive if present disturbances were settled. Tinned plates show an increase of about 90,000 piculs. Nail rod iron remained at about the same figures as 1910, though none were imported during the September quarter. Large stocks existed locally, and Chinese dealers preferred the cheaper cobble wire from which they



THE CHINA NAVIGATION COMPANY'S WHARVES AT POOTUNG

can produce equally good nails. Under normal conditions the Hanyang Steel and Iron Works can supply nails far more cheaply than any other native makers.

failed, the Java sugar market strengthened in July, and the price of refined sugars rose in proportion to a record price for best qualities.



Photo

D. Safew

GODDOWNS AND PONTOONS AT ONE OF THE CHINA MERCHANTS' WHARVES

The trade in Kerosene Oil continued its steady expansion, American kerosene showing an increase of about 21½ millions gallons, valued at Hk. Tls. 3¾ millions, while Borneo and Sumatra increased 5 millions, valued at Hk. Tls. 750,000. The trade in petroleum and its products is daily acquiring importance and is being extended by experiments at the local installations of the great companies concerned, who are trying (with considerable success) to produce a mineral oil as a base for paint to replace the expensive linseed and other 'vehicles' now in use.

Liquid indigo increased by 70,000 piculs, valued at Hk. Tls. 2½ million. Flour went up about 570,000 piculs, or Hk. Tls. 2 million. As the European beet crop

The market for foreign machinery was the worst it had been for years, no Chinese capital being available for new industrial enterprises. The Asiatic Petro-



Photo

A GODDOWN ON SOOCHOW ROAD BELONGING TO *Lai Chung*
MESSRS. CARLOWITZ & CO.

leum Company has recently installed plant to produce oxygen for the oxy-acetylene welding process, principally to weld their oil drums, but the apparatus will also be

used for repairs *in situ* to vessels in port, thus saving dock expense. The same company also produces air gas from gazolene, to provide all the advantages of lighting, heating and power ordinarily

decreased re-export of opium, amounting to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ million Hk. Tls. The re-exports of 1st quality Korean ginseng exceeded the imports by over Hk. Tls. 125,000, as the enhanced value of ginseng in Korea



Fleita

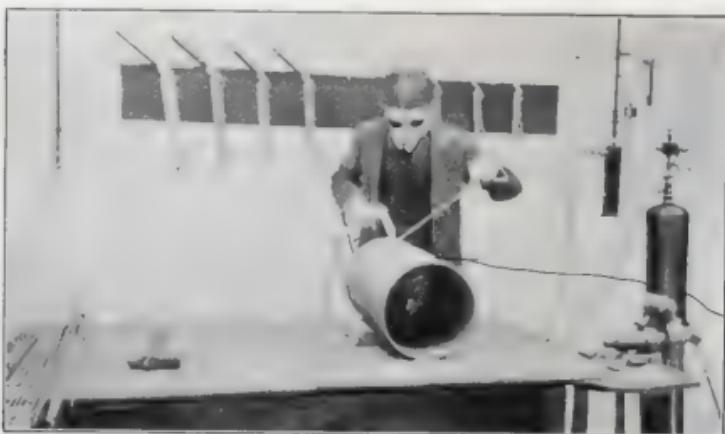
D. Silks

A CARGO OF COTTON

obtainable only where large central installations exist, whereas this system can be adapted to single houses in a very small and compact form, with efficiency and

made it worth shipping Shanghai stock to Hongkong and the Straits.

Re-exports Coastwise also decreased about 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions Hk. Tls. Cotton



OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING PROCESS, INTRODUCED BY THE ASIATIC PETROLEUM CO.

economy, it is claimed, that compare favourably with gas or electricity.

Re-exports abroad decreased about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ million Hk. Tls. owing mainly to the

yarn, American sheetings, and cigarettes went down, while kerosene, English white shirtings and artificial liquid indigo went up.



REELING ROOM IN THE JAPAN COTTON TRADING CO.

The trade in native goods shows a drop of about Hk. Tls. 9 millions, but of this 3 million Hk. Tls. are accounted for by the decrease of 3,500 piculs of native

opium. Raw cotton decreased by 456,000 piculs, valued at one million Hk. Tls. The crop was fair, and the shortage in India raised prices in August and September,



NATIVES PICKING RAW COTTON

but excessive adulteration was carried on and spoilt the market. The Cotton Anti-Adulteration Association was formed, with support from high authorities in Peking, and has checked malpractices considerably.

is calculated that their owners, and also speculators in cocoons, have lost over 1½ million Hk. Tls. Prospects are not good, and the great increase in Japanese production has exceeded the demand.



CHAI LAI FONG SILK FILATURE

But loyal co-operation is necessary both of foreign and Chinese mills to enforce the regulations so vital to the prosperity of the trade. The export of Shanghai-made cotton yarn and shirtings increased.

Exportation of tea has increased in value about 1½ million Hk. Tls., and dropped in quantity over 45,000 piculs. In February the American authorities notified officially that all green tea intended for the United



MESSRS. MELCHERS HIDE GODOWN AT FOOTUNG

Exports of raw silk, white and yellow, decreased, and prices ruled high. Steam filatures have had a disastrous year, and it

States must be free from added colouring matter and 'facing.' Much trouble has been caused by conflicting analysis of

various chemical experts, and efforts have so far been unsuccessful to obtain a local expert whose certificate would guarantee the admittance of examined tea into the United States. Low priced teas advanced, probably owing to the shortage of these

In native imports, cow and buffaloe hides, and sesamum seed have decreased, while cereals (rice, wheat and kaoliang) and sheep's wool have increased.

It was naturally not a good year for shipping and freights. It is probable that the



A CHINESE NATIVE PICKING TEA

grades in India and Ceylon, and it appears as if the demand exceeded the supply.

The export of locally made candles and soap is growing rapidly, also of local cigarettes, whereas the import of foreign

only boats which profited were the Yangtze steamers, owing to the extraordinary crowds of passengers fleeing to Shanghai. The French line to Ningpo was discontinued, and the vessels taken over by the two British companies Messrs. Jardine, Matheson and



S.S. "POYANG"
A Yangtze River steamer in the China Navigation Fleet

cigarettes fell. The short foreign pipe is being much used now, probably owing to denunciations of cigarette smoking, and native tobacco, prepared in foreign style—but scented—is being sold to meet this new demand.

Butterfield and Swire. A change in the system of recording the tonnage in the Soo-Hang traffic accounts for the apparent diminution of the number of boats entered and cleared in the shipping table. Railway passengers are increasing.

Silver exchange fluctuated but slightly, though the local rates between dollars and taels rose to unprecedented heights owing to scarcity of silver dollars. Two million native silver dollars came by train from the Nanking Mint and somewhat relieved the situation, but some stringency remained. Copper coinage fell from 1.78 ten-cash pieces for one Shanghai Tael in January to 1.50 in October, but slightly recovered to 1.65. The Shanghai Tramways are the principal sufferers by this depreciated currency, losing about 25% of their face earnings.

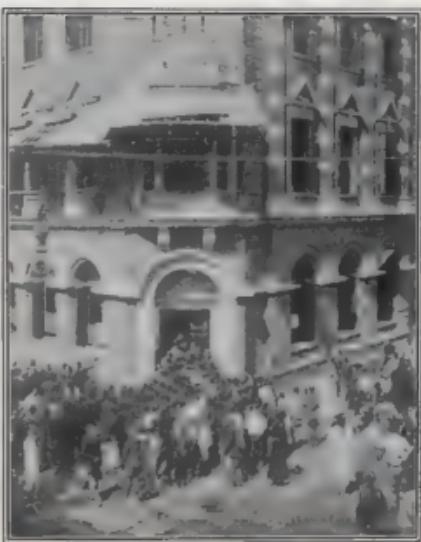


SPECIMEN OF HALF-HERRING BONE TAPPING ON THE SENAWANG RUBBER ESTATE

The last item on the list is Opium, and the record during 1911 is of unusual interest. In January Malwa was about Hk. Tls. 1,850 and Bengal 1,930 a chest, with a market slightly rising. In March there were rumours of a new Agreement and increased Customs charges. Stocks had been considerably added to and the price fell. Then an arrangement was allowed by the Customs, whereby any owner could at once pay duty and likin at the rate of Hk. Tls. 110 then in force, while the opium was left in bonded godowns for 'subsequent delivery.' This arrangement was accepted to the fullest extent, and by the 8th May,

when the new Opium Agreement was published, 12,663 19/2 had paid duty. Another slight drop came during May, but to this succeeded a rush of wild speculations that recalled the Rubber boom of 1910. It was caused by the baseless rumour that the Indian Government would suppress all importation of opium into China in 1913. While this rumour was credited, prices on paper rose to tremendous heights, but most of these were on paper only and have not been realized. At present the local trade in opium is practically at a standstill, and indications are scarcely in favour of much movement. But time will show—and may surprise us!

Rubber remained unsatisfactory throughout 1911, and the market was further weakened by certain proved irregularities connected with both the flotation and the administration of several public companies. All limited liability companies here that are registered under the Hongkong Ordinances will henceforth be affected by a new Companies Ordinance enacted in December, 1911; and if the provisions of this new Ordinance are strictly enforced it should help to restore confidence and prevent such irregularities in future.



BUN ON CHINESE BANK

(To be continued.)

Well-Known Customs Officials

MR. H. F. MERRILL, the present Commissioner of Customs at Shanghai, graduated from Harvard in 1874 and came out to China the same year. He is the last survivor in the active ranks of the Customs Service of that little band of American college men who were all destined to make their mark in China each in his own way. H. B. Morse of Statistical fame and literary success; C. C. Clarke, the capable man of affairs, whose fate it was to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in more than one supremely uncomfortable and unhealthy frontier post; W. F. Spinney, the athlete and baseball player, the rugged, lovable Hercules who could take a full grown man in his arms and run upstairs with him just as easily as an ordinary person would carry a tiny infant. It is pleasant to think of them all in their well-earned and happy retirement. Pleasant also to contemplate Mr. Merrill's sturdy figure as he sits his horse on a country ride accompanied by his charming daughter, or see him smiling benignly behind a hand at Bridge in the Country Club. His subordinates will tell you that the chief is at his desk promptly in the morning and seldom leaves before five has struck on the Customs clock, during which time and always with the same pleasant manner he has conferred with his deputies, interviewed the chiefs of departments, communed with his Chinese colleagues, lucubrated with a Consul or two, pacified a complainant here or pulverized a wrong doer there—in fact gone through the whole gamut of a Customs day with its infinite variety of incidents, all calling

for the exercise of tact, determination and patience, three virtues for which Mr. Merrill is conspicuous.

Nor are his activities wholly confined to his Customs work. Ever since his appointment here three years ago, he has been greatly in demand on all sorts of



Photo

Lai Chang
MR. H. F. MERRILL,
Commissioner of Customs at Shanghai

committees, and is equally at home in famine relief, river conservancy, or the deliberations of learned societies as in the lighter vein of national celebrations or Customs Club entertainments, at all of which his genial presence is always much appreciated.

MR. VYVYAN DENT, Deputy Commissioner, was born in Shanghai when the great house of Messrs. Dent & Co. was at the height of its prosperity, and except for the years spent in completing his education at Haileybury College, England, and the Real Schule, at Cassel, Germany, he has lived in China ever since. He joined the Imperial Customs in 1882, and served in various useful capacities at Hankow, Chefoo (during the China-Japan War), Kiukiang, Foochow, and Peking before taking up his present appointment in Shanghai. In recognition of his services to the Chinese Government the Fourth Civil Rank (Ssu Pin Hsien) has been bestowed on him.

Mr. Dent possesses unusually versatile intellectual capacity, is a gifted musician, a fluent linguist and an enthusiastic motorist and mechanician. He is the fortunate possessor of a most wonderful and interesting collection of curios, several of which gained for him a silver medal and a diploma at the St. Louis Exhibition, also the diploma D'Honneur, and a gold medal at the Liege Exhibition. Indeed a description of Mr. Dent's museum would fill a very bulky volume, as everything in it has a unique and most interesting history attached. His collection includes several priceless Chinese and Japanese scrolls, and also many wonderful jewels from all parts of the world. A most interesting feature is a case

containing fac-similes of the Koh-i-nor diamond and nearly all the famous jewels that have figured in history, another interesting section being his library which contains works on many abstruse subjects more especially religions, and cults on which



MR. V. DENT,
Deputy Commissioner

Mr. Dent is a learned authority. A large number of unique musical instruments is also included in his valuable collection, which is said to be one of the most varied and interesting in the Far East.



Law or Justice?

THE late Lord Chief Justice of England used to tell his friends this anecdote at his own expense. Driving in his coupé towards his Court one morning, an accident happened to it at Grosvenor-square. Fearing he would be belated, he called a cab from the street rank, and bade the jehu to drive him as rapidly as possible to the Courts of Justice.

"And where are they?"

"What, a London cabby, and don't know where the Law Courts are at old Temple Bar?"

"Oh, the Law Courts, is it? But you said Courts of Justice."

WEDDING

Jones—Jackson

A PRETTY and rather unusual wedding took place on the 10th of September, at Holy Trinity Cathedral, between Miss Lorna Doon Jones, and Mr. Cecil Doune Jackson. The bride, who had elected to dispense with the customary veil and train, had on a handsome gown of white silk, draped with chiffon and tiny garnitures of orange blossom. She wore a most becoming lace picture hat with long ostrich plumes, and carried an exquisite shower bouquet of



MISS LORNA DOON JONES

white carnations, lilies, and maiden-hair and asparagus ferns. She also wore a diamond and pearl pendant which was a gift from the bridegroom.

The only attendant was Miss Aata Petersen, who was also attired in white and

carried a bouquet of pink carnations. She also wore a pearl brooch which had been given to her as a souvenir of the occasion by the bridegroom. The latter, and all the gentlemen present, dispensed with the usual top hat and frock coat, and wore in their stead cream flannel suits and straw-hats.



MR. CECIL DOUNE JACKSON

The bride was given away by her brother Mr. R. Llwynn Jones, and Mr. Thomas Butler acted in the capacity of best man. A large reception was held at the residence of Mrs. Jones, the bride's mother, who had on a handsome costume of grey voile, trimmed with black lace, and wore a grey hat to match, a happy note of contrast being supplied by a beautiful pink and white bouquet. The reception and refreshment table had been beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the presents on view were both numerous and costly.

Later on the happy couple left by motor, and joined the s.s. *India* for Hongkong, *en route* for Singapore, Columbia, and England. They expect to return in about twelve months.

A Shanghai Ghost Story

From the "Shanghai Evening Courier," Shanghai, 24th December, 1869

T would be easy by the arts of story teller to enhance the mystery and heighten the dramatic effect of the tale I am about to relate. The incident might be described as communicated on a death bed, or discovered amongst the manuscripts of a deceased friend by one of his executors, but I prefer to give it exactly as I have heard it twice told, noticing one or two minor points of difference in the narrative, unimportant in themselves and perhaps according to a well-known theory corroborative of the truth of the tale, rather than calculated to impinge it. One thing I might say that the two authorities for the statement, one, a foreigner and the other an intelligent native, both implicitly believed what is here on paper, though the former attributed the vision, if vision it may be called, to the state of health of the gentleman I have called Mr. John Dysart, and the latter attributed it to supernatural influence. It is proper to say that the names selected of Dysart and Trevor are chosen because they have not in either of them a single letter of the real name of the persons about whom the story is told.

About eight years ago a very close intimacy subsisted between a Shanghai merchant, head partner in the house of Dysart & Co., and another gentleman called Trevor. According to one of the two accounts Mr. Trevor had been distinguished for singular rectitude and honour until he knew Mr. Dysart, but afterwards was induced by his influence to give away to various bad habits, of which gambling and drinking were the most conspicuous.

It is fair, however, to say though it injured the moral of the story (if so fantastic a relation can be said to have a moral) that this account is not confirmed by those residents who know the two men in the South and in Shanghai. I inclined therefore to the belief that the friendship which subsisted between the two men was a genuine and an honourable one. In the autumn of 18—, Mr. Trevor died of dysentery. This illness was not of long duration but he was carefully nursed through it by his friend Mr. Dysart. On the day of the funeral of Trevor, Mr. Dysart feeling poorly retired to bed about 9 o'clock. He was awakened by his boy who came up saying that a gentleman wanted to see him. The master returned a sulky answer and told the servant to say he was sick and had gone to bed. The boy went downstairs, but returned with a frightened expression, holding a card in his hand, saying the gentleman must see him. Mr. Dysart looked at the card and was startled to see on it the name of his dead friend Trevor. Thinking it some Chinese blunder, he scolded the servant saying "that man makee die, he no can come to see me." The boy persisted and said the visitor was in the drawing room, and muttered something about the place being all lighted up. Dysart not knowing what to make of it, hurried on some clothes and went down, but only in time to see the drawing-room which had not been lighted that evening, as he had withdrawn from his dining-room to his bed-room, brightly illuminated. As he crossed the threshold, however, the lights went out. Not knowing what to

think, he rated his servant severely and retired to bed. He woke the next morning fully persuaded he had had an uncomfortable dream, but the first thing he saw on the table by his bed was a card engraved with the name "Andrew Trevor." He did not mention the circumstance, though, according to one account, it was talked about even then amongst the Chinese, and retired to bed the next night at a later hour, after entertaining a party of friends. After he had been in bed about an hour, exactly the same thing happened only that the lamp in the bed-room continued lighted for a sufficiently long time for the merchant to catch a glimpse of his friend whose figure was remarkable from a peculiar stoop in the shoulders, standing with his hands behind him on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire. The matter now assumed so alarming a shape that Dysart determined to settle it. He therefore loaded his revolver to shoot the

ghost, or, as he believed, to punish a wicked and foolish practical joke. He therefore told the story publicly and declared that the man who thought to frighten him and insult the memory of his friend should pay dearly for it. The night came, and with it the visitor. Dysart who was sitting up and dressed ready to receive him, hurried downstairs. He saw the room illuminated, as before, and the figure of his friend with his back to him, but with his face clearly reflected in the mirror over the mantelpiece. With a strong expression, he bade the supposed practical joker to take care, and fired. The bullet shattered the looking-glass and the room was instantly darkened. If I were telling a story with a view to tragic effect, I should say that Dysart fell down in a fainting fit with terror, but my informants give no such details, they only say that one month after, he died and was buried in the old cemetery near his friend.



AUGUST

IN the forest's dim recesses, underneath the dusky pines,
Heavy-limbed, she lies a-dreaming till the weary day declines,
All the languor of the summer weighing down her drooping head,
With its wreath of silken poppies on the temples flaming red;
Silent now, the bee is drowsing on the honey-laden flowers,
And the shadows, as they lengthen, mark the passing of the hours
In a stillness that is deeper than the stillness of the dead.

M. M.



Eighteenth-Century Epigrams

A FLORID speech without matter is like a drum—noisy, but empty.

Prosperity has the qualities of the waters of Lethe—they who taste of it forget themselves.

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

To flatter a good man is needless; a bad one an insult.

Nobility, like great rivers, has often an obscure origin.

Learning is to the mind what dress is to the body, useful and ornamental.

*Ph. lo*

WEIHAIWEI

R.G.J.

O FOR THE SEA

I.

FRAGRANCE of flowers on the evening breeze:
But O for a wind from the dripping seas.
O for a wind, O for the sea,
And the gleam of white through wide clear night
The gleam where the breakers be !

II.

The wind astir on the hills overhead;
But O for its stir on the deep instead.
O for its stir on the great vague deep.
And the cry of a bird indistinctly heard
Beneath the fret of the full tides sleep !

—WALTER RIDDALL.

The Shanghai Volunteer Corps

Extract from Lloyds' Twentieth Century Impressions of Hongkong, Shanghai, etc.

PART IV.

THE outbreak of the war between China and Japan during the summer of 1894 tended to promote recruiting, which had recently fallen off, and the strength of the corps rose to 325, of whom 294 were efficient. The value of the corps as an effective force, was also increased materially by the importation of 300 Lee-Metford rifles. With the conclusion of peace, however, interest again waned; the Portuguese Company was disbanded, and at the close of 1896 the corps numbered only 271. The Defence Committee were considerably exercised in mind owing to this, their opinion being that the corps should consist of not less than 500 of all ranks.

In 1897 the corps was mobilised in connection of the disturbance caused by the wheelbarrow coolies. It was called out at 11 a.m. on April 5th, and remained under arms until noon on April 7th. No fighting took place but the incident served to infuse new life into the spirit of defence; and a further stimulus was afforded in July of the following year when although no call was actually made upon them, the members of the corps were instructed to hold themselves in readiness to assist the French Volunteer Corps in the suppression of the Ningpo Joss House troubles.

Several changes had taken place in the staff since the appointment of the paid adjutant. Major Cecil Holliday had been succeeded in 1894 by Major G. J. Morrison, a former commandant, who in turn was succeeded for a brief interval by Major Brodie Clarke in 1896. Then Captain Mackenzie was appointed to the command with the rank of Major; but the Municipal Council deeming it inadvisable to have the command of the police and volunteers vested in one person, he resigned in 1897. Eventually the command reverted to Major Cecil Holliday, and Captain C. A. G. Close, late of the New South Wales Artillery, was appointed adjutant of the corps.

There had also been changes in the units of the corps. In 1897 "C" Company was revived to take the place of the Engineers' Company which had been disbanded, and in 1898 the Reserve was augmented by the enrolment of a number of men armed with fowling-pieces, and called the "Twelve-bore Irregulars." A Company of Naval Volunteers was also raised under the



THE LATE MAJOR BARNES DALLAS

Major Barnes Dallas served in Shanghai in 1893 and founded the newly organised SVC in the same year. On April 4th of the following year he took part in the Battle of Mudan Flat and at the time of his death was the sole survivor amongst the little group of volunteers who defended the settlement. A few years later he took part in the Tappu Rebellion and when he was captured in 1898 was in command of the Artillery with which he was connected since his first commission. The Municipal Council conferred on him the rank of Major when he retired. He died in his 65th year on August 23rd, 1897, and was accorded a military funeral. The pall bearers were Messrs. J. S. Fearon, Alex. McLeod, E. J. Hogg, C. J. Dudgeon, C. Thorne, F. J. Malland, L. Moore, and J. Knowles.

auspices of the Marine Officers' Association, for work with the machine guns either afloat or ashore, their uniform being a modification of that worn in the British Navy. The strength of the corps at the

close of 1898 was: Staff, 12; Light Horse, 33; Artillery, 58; "A" Company, 68; "B" Company, 51; "C" Company, 25; German Company, 50; Naval Company, 44; Retired List (officers), 4; total 345. The expenditure for the twelve months was £1s. 16-486.58. It was in this year that Prince Henry of Prussia visited Shanghai, and gave the German Company permission to wear the letters "P.H. von P." on their shoulder straps.

During 1899, a point of curious interest, as showing how jealous the Shanghai Volunteers were of their status in the community, was decided. In consequence of what was known as the "Shooting Committee Incident," and the manner in which certain offences against discipline were dealt with, a number of the members of the corps submitted a memorial to the commanding officer in which they stated emphatically that they considered that they were members of a strictly military force, and desired that all offences against discipline should be judged by the same standard as though such offences had been committed by any member of any regular force. Effect was given to this representation in a resolution passed by the Municipal Council.

It was about this time also that the provision of Maxim guns for the corps was advocated. Major F. M. Close who inspected the Shanghai Volunteers at the end of the annual training in 1898, reiterated the suggestion made in the preceding year by Major-General W. Black, that four .303 Maxim guns would be of enormous value in the event of riots such as the corps might be called upon to repress at any moment. Lieut.-Colonel A. R. Fraser, who inspected the corps in 1899, once more emphasised the point and the result was that the Municipal Council requisitioned a battery of six Maxim guns from England. These arrived in the Settlement on September 6, 1900, four of them being allotted to the Artillery Company and two to the Naval Company. It is interesting to note that the limbers for the Maxim guns were made locally. At the same time the British War Office revived the free grant of 30,000 rounds of ball cartridge, which had been discontinued when the Lee-Metford was introduced, and also increased their grant of free artillery

ammunition. These grants were subject to the corps maintaining a standard of efficiency satisfactory to the officer commanding Her Majesty's troops in China, the principal conditions being that the corps should not number less than 250 of all ranks, and that at least 75 per cent. should be first-class efficient.



THE LATE MAJOR G. J. MORRISON

The late Major G. J. Morrison joined the S.V.C. in 1879 as a private and was given a commission as sub-lieutenant in "A" Company in 1881 and was Captain in 1883. There are still a few old volunteers in Shanghai who have vivid recollections of the time when Captain Morrison used to attend the squad drill for recruits when he very effectively dispelled any idea of "play drilling" which may have lurked in the minds of those who had just joined the corps. He was always strict disciplinarian and exceedingly popular. He was promoted to the rank of Major in 1888 and accepted command of the Corps, which he held until under his influence. He very wisely established the rule that every officer should have a thorough knowledge of the Settlement, and he was also responsible for the regulations which compelled all volunteers to be proficient shots. He retired in 1890 with the rank of Major and the Council in accepting his resignation with very much regret took the opportunity to express appreciation of the benefit which the Corps had derived from being under his command and thanked him for all the trouble and time which he had given towards the maintenance of its efficiency. When he left for home in 1902, a farewell dinner was given in his honour on which occasion he was presented with a handsomely bound address. Before coming out to Shanghai he held a commission in the 1st Lancashire Engineers V.C. which he joined in 1859. His death took place on February 11th, 1905.



Couldn't do Better

Two friends who had not seen each other for several years met again, unexpectedly, as neighbours in a new suburban place.

"Hullo, Bilkins! Who are you working for now?" asked Simkins, over the garden fence.

"Same people," was the cheery answer. "A wife and five children."

Making Quite Sure of It

SHE found him at last in the garden. He looked superlatively happy. He was sitting on the little next-door boy's face.

"Johnnie!" she cried.

"Yes, ma?"

"Johnnie, why are you sitting on that boy's face?"

"Because I ——"

She did not allow him to finish.

"Didn't I tell you," she exclaimed, "always to count a hundred before you gave way to passion and struck another boy?"

He nodded.

"Yes, ma," he answered calmly; "and I'm doin' it. I'm just sittin' on his face so he'll be there when I'm done countin' the hundred! Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three——"

Public Speakers—Take Notice

A WELL-KNOWN dramatist was discussing a rather tiresome drama.

"It was such a drama," he said, "that a French playwright read the other day before a committee of the French Society of Comedy. As the author plodded through his second act he heard an odd sound, and looked up, to see a man asleep and breathing heavily. He was greatly annoyed.

"Monsieur," he said, "monsieur, wake up. Please remember, monsieur, that I am reading this play to the committee in order to get its opinion. How can a man who is asleep give an opinion?"

"How?" said the drowsy one with a yawn. "Easily enough. Sleep is an opinion."

Kept Tabs on Him

As he took off his coat his wife said to him, gently:

"You remember those eight letters I gave you to post three days ago?"

He started.

"Yes. I—I remember."

"But you didn't remember to mail them, did you?" she said, sweetly.

"No, I didn't. How did you find out?"

"Among them," she explained, "was a postal card addressed to myself. Since it didn't reach me I knew you hadn't posted my mail. I shall always use this scheme in future. It only costs a cent, and it makes an excellent check on you. Now give me my letters and I'll post them myself.

Squashing the Lawyer

CHARLES MATHEWS was one day before a bullying barrister as a witness, and stood the limb of the law's sarcasm for some time without moving a muscle, but retorted crushingly at last, when the legal bully asked him—

"What is your occupation?"

Mathews answered, "An actor."

"Is not that a rather disgraceful calling?" asked the barrister.

"Probably," was Mathews' reply; "but not so disgraceful as that of my father."

"Indeed! Then his must have been even below disgrace itself. Pray, Mr. Mathews, what could your father's occupation have been?"

"He was a lawyer," coolly retorted the actor.

What He Wanted

A GENIAL-LOOKING gentleman wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a chemist's to purchase one. Selecting one that answered his purpose he asked the shopman how much it would cost.

"Well," was the reply, "if you want the empty bottle it will be a penny, but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing."

"Well, that's fair," said the customer; "put in a cork."

A Ready Answer

DR. GUTHRIE, the eloquent preacher of the Free Church of Scotland, was once dining with several clergymen, among whom was Thomas Binney, the English divine, who had a rooted antipathy to caper sauce. When the boiled mutton had been served, the sauce was handed to Binney, who drew back in his chair as if something unpalatable had been presented. "What's the matter?" asked a guest. "It's only Binney cutting his capers!" replied Guthrie.

He Won his Case

MR. SERJEANT WILKINS once defended a breach of promise case for a singularly ugly little man, which he told the defendant, after reading his brief, must be "bounced" through. And the serjeant did bounce it through in a truly remarkable manner. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, at the close of a most eloquent speech, "you have heard the evidence for the plaintiff; and, gentlemen of the jury, you have seen and have admired that most bewitching plaintiff herself. Gentlemen, do you believe that this enchanting, this fascinating, this captivating, this accomplished lady would for one moment favour the advances or listen with anything save scorn and indignation to the amorous protestations of the wretched and repulsive homunculus, the deformed and degraded defendant?" His client looked up from the well of the court and piteously murmured, "Mr. Serjeant Wilkins! Oh, Mr. Serjeant Wilkins!" "Silence, sir," replied the serjeant, in a wrathful undertone. "Gentlemen," he continued, bringing his fist down heavily on the desk before him, "do you think that this lovely lady,

this fair and smiling creature, would ever have permitted an offer of marriage to be made to her by this miserable atom of humanity, this stunted creature, who would have to stand on a sheet of notepaper to look over twopence?" The jury at once gave a verdict for the defendant.

Just Charity

Two Highland farmers met on their way to church.

"Man," said Donald, "I was wonderin' what you will be askin' for yon bit sheep over at your steadin'?"

"Man," replied Dougal, "I was thinkin' I wad be wantin' fifty shillin's for that sheep."

"I will tak' it at that," said Donald; "but, och man, Dougal, I am awfu' surprised at you doin' business on the Saw-bath."

"Business!" exclaimed Dougal. "Man, sellin' a sheep like that for fifty shillin's is not business at all, it's just charity."

Settling the Dispute

AN old Scotch grave-digger was remonstrated with one day at a funeral for making a serious over-charge for digging a grave "Well, ye see, sir," said the old man in explanation, making a motion with his thumb towards the grave, "him and me had a bit o' a tift twa or three years syne owe a braw watch I selt him, an' I never been able to get the money out o' him yet. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'this is my last chance, and I'd better tak' it.'"

Officers' Difficulties

AN inexperienced military officer is sure to encounter grave difficulties in the practical management of soldiers in the field. A reporter represents a scene at a general inspection of a Volunteer battalion, in which Lieutenant Tompkins—as excellent fellow, but a poor soldier—is called out to show the general and the British public what he knows. Says the general:—

"Now, sir, you have the battalion in quarter-column, facing south. How would you get it into line, in the quickest possible way, facing north-east?"

"Well, sir," says Lieutenant Tompkins, after fruitless consideration, "do you know, that's what I've always wondered!"



Our Young Folks' Corner



Mollie Tattart

"ROSSCRYNE," the house where Mollie lived, stood in a large garden in a quiet country road, but within a very few minutes' walk of the foreign Settlement of Shanghai where father went every day to his office. Nellie, Mollie's elder sister, had a canary of her own, and her big brother Tom owned a favourite rabbit called Beautiful Bob, which Mollie loved even more than he did. One summer Tom went to stay for a week with his cousins in the country; and before he left he said:

"I'm going to leave Bob in your care, Mollie. Mind you take care of him."

"Why not me?" asked Nellie, much disappointed. "I'm the oldest. I'm seven, and Mollie is only five."

"I can't help that," said Tom. "Mollie is more to be trusted to remember what I tell her. She won't starve him one day and cram him the next, as someone does her bird."

Nellie turned away, feeling very cross, for she knew who "someone" was: but Mollie smiled at her brother all over her fat rosy face.

"Oh Tom?" she cried, dancing up and down on the path. "Thank you."

"You'll remember now, Kiddie, what I tell you: he is *never* to be allowed out of his hutch till I come back, and you must *always* fasten the door."

"I'll member an' I'll tate the dressulest tare of him," shouted Mollie, waving her hand as his car drove away.

Although Mollie was five years old, you will be surprised to hear that she could not speak quite correctly. For one thing, she could not say *k*, or sound a hard *g* like the one in "good." And she called herself Mollie "Tattart," instead of Cathcart. Tom and Nellie laughed at her, of course, and called her a baby, but father said he wanted to keep his baby as long as possible, and would let no one correct her or try to teach her to speak properly.

Every day during Tom's holiday Mollie fed Beautiful Bob, and she was a very happy little girl. She used to feed him with porridge and milk in the morning, just the very same as she took to her own breakfast; for dinner she gathered him dandelion-leaves or clover, and sometimes he got a cabbage or a lettuce. All these days she never forgot to shut the hutch-door when she came out—until the last day, the very day Tom was coming home, which I think made it all the sadder.



Photo

Burr Photo Co.

Our Portrait Gallery
RUDLAND APTE & WEATHERHEAD

Nellie had gone to the jetty with nurse to meet him, and Mollie was alone in the garden. She was sitting in the hutch, stroking bunny's long, silky ears and telling him to wash his face because his master was coming home, when suddenly there was a whizz and a birr-r-r, and Uncle John appeared at the gate in his motor. He jumped out and put a large covered basket on the path.

"Hi, Mollie! are you there?" he cried. "Take these to your mother, dear. I'm terribly late for the office."

Down Beautiful Bob had to go at once; Mollie crept out of the hutch, slammed the door, but, I am sorry to say, did not fasten it. She ran to the basket, lifted the paper, and peeped in. Strawberries! How her eyes sparkled! Off she trotted to find mother, dragging the heavy basket behind her.

"Strawberries, Mums!" she cried. "Strawberries from Uncle John."

"Oh, how delicious!" said mother. "Now I shall be able to make my jam."

"Don't jam them all, Mummie," pleaded Mollie. "Leave some for me, and Tom and Nellie."

Mother laughed. She went to the pantry and brought out a plate, a spoon, a jug of cream, and a bowl of sugar. Can you guess what happened next? Are you surprised to hear that Mollie forgot all about Beautiful Bob for a few delicious moments? It was only when the last drop of cream and sugar and strawberry juice had been scraped off her plate, and mother had said "No more" very firmly, that she remembered him and the unfastened hutch-door. She ran at once to the garden, and what do you think she saw? Bunny's white, bobby tail whisking out of the gate! In an instant Mollie was out after him. He cocked up his ears, nibbled some grass, waited till she was almost up to him and was saying, "That's a dood Bob; tum to your own Mollie," then down went his ears, up bobbed his little tail, and "dood" Bob was off. Down Carter Road he scampered, up another quiet road, down a third, and along a fourth. Mollie kept behind; and every now and then the little rascal turned and waited until she was quite near, then away he went once more. Poor little Mollie! She soon grew hot and tired and cross; she wanted to go home and cry, and tell mother about it, but the thought that Tom had trusted her kept her running bravely on.

Suddenly Bunny and Mollie came to the real town—a busy street full of people and carriages lumbering carts and fast electric cars. Then, at last, Bob, frightened by the noise and so many enemies, stopped long enough by a lamppost to let Mollie get hold of his ears. She had lifted him up, and was just tucking him into her pink

overall, when a great black dog rushed at them, barking loudly.

Mollie shrieked, Bob leapt from her arms, and the next moment the dog, the rabbit, and Mollie were mixed up together in a heap in the middle of the road—right in front of an electric car! The driver rang his bell and tried to put on his brake, a policeman whistled, everyone stood still and screamed and shouted, thinking the little girl would be killed, but just in time a man darted across the street, swept Mollie



Photo

Ying Cheong

Our Portrait Gallery

ROBERT CECIL LENT

off the track with his arm and dropped down beside her, while the car swung past. The people cheered and came crowding round to look at them and see if they were hurt. When they had chased off the dog, Mollie sat up with the white rabbit in her arms.

"He's twite safe," she said joyfully. "I've dot him."

And so he was, and so was she herself, which was more important.

The gentleman who had saved her carried her out of the crowd into his own office, which was quite near. It was a bank,

where money is kept, and all round it were high counters and cupboards and drawers in funny little glass rooms. The policeman followed them in, and asked Mollie her name and where she lived.

"Mollie Tattart, Tosstyne, Tarter Road," she said at once.

"Where is that?"

Mollie looked all round, out into the noisy street, up at the roof, down at the floor.

"Don't know," she confessed at last.

One of the banking gentlemen turned up a Hong list with the names and addresses of everyone in it. He shook his head over it and looked puzzled. Another tried, and another.

"Are you sure your name is Mollie Tattart?" they asked.

"Cettan sure," said Mollie, "and my daddy is Mr. Tattart, and my mummy is Mrs. Tattart, and me and Nellie and Tom are the little Tattarts."

"There is no such name or address in all the city," they said, and looked at each other wonderingly.

They tried her with other names like "Tatton" and "Tarrant," but no. Mollie shook her curls. It was nothing else but "Mollie Tattart, Tosstyne, Tarter Road."

"Leave her here just now," said the gentleman at last. "Report the case, and send any inquiries here—telephone 349."

So the big policeman wrote in his notebook and went away, very much to Mollie's relief.

Then she began to enjoy herself—began to think getting "lost" was a lovely game. Bob was put into a wastepaper basket full of soft newspapers, with a heavy book on the top to keep him safe. He seemed surprised, but peeped out through the holes at Mollie, and waved his paw to show he was comfortable—at least, she said that was what he meant, and she knew him best. Mollie had plenty of things to amuse her: she wandered around the big office, talking to all the gentlemen, opening cupboards and drawers, climbing on the top of high stools and swinging chairs, playing "Keekbo" through the glass windows of the funny little rooms, and lifting bags of money up and down off the shelves. She thought it was the nicest place she had ever seen for playing "house;" and she did wish she had brought her dolls and tea-set and Nellie to play with.

But after a time the money-counting people grew so busy they had no time to talk and play with Mollie. Men came in with money to put in the drawers or wanted money out, ladies came, and boys and girls. Everyone was asked if they knew "Tarter Road" or anyone called "Tattart," but they only shook their heads, stared at Mollie, and said: "No; it was a strange name." At last Mollie grew tired of seeing money counted and of keeping quiet, so she crept under a big desk beside Bob's basket. Her curly head began to nod, her blue eyes closed, and wee "Mollie Tattart" fell sound asleep.



Photo

Burr Photo Co.

Our Portrait Gallery

GERARDO D'ALMEIDA

She wakened suddenly, and wondered what funny bed she was in: her head was on a pile of papers, and a green inky table-cloth was rolled round her for a blanket. But Bob winked at her from his basket, and she remembered all about it. Then a bell began to ring, and someone near her spoke out loud.

"Hallo! Who's speaking? Yes! Yes! Oh indeed! I'm very glad. She's all right—fast asleep just now. Cathcart, Carter Road? I see, of course."

"That's us," said Mollie, jumping up and wriggling out of the table-cover.

The gentleman looked at her and smiled.

"Hallo! Are you there? Hold on a moment," he said to someone Mollie could not see.

He seized her and swung her up to a brown box on the wall.

"Call 'hallo' and then listen," he said, holding something to her ear.

"Hallo," called Mollie obediently. Then she listened.

"Dad!" she screamed. "It's dad! My own father. Let me go to him, twit! Wait, daddy! Wait for Mollie. I'm tumin'!"

She pulled and tugged at the box on the wall; she wanted to get to her father, who was somewhere inside or behind it. She struggled so much that the gentleman had to put her down; indeed, he was laughing so much that he could hardly hold her. Everyone laughed and went on laughing until they saw poor wee Mollie's tears; then they all tried to comfort her, and explain that her father was on his way to the bank to fetch her home. Presently she heard "pom pom, pom-pom" outside, and Uncle John's motor whizzed to the door. Out jumped father and rushed to the bank. Mollie was handed over the high counters and went tumbling into his arms. Uncle John came in and wanted to hug her too, but father could not let her go, and he had to be content with a kiss on her soft fluffy curls.

Beautiful Bob was brought up, a newspaper was tied over his basket, and he was put into the motor for his first drive, Mollie's father shook hands with all the money-counting gentlemen, and thanked them, particularly the brave one who had saved Mollie from the car, and who promised to come and see her next day. Mollie kissed every one of them and said:

"Tant you very much, I'll tum aden soon and be losted with you." They all stood at the door to see her tucked in safely between her father and Uncle John, and waved to her till the motor went round the corner.

At the gate of "Crosscrye," mother, Nellie, Tom, Aunt Lizzie, nurse, and cook were waiting and watching. Mother looked as if she had been crying for hours; and when Mollie got into her arms for a hug she cried too, she was so glad to be there again.

"I had to do after him, or Tom wouldn't have trusted me any more," she explained

quite proudly, when she found no one was going to scold her.

"Tom could have got another Bob—a hundred bunnies if he had wanted them, but we have only baby—one Mollie 'Tattart,'" cried mother, hugging her again.



Photo

Burr Photo Co.
CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. HEMMING OF
HANKOW

The Fishing Party

WUNST we went a-fishin'. Me An' my pa an' ma, all three,
When there was a picnic, 'way Out to Hanch's woods, one day.

An' there was a crick out there,
Where the fishes is, an' where Little boys 'tain't big an' strong,
Better have their folks along!

My pa he just fished an' fished !
An' my ma she said she wished
Me an' her was home ; an' pa
Said he wished so worse'n ma.

Pa said ef you talk, er say
Anything, er sneeze, er play,
Hain't no fish, alive er dead,
Ever goin' to bite ! he said.

Purt' nigh dark in town when we
Got back home ; an' ma, says she,
Now she'll have a fish fer shore !
An' she buyed one at the store.

Then at supper, pa he won't
Eat no fish, an' says he don't
Like 'em. An' he pounded me
When I choked ! Ma, didn't he ?

Jack's Menagerie

TO-MORROW was Jack's birthday, and his father had promised to take him to the Zoo. Next morning when he wakened he was welcomed by everybody, and he had no end of presents. About one o'clock he started off with his father, and soon arrived at the Zoo, which was not far away. Now Jack had not been before, and was so delighted that he thought the animals were stuffed; but when he heard the lions roar he knew it was not so. He went round to all the cages and saw the animals. When home-time came, Jack begged his father to stay longer, but his father said "No," because it was late for a boy of seven to be out, and when Jack got into the car he was nearly crying.



TOMAS

Rembrandt

JEAN AND STANLEY HUNTER

That night Jack thought he would make a Zoo. He said, "Now let me think, I can have Roger for an Australi—an Ding—o, and Nigger, our cat, for the wild cat. I shall buy a number of scraps, and have cardboard cages for them." In the morning he bought some scraps and cardboard, and began making cages. On Wednesday he was prepared for the show. He had set the cages round the garden, chained the collie (which did not like it), and began asking people to come; also he asked a boy to shout, "Guide to the Gardens."

In the evening his father asked him how he had got on. He said he had got

six shillings. "What shall I do with it?" asked Jack. "May I give it to Tom Jenkins, who is poor and desolate?" "Yes," said his father, and add this to it," and he pulled half a sovereign out of his pocket. "Be a good friend to him." After two or three days Tom got better, and now there is not such a friendly pair in the world as Jack and he.

The Day and its Deed

FRESH beginnings are right. It will be a sad, bad day when you give up making fresh starts towards perfection, and will mean you are old with the dreadful elderliness that has a habit of conservatism, of living in ruts and grooves; of being afraid of newness or change of any kind.

You may have an objection that is born of experience. Many boys and girls have such vigorous, growing minds, and exercise them so well, that their mental observations are wide and varied. These reply, "Yes, but fresh beginnings are like new brooms, they don't last." They have in memory the frequent attempts to do better or make better best, that have ended in a return to old ways and old thoughts. Is it not wiser to continue a method of life which does well enough rather than try experiments that fail? No, it is not. I heard a man, whose name is known throughout the world as the synonym

for success, power, organisation and perseverance, say to a subordinate who had answered that he had done his best, "Ah, but best is not good enough for me!" It sounded harsh, yet was not meant unkindly, and held the secret of the speaker's attainment.

Quaint Sayings

HE (addressing the little sister of his betrothed)—Don't you know me, 'ittle one? Who are I, then?

Little One (brightly)—I know. You're my sister's last chance.

YOUTHFUL JACK: "Oh, mother, I do love cake! It's awful nice."

MOTHER (reprovingly): "You should not say you 'love' cake—say 'like.' Do not say 'awful!'—say 'very.' Do not say 'nice'—say 'good.' And, by the way, the word 'oh' should be omitted. Now, my dear, repeat the sentence correctly."

JACK: "I like cake; it's very good."

MOTHER: "That's better."

JACK (with an air of disgust): "It sounds as if I was only talking 'bout bread."



"**RUTH,**" said the mother of a little miss who was entertaining a couple of small playmates, "why don't you play at something instead of sitting and looking miserable?" Ruth—"We're playing we're grown-up women making a call."



MOTHER'S SMILES

A MOTHER's smiles can banish many a frown
From childish face or man's of high renown;
Can lighten many a heart that's burdened down—
Yes, mother's smiles can banish many a frown.



SENTENCES TO BE CORRECTED

1. If I was sure it was going to rain to-day I would take a umbrella.
2. If it was I it should be done.
3. Still waters runs fast.
4. Of the two things that is the best.
5. The house was only a four-roomed one, and was built on the banks of the river.
6. Neither he or James should go.



A FEW POSERS

- WHEN does a baby resemble a tea cup?
—When it's a-teething.
Why did Eve never fear the measles?—Because she'd Adam.
When is love deformed?—When it is all on one side.



Animals That are Kind

HAVE you ever noticed how kind dogs and cats are to each other sometimes? I often have, and I have thought that

perhaps it is only because they have been brought up in the same house, and have gradually got to like each other. That may be so sometimes, but it certainly does not account for all the kindness one sees in animals of various kinds.

I have known a cat take a tiny motherless puppy and bring it up with her own baby kitten, and only the other day a dog I know bit a man for ill-treating a strange dog.

My little friend is a dachshund, named Fritz. He has a very grave-looking face, and from it you would never guess how fond he is of fun, and he patters along on



Photo

Rembrandt

RONALD STORMES

his short thick little legs, making nearly as much noise generally as half a dozen children. But Fritz can be very quiet if he likes, and one day lately he did like. He was out for a walk, and a little way in front of him, on the other side of the road, he saw a cruel man with heavy boots kick a poor puppy right into the middle of the road. In a moment Fritz came behind that man, so quietly that he was not heard, and, as quick as thought, he gave him a sharp bite in the leg. How that man jumped! But Fritz did not wait for him to see who had punished him; he just hurried back as fast as ever his legs would carry him to his master, who told him that the first bite he had ever given anyone was well deserved, and that he was "a good dog." So he is, one of the best and gentlest that ever lived, and such a friend of children!

The Quiet Hour

The Commercial Value of Happiness

Can you count happiness in your capital stock?

* * *

DID you ever think of happiness as a source of power? Happiness is regarded by many severe workers as a luxury—an unnatural state of affairs, not to be indulged in except when "off duty." It is often confounded with mere trivial pleasure. Very few workers, indeed, too few, think that happiness has a commercial value. Fewer regard it as a necessary instrument.

Happiness is an implement of work, as much a tool as the dull, dumb steel—an implement needed, but often neglected.

If this sounds too figurative, you may see the facts of which these words are but the symbols. In a team or in an office force, other things being equal, the most optimistic spirit can accomplish the most. Happiness excites the mind and the muscles to faster and keener activities. It originates new plans, it glorifies routine, it invites united effort.

But though happiness is an instrument, it must not be used as any other tool. We would not liken it to a tool, but men will not stop to consider a means unless it be labelled useful. Happiness is more than a means. It is rather the fire which makes the steam. It is the beginning of power—the inspiration of more power. It stimulates work. It inspires strength.

Look at the happy-hearted man throughout the day. He rises in the morning free from the cares of the day before; or, if they will not be wholly overlooked, they seem much less formidable. If disappointments come, as they must, he is not "knocked over" by them, the rebound of his spirits leaves him ready instantly to take advantage of fresh opportunities instead of indulging in paralysing mopes.

Cultivate Happiness

THE question of a happy spirit is, to our thinking, intensely practical and usefully popular. Few of us can have the great qualities which set men aloft as on a pedestal for the world to gaze at; but we may all try to secure a good share of that happiness which is often denied to greatness, by cultivating as far as possible a bright and undaunted disposition, that turns a pleasant face to the world, and will not let trouble and care soak into the nature and sour and spoil it.

We are convinced that a happy disposition may be successfully attained by training and watchfulness. To the physical basis of happiness attention must always be paid by certain people. They must know, for their friends know it well enough, that if they eat or drink certain things they will suffer in spirit as well as in the flesh. The word "bilious" has come to have a moral as well as a medical significance, and there is a good reason for it. Some know that they must secure a certain amount of sleep in each four-and-twenty hours, or they will either be inert and stupid or irritable and exacting. Others again find a given proportion of the day must be spent in the open air, if the spirits are to remain buoyant; indeed there is no single remedy so efficacious for the removal of "the blues" as a brisk and breezy walk. Apart, however, from these measures for improving the bodily condition, it is quite possible, we contend, that people who wish to be happier may deliberately cultivate the knack of it. They can persistently shut out disagreeable thoughts of a worrying nature which, if admitted, will close in on the heart and make it heavy as if with a nightmare. They can welcome cheerful and hopeful impressions, sunning themselves in whatever is promising and lightsome. That it can be done must be known to every close observer, for most of us have watched cases in which creased faces became smoothed, and grumblers were changed into consolers, after they had recognised that they were spoiling their own lives by an absurd dolefulness.

THE ART OF PUTTING

THE stance is a very important matter in putting, but the player can suit himself so long as he adopts a position which enables him to keep the body absolutely steady. It matters nothing whether the player plays off his right or left leg, or has them crossed, for that matter, provided he feels no inclination to move his body. There is nothing to be gained from crouching, and it is easier to stand fairly upright so that the left arm

least common, but probably the best, grip for putting, is to hold both thumbs down the shaft and overlap the first finger of the *left* hand over the little finger of the *right*. This enables the right hand to take charge just when the ball is struck. The main thing to remember in the grip is that the club should be held lightly, but firmly, in the fingers of both hands, and that under no circumstances should the grip of the left hand be allowed to relax whilst the stroke is



FRONT VIEW OF THE SHANGHAI GOLF CLUB

can be almost or quite straight. This prevents a player from being uncertain whether he is bending his arms more or less than usual, and the club will be found to follow nicely through, and ensure the ball being truly hit.

There are many different ways of gripping the putter, and here, again, the player should please himself. Some good putters interlock, some do not, some putt with one hand even; and to hole a really short putt there is no surer way than this. The

being made. This is a far commoner cause of trouble than is generally recognised.

Putting is nearly akin to billiard playing, and the touch of the billiard player is just the sort of stroke the putter should aim to acquire.

Probably the commonest sin in putting is swaying the body, and this is absolutely fatal to consistently good putting. It is, of course, a little difficult for the golfer to recognise that when he has his putter handed to him he is to use it in such a

different way to his other clubs. But he must school himself to remember that the putting stroke is to be done mainly with the fingers and wrists, partly with the arms, but not at all with the body.

Probably few players have noticed that

they hold their breath whilst they putt; but most certainly they should do so, and make it a habit which becomes so automatic that it is unnecessary to think about it. It is quite certain that breathing is fatal to good putting.



Photo

BACK VIEW OF THE SHANGHAI GOLF CLUB

Lat Chong

12099

The Mechanics of Golf

GOLF requires a far greater degree of mechanical accuracy than any other field game. This accuracy can only be obtained in the highest degree by those who know exactly what it is that they are trying to do. One who is ignorant of the mechanics of golf cannot properly develop his game, even to the best that he is capable of. There is also this advantage in having the knowledge of the finer points of the game: they sink into one, and one ceases to look upon them as knowledge; they become second nature. When one knows the proper way to cut it is as natural to do it with a club as with a knife. It then remains only to perfect one's physical action. In other words, although the mechanical side of golf is all-important, it cannot possibly become an obsession with an intelligent player, as do so many of the notions that obtain with regard to the proper way of playing strokes.

—P. A. VAILE.



Photo

The Burr Photo Co.

MESSIN, STEWARDSON AND FERRIER

The winner and runner-up in the Summer Links Golf Tournament

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN

HERE are some snapshots taken at Peking during the mutiny, when bands of poor wretches could be seen sitting by the roadside waiting till the executioner came along. They were often kept waiting in this hopeless expectancy for several hours, after having been led past bodiless heads or headless bodies of other victims. (2) Many,



Photo

(1) AWAITING THE EXECUTIONER

Camera Craft Co.

who were executed, were merely idle loafers, whilst the real culprits were sending off postal orders for hundreds of dollars to their friends at home. (3) The trail of the executioner was the most gruesome spectacle you can possibly imagine.



Photo

Camera Craft Co.

(2) BY WAY OF AN EXAMPLE



Photo

Camera Craft Co.

(3) IN THE TRAIL OF THE EXECUTIONER



Advice to lady Motorists

BY DOROTHY LEVITT AND OTHERS

IN view of the widespread popularity of motoring as a pastime with both sexes to-day, it is exceedingly curious that there should still remain so many ladies who are deterred from driving their own cars, or, indeed, from indulging in motoring at all, because they will persist in clinging tenaciously to the old-fashioned belief, which surely ought to be—though, actually, experience has proved to me that it certainly is not—now quite out of date, that “motor-cars are such dirty things, and that one is more often underneath than in them.”

This article is to disprove some of the fallacies that are so firmly rooted in many ladies’ minds—firstly, to the effect that if a lady drives her own car she must necessarily cover herself with dirt, mud, grease, petrol, and other “motoring ingredients”; and, secondly, that to drive a motor-car is an undertaking on a lady’s part which calls for not only weeks of arduous study of machinery, but also for the possession of iron nerves.

Alex. Gray advises the beginner as follows :

“As a matter of fact, there are no special qualities required. It is one of the simplest things in the world to make a car go, and to guide it on the move. That, of course, is not driving in the scientific sense of that term, but it is the first step to such a consummation. It is the first step that oppresses the motorist who has never taken the wheel, and the first step is easy—probably less difficult than learning to mount and ride a bicycle. If the car has come home and the tyro feels dubious

about getting it out into the road without hitting something, *push it out*. If the road is not sufficiently clear get it driven to a deserted road first.

It will presumably be fitted with a gate-change mechanism for manipulating the gears, or a notched quadrant. See the lever is in the neutral position and the petrol is turned on; switch on, retard the ignition, advance the throttle, and grind the starting handle a turn or two until the engine starts up. It may start on the first up jerk, or it may require several. If it is still refractory “tickle” the carburettor by pressing down the little plunger on top until the petrol floods. Then try again. The engine ought to start on the first up pull, and probably will, and when it does it will start with a roar, due to the full charge of the open throttle. That will have to be closed down, and the ignition advanced, until the engine runs rhythmically and easily slow. Then get aboard, press down the clutch pedal, put the change-speed lever into the first speed, gently, *very* gently, let in the clutch, and the car will start off down the road on your maiden trip at the giddy gait of about six miles an hour, with you hanging on to the steering-wheel, your eyes fixed in an anxious stare upon the bottom of the road, and your mind fully occupied with the problems of how to keep the car straight until you reach it, and what will happen when you do.”

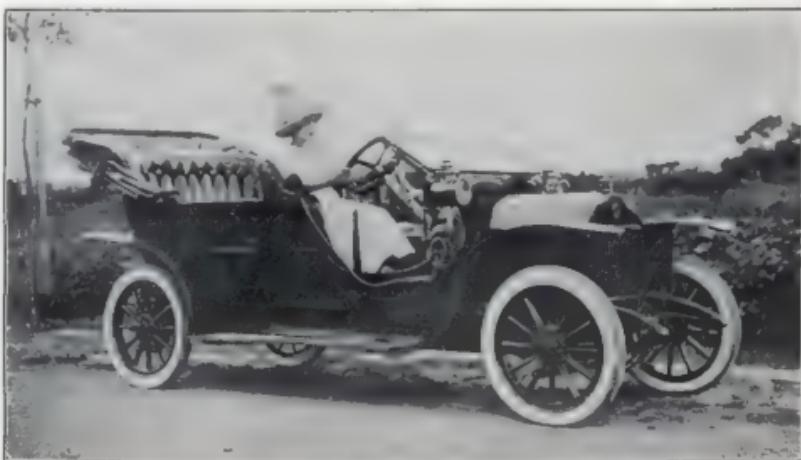
Miss Dorothy Levitt the well-known lady motorist gives the following valuable advice:—

"With a few hours of proper diligence, provided she is determined to learn, any lady should know all that she has to know, as far as a single-cylinder car is concerned, which is undoubtedly, the simplest for a lady to drive and attend to alone.

Still I strongly advise a lady who is a beginner to go slowly in everything. Do not try to learn everything about handling and driving a motor in a few minutes. Take your time; get to know your motor as you would the horse you ride; and gain confidence. If you once have confidence in yourself, the battle is practically won.

In emergencies a lady must use her own judgment, for it is impossible to give advice on the thousand and one situations that may arise. I can, therefore, only generalise on these, though I would point out that it is a fatal mistake ever to get excited. You should thus learn to feel your car as you would feel the mouth of a horse, and know, at all times, that you have it under control.

With regard to learning to drive, it is best to do so on the quiet country roads, or at a motoring school, while, if you do not go to the latter; choose a road where



MISS WINNIE MACTAVISH

is an expert motorist, and is one of the few Shanghai ladies who has taken the trouble to thoroughly master the mechanism of her car, which she is able to overhaul and clean as well as many professional chauffeurs

Before you travel at a fast pace be able to control the car and manoeuvre it about on the slower speed. Practise continually, getting on the third speed and throttling down to a slow speed. Also practise continually the putting on of the brake.

Never get into the habit of using only one brake. Use both the foot and the side brake, and practise using them alternately. Then, when an emergency comes you will not lose your head on the braking, and clutch round excitedly for the almost unknown lever of the side brake.

there is little or no traffic. Above all, do not go into a street of heavy traffic until you have thoroughly mastered your car, and then drive first half a dozen times with an expert, trained chauffeur, and thus get used to the crushes, the twistings, and the turnings.

In traffic, as in emergencies, you must use your own judgment. Ladies are usually bad at judging distances, and, this being so, it is well to keep as much towards the middle of the road as possible, and not try too many "near things" until you have reached the expert stage.

Do not be afraid to sound your horn, yet do not use it more than necessary. At cross roads, or streets when approaching corners, sound the horn, and slacken speed by throttling; while, when it is necessary to reverse, push forward the small lever at the side, near the side brake, and then push the "change speed" lever into the same position as top speed; then steer same as forward. This, no doubt sounds perfectly simple, but, especially for beginners, it needs a great deal of practice though, when once mastered, there is really no difference in going either backward or forward.

With regard to turning corners there are several simple, but very necessary, precautions to be observed to avoid risks of collision with other vehicles. When emerging from a side road into a main road, if the turn is to the right, you should hug the near side of the side road until the very last moment, in view of the fact that you have to intersect the approaching main road traffic in order to get to your own side of the main road. Your curve should be wide, and your pace should be slow, and you should also be in a position either to stop dead or even to swing to the left should an emergency arise.

In turning to the left it is not necessary to be so careful, because in this case the turn will bring the car into line with the traffic on the main road, and its course will not intersect the same. When crossing a road, too, the speed should be slow, more especially if the motorist is on a by-road, because the traffic on the main road has, to a great extent, the right of way. When taking curves on a road you should, of course, hug the near side when turning to the left, taking the best advantage of the camber, or the slope of the gutter. When turning to the right, you should avoid the too common practice of cutting the apex on the corner close, so as to reduce the radius and get full advantage of the camber.

Finally, whether on main roads or on by-roads, the pace should be slackened when approaching intersecting roads, where you are unable to see over hedges or walls, and I would also add that it is, as a rule, best to keep near the centre of the road under such circumstances, as you then have a better opportunity of manoeuvring should emergency arise.

The keeping of a motor clean is obviously a matter of the highest importance, though it is scarcely necessary to point out that a lady can hardly wash and clean her car herself. Personally, however, I always replenish the petrol tank, water the oil tanks, and do all the necessary lubricating with an oil-can in my hand before starting. Why should these little duties make me dirty? They don't. For instance, my oil-can does not soil my hands. Why should it? I have a crude idea that it is intended to pour oil out of the spout on to a given spot, and not to lubricate the skin and clothes of its user.

Hidden in this last sentence is one great secret in retaining one's cleanly appearance. Have everything—every spanner, every oiler, every drawer, or box—kept thoroughly clean, and a large part of the battle is over. I have seen motorists drag forth greasy, filthy tools to execute the most minute repair. Who can wonder if they themselves get filthy? Then, instead of having a good supply of rag-waste to wipe things with generally, they often find their coat or other garment most handy, and as money is no particular object with many motorists, they are not deterred making themselves unsightly by the cost of clothes they are spoiling.

I have often heard ladies say that it is the troubles they may possibly encounter which help not a little to dissuade them from driving their own cars. Indeed, I well remember, when first I started out, and somehow or another my car stopped, that I couldn't make out what was the matter,

and wept until I was a sight, and I was so down-hearted that it took me a day to get over it. Nowadays I may want to weep with vexation sometimes, but I have trained myself to laugh and enjoy a little break down occasionally as something that adds variety to a drive, for motoring troubles on cars may be nil. Again they may be plenty. You may be at fault: and again the trouble may be simply one of ordinary misfortune, or due to the idiosyncrasies of your car. But to what ever it is due, learn quickly to mend matters, and laugh at them rather than weep.

It is only occasionally, however, that a motoring breakdown is due to any thoroughly complicated cause; and I think that if you learn how to deal with the following "complaints," from which a motor sometimes suffers, you will save yourself a lot of worry and trouble: (1) Valve sticking; (2) platinum point adjustment; (3) pitted valves; (4) bad petrol supply; (5) loose terminals; (6) punctured float; (7) sooted plug; (8) cracked por-

celain: (9) petrol run out; (10) gap too wide; (11) battery run down; (12) choked petrol pipe; (13) water in carburettor. At first sight nodoubt, these maladies, especially to the uninitiated, sound horribly technical and extremely difficult to cure but really this is not so; and, though space prevents me from telling you how to doctor them here, I may say that you can learn these "tricks of the trade" in a very short time indeed.

By the way there is one trouble only, in which you are justified in not laughing: and that is when you puncture a tyre, then I should certainly advise you to sit down by the roadside and howl until a man comes along. If, however, you are near a village, or a place where you know there is a repair shop, drive the car slowly and carefully, and have the repair done there, for I would certainly not advise a lady to try to mend the tyre, or put on a new one, unless she is armed with one of the special contrivances now on the market by which a lady can change wheels within five minutes without much trouble."

The Motor Girl

Oh! the merrily-moving Motor
Sounds a splendid thing to possess;
And it certainly seems, on paper,
A quite unmixed success.
But you'll find that there are objections
Before you have ridden far,
For it takes the curl from the hair of the girl—
The girl in the Motor-Car.

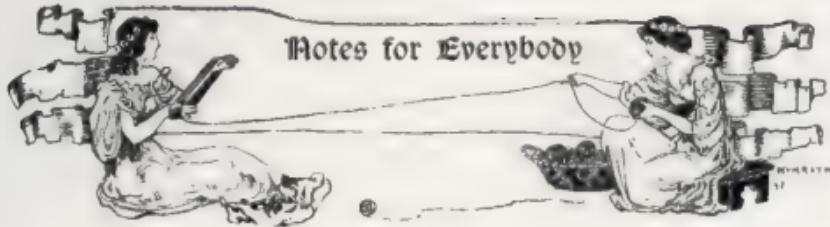
You have got to wear gauze-clamped goggles,
And tie your head in a bag,
To face the furious whirlwind
That makes you feel like a rag.
And you've got to prepare for drawbacks
Which your perfect peace may mar,
For there's many a gust of whirling dust
For the girl in the Motor-Car.

Behind the Times

"Blanche is dreadfully behind the times."

"How so?"

"Why, she eloped with her father's coachman, when his automobile chauffeur was just as attractive."



Notes for Everybody

Be Abstemious in Cooling

AFTER a period of discomfort from heat and perspiration, with great efforts to obtain relief by fresh air and laying aside clothing, a change in the weather tempts to a surfeit of cooling, enough not only for the present, but for the past and future distress. This is an unnecessary and irrational mistake. We cannot recover lost comfort, nor lay up comfort in store. Let well alone. Being comfortable, be content, and not greedy for more comfort than anyone can use. True, the abundance of cool air is delightful, and in a state of active exercise is beneficial; but in repose, where we are tempted to a surfeit of it, enough is better than a feast. More diseases are contracted from over-enjoying exposure to summer gales than from suffering exposure to winter storms. As soon as the sense of heat is quite relieved—stop there, and, instead of revelling to excess in the delicious coolness, begin to guard against too much of it.

Hints for Holiday-Makers

THE medicine-chest, when prepared for the country, should contain large bottles of ammonia, carbolic acid, vaseline, glycerine, witch hazel, and arnica, some simple and easily-used disinfectant—permanganate of potash is good—a package of powdered borax, and one of pure cinnamon. The last will be found invaluable if you chance to be in a neighbourhood which is badly drained and there is danger of typhoid fever. It should be steeped, and taken freely as a drink; for it has the power to destroy infectious microbes. Even its scent kills them, while it is perfectly harmless to human beings. For incipient scratches and slight cuts no more healing lotion can be found, than glycerine containing a few drops of carbolic acid. It allays all pain and smarting instantly.

To Advertisers

BUSINESS houses are, as a rule, far too careless as to the placing of their advertising contracts and put up with loss, leakage, and incompetence in their advertising departments which would not be permitted for one minute in any department of their business.

For Cricketers

MANY a cricket match has been won in the bed-room. And even with the ball a good deal may be done. There were two eminent batsmen who used as boys to wait after the day's play was over, and the careless crowd had departed and in the pavilion give ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to practising a particular kind of defence, the one bowled fast sneaks along the ground to the other, at about ten paces distance. This, too yielded fruit in its time. Like all other great achievements, the getting a score against good bowling is the result of drudgery, patiently, faithfully borne. But the drudgery of cricket is itself a pleasure, and let no young cricketer suppose that he can dispense with it, though some few gifted performers have done great things with apparently little effort.

For Swimmers

SWIMMING ON THE BACK

THE ability to swim on the back is a most useful accomplishment, and one which should be acquired by every swimmer, for it is by this method of swimming that one is often able to support drowning persons until assistance arrives, or to bring them to shore if the distance be not too great.

In learning back swimming, the beginner should stand upright, and place both hands on the hips, or else extend the arms until they are level with the shoulders. He

should then incline backwards, and as this action brings the legs off the bottom, a kick, the same as in the breast stroke, should be taken, the knees being kept under water. With a little practice, considerable speed may be obtained. By turning the head to the side, a fairly good idea can be formed of the direction the body is taking. There is another style, and one which is much faster than the old method. Instead of the hands being kept on the hips, the arms, during the leg kick, are carried out of the water until they are just beyond the shoulders, when the hands are dipped into and rapidly swept through the water, until close to the hips again. The leg kick is made during the recovery of the hands.

In bringing a person to shore, the breaststroke kick is not used, as it brings the legs to the surface and into contact with those of the drowning person, thereby hampering the rescuer. The body has to be inclined more so that the head of the person in danger may be kept out of the water and the rescuer must use a semi-circular kick from the knees downwards. This makes a wonderful difference in the speed when carrying an object.

For the Housekeeper

PRESERVED FIGS

CHOOSE nice ripe white figs, slit the top of each and add two-thirds of their weight

in sugar or boil them in clarified sugar. Let them boil well, then skim them and let them stand till next day, when you must boil some more sugar *au soufflé*, add this to the figs, let them all boil up again together, and the next day drain and dry them and put them away for use.

HELPFUL HINTS

FRUIT is a great beautifier. Fruit, such as grape fruit, oranges, grapes and apples, aid in clearing the skin and preserving that freshness of youth which consists of bright eyes, living hair and a vital complexion.

For relief from heartburn, add a teaspoonful of lemon-juice to half a glass of cold water, in which has been dissolved half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and drink immediately.

TO WHITEN THE HANDS

LADIES who indulge in outdoor pleasures are often troubled at the end of the summer by the brown tint of their hands. This passes away in time. Meanwhile, rub the hands with equal parts of pure lime juice, lemon juice and lavender water, adding fifteen grains of borax. Wipe the hands with a fine towel and afterwards with a flannel and silk handkerchief.



A QUIET SPOT ON QUINSAN BEACH

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

THE city, hot and smoke-begrimed,
With all its jar lies far behind;
Now let the hours slip past untimed
And hill and dale so fair but find
Our hearts attuned to their sweet song
That mystic sweeps the reach along.

The Temple of Heaven

VERY emphatic have been the numerous protests of the Press against the proposed sacrilege and desecration of the Temple of Heaven, which the Ministry of Agriculture propose to convert into a model farm. It is not without reason that this fine monument is the most photographed edifice in Northern China, as it possesses many attractive points some of which have been described by a writer in the "North-China Daily News"

appeals by its pure emptiness, its seclusion, its associations. Beautiful in itself, a model of harmonious proportions and pleasing design, at once simply yet all sufficient, delicate yet massive, it is rendered even more beautiful by its surroundings. Its triple roofs of deep blue, gold flecked tiles rise from marble courtyards in the midst of silent groves of cypress and long open glades that extend throughout a vast park. Even though the courtyards are



Photo

Taken in the seventies

THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING

as follows: "Of all that Peking contains that is picturesque or impressive, there is nothing to compare with the beauty and majesty of the Temple, and its attendant Altar of Heaven. There is nothing in the world at all like them. Where other temples in China may offend against the sense of good taste or even of propriety by the grotesque and terrifying images which they contain, the Temple of Heaven

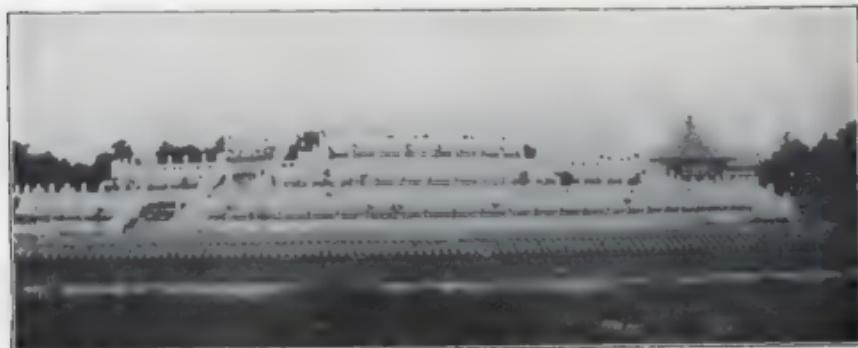
overgrown with weeds, the roofs of the Temple and terraces of the Altar marred with grass and shrubs, a witness to the strange carelessness of the Chinese for preserving in beauty what they have made in the first place so beautiful, nothing can affect the innate peace and calm grandeur of the spot. The nation should think twice before it hands over the Temple of Heaven to mere utilitarianism, which

could be promoted as well in twenty other localities.

"It is not only the aesthetic glories of the Temple and Altar which should guard them from desecration, although in an age which has made that much-abused and much-abusing word "efficiency" its watch-word, the greater care should be taken to preserve what is intrinsically beautiful, if only for its loveliness."

Another eloquent appeal to save this historic structure appeared in the National Review which terminates as follows:

sanctuaries in Peking are not amongst the number. There are millions of acres that can be used for sewage farms ; unlimited millions of taels could not replace the Temple of Heaven, were it once destroyed. It might be destroyed in three minutes : three centuries would not suffice to restore it. In other lands the importance of national monuments is recognized, and it is part of the work of the authorities to see that these memorials are preserved. If China desires to march with the times her Ministers must make provision for



MARBLE ALTAR AT PEKING

"China's Revolution has been unique in more ways than one. Is it too much to ask that it should be unique in this also, that whilst it has been unsullied by the barbarism of butchery it shall be equally free from the barbarism of wilful destruction of the beautiful. It is not as if a plea were being made for the retention of memorials of the régime that has just been displaced. There are comparatively few memorials of the Manchus in China, and of these the threatened

such preservation here. In the Abdication agreements it was stipulated that the ancestral temples and halls of the Ta Ching Dynasty should be preserved, and the mausolea of the late Emperor and Empress-Grand-Dowager should be completed and maintained in repair. If so much can be done for an ousted dynasty it is surely not too much to expect that the memorials of the more glorious periods and features in the national story should be saved from wanton and ignorant destruction."



A Tonic for the Heart

It's good to be sad once in a while,
For the heart is a singular thing;
It must have rain or it will run dry,
Just like an irregular spring.

LAWN TENNIS

HOW TO BECOME A CHAMPION

WHERE is the long, low drive? Has the art of hard hitting from base to base been lost in the general adoration of the American and Colonial volleyers?

The conviction is forced upon the observer that the players of to-day hit with much less vigour and freedom than the players of ten or fifteen years ago. In ground strokes they are unquestionably weaker, less enterprising, more diffident.

THE DOHERTY CULT

The causes are probably twofold. The Dohertys not only left an indelible mark on the annals of lawn tennis, they also established a cult. It was a cult associated with graceful style and imperturbable action, with place rather than pace, with judicious variety of stroke rather than sheer speed. Pursued by its masters, who had natural genius, this artistic method held its own for nearly a decade. In that period the Doherty methods, as well as the Doherty manner, were widely cultivated; the influence exerted by the brothers was deep and catholic. But they had advantages which others could not share—*inherent aptitude and facilities to develop their game under the best conditions and in the best company*, while their army of

imitators were less favoured by nature and circumstances.

HARD HITTING AND HARD COURTS

No adverse condition to hard hitting is more inimical to progress than an unreliable surface; and the majority of grass courts are so affected by the slightest climatic change that the bound constantly changes. You may say this variety of plane ought to provide an extra test of skill. But the rudiments of skill have first to be acquired, and they can only be learnt on a court which yields a uniform bound on two consecutive days. That is why professional coaches either post themselves on covered courts or on hard courts. That is also why the player who wishes to make rapid



TOUSSAINT TAKING A BACK HAND STROKE

progress should join a club that provides one or other of these surfaces. A round of grass tournaments is an enjoyable and not unprofitable experience for competitions foster keenness and promote self-confidence, but tournaments can never cure

fundamental defects, nor, as some suppose, make a champion out of a duffer. In a match at an open meeting the main idea is to survive the round, and it doesn't materially matter how the end is achieved so long as the rules of the game are observed. You employ your pet strokes (or as many of them as the other fellow will let you), and endeavour not to expose your weak ones. If your opponent is less adroit at concealing his defects, other things being equal and the handicap being properly adjusted, you may win; but if he be anything of a general, and discover your deficiencies, nothing ought to save you. The old campaigner will ascertain in the first game of all whether your forehand is stronger than your backhand, whether you have "legs enough" to run back for a lob or to run forward for a drop, where you stand to take and deliver the service, and so on. Tournaments, therefore, are not much good where stroke practice and development are concerned. They may, on the contrary, only serve to consolidate defects.

A METHOD OF PRACTICE

How, then, you ask, should strokes be practised and greater precision and strength gained? Only by the exercise of personal effort and concentrated zeal on the



TOUSSAINT, THE SHANGHAI TENNIS CHAMPION AT PLAY



first began to use a racket in front of a brick wall. A line ought to be drawn on the wall which is the same height (3ft.) as the net, and enough run back secured of the practice of long driving. For quick volleying at short range a wall is also very useful. It fastens the eye on to the ball, develops the wrist, and brings into play so many of those short, sharp shots that are invaluable at short range.

Then it should not be difficult to discover some friend who is equally anxious to improve individual strokes at the expense of a match. Go into a vacant court with him and hammer away at long, low drives from one base-line to another. Do not

mind if some of your friend's drives go just over the base line; return these shots just the same. In fact, endeavour to get just *over* the line yourself rather than a foot or so in front of it. You will be amazed to find how many of your balls either hit the line or fall an inch inside it. Length is one of the great *desiderati*, if not the chief; for it is only by getting your opponent "tucked up" on the base line that you can assume the position at the net which gives you a winning volley. And length, of course, is just as important as a general principle in volleying and lobbing, as in driving.



DINING CARS

BY GEORGE FITCH

A DINING car is a restaurant on wheels which moves swiftly from place to place at a cost of 2 cents a mile for transportation and 50 cents a mile for food.

However, the shortsighted railroad officials did not follow up this great idea and put the dining car waiters on wheels, the fixed or immovable kind being used.

Dining cars are handsomely fitted up with mahogany furniture, flower baskets, stained glass, and red and green carpets. However, they do not contain orchestras. For this reason many people are passionately devoted to dining cars and eat in them until they starve to death or their creditors interfere.

Dining cars travel very rapidly and have double tracked scenery—equal portions on each side. The first course usually consists of fifteen miles of scenery, after which the diner may eat five miles of oysters, twenty-five miles of steak, and fifteen miles of ice cream without inconvenience that is on good roads. On railroads suffering from senile debility of the roadbed, eating in a dining car is a feat, not a pastime. Unless the traveller is experienced he is almost certain to drink his coffee with his vest, eat his soup with his eye, and take a large forkful of ear by mistake while chasing his roast beef.

Dining car kitchens are so small that all the porterhouse steaks have to be fried lengthwise, and the cook keeps the salt cellar in his hip pocket to save space. All our best jugglers and rope walkers are recruited from dining car waiters, who are trained to carry a platter of food up and down and around a dining car floor on a worm fence road and deal three full hands off of it without dropping a card.

Dining cars are very expensive to run and the railroads declare that they only operate them because of their kind feelings toward the public. This confines their use to the upper classes and compels the common day coach traveller to subsist on peanuts and petrified oranges. If dining cars are a philanthropy, what we need in this country is a system of endowed cars, and Andrew Carnegie may embrace this suggestion free of charge.

"Tales of the Far East"

BY H. F. LAWSON, AUTHOR OF "CHUBBLOCK HOLES," ETC.

No. 14. Two Fires in the Forest

"**H**ALLO!, Amstel, I am glad to see you back. What are you doing in London? Sold your Rubber Estate, I suppose, and made a pot of money, eh? By Jove, you look thin, though. It's time you came home for a change. Have you been ill?"

We were standing on the steps of Almack's in Berkeley St., W., which I was just entering when I met my old chum van der Amstel, a charming Dutchman who some years ago had bought a small Rubber Estate in the north of Sumatra, and gone out there to superintend the working himself. "No, Reynolds, I have not been ill, at least not in body, but I have gone through a painful experience which has left an indelible mark on my future. Come inside, you are the only friend I have, and perhaps it will relieve me to tell you my story—if you care to hear it—a story which I would not relate to any other living soul."

We settled ourselves in the smoke-room, at that time fortunately deserted, and he began:—

You know, of course, my little business venture, and that in order to turn it to the best account and also to occupy my time more profitably than frittering it away in London, I went out to control the Estate myself.

Well, the speculation turned out a good one, business prospered, and after a few years trading I received a tempting offer for the Estate, which—synchronizing with a desire for a visit Home—I accepted.

My intention was to make my way across country to Oeleë Lheue, and catch the Dutch mail from Sabang; and with plenty of time at my disposal I started, taking with me my native servant and two guns, for there is abundant shooting to be got.

The country we traversed is well wooded, and parts of it are occupied by aboriginal tribes, some of whom are wild and not particularly friendly. No one disturbed us, however, and on the second day we came across a deserted hut in which I decided to stay the night.

It was late afternoon, and I was sitting on a log smoking when a noise in the distance attracted my attention. In a moment or two a native girl, about seventeen or eighteen years old, with clothes torn by the bushes and dishevelled hair, rushed into the open space in front of the hut, looked at me bewildered, and then threw herself at my feet, beseeching me to help her.

She was frantic with fear, and told me—I had picked up a knowledge of the Malay language, which is very simple—that she was pursued. It seemed that she was the daughter of the Chief Baros, whose neighbouring Chief Tjalang wanted her to marry his son, a dissolute brutal man of whom she was terrified. When she resolutely refused, Tjalang attacked their village by night, massacred the inhabitants, including her father, and carried her off with them.

Then commenced a frightful barbarian orgie to celebrate the marriage, carried to such an extent that most of the men becoming stupefied with intoxication, Engana managed to escape into the forest.

She wandered on and on for hours, but the miscreants had discovered her absence, had tracked her footmarks, and were hot in pursuit.

The weeping girl raised an imploring face of such wild beauty that I was amazed, for the Malayan women are usually not at all prepossessing.

Whilst I was wondering what to do, a band of ruffianly looking natives burst in upon us and seized the screaming girl.

I jumped up, made them unloose her, and asked what they wanted. They said they had orders from their Chief, who was furious at the escape, to take her back at any cost.

The girl again threw herself at my feet, begging me so pitifully not to give her up, that I was moved to compassion, and, telling the natives that they should never have her, I led her into the hut.

They held a conversation between themselves, and approaching me at the door said that if they returned without her their heads would be cut off, so they would seize her by force if necessary.

"All right" said I, "the first one to move a step forward will meet his death," and I grasped my gun ready.

Each of them had a "kris," a kind of short sword used in this Island, with keen blades sometimes shaped in waving zig-zag style which inflict horrible wounds. They drew these and advanced threateningly, and I had just time to level my gun and aim at the first one, who gave a great yell and fell backwards writhing and groaning.

Had they but rushed forward and fallen on me with their knives I should have been overwhelmed, but this temporary check enabled me to shut and bolt the door and take up my position at an aperture, where I shot one after another, Engana reloading the guns as quickly as I emptied them, for my cowardly servant had fled at the first sign of danger.

The clamouring ruffians, finding so many fall before my deadly weapon, retired hastily to shelter, and consulted together.

The dusk was closing in, and I knew that when it was dark I should stand no chance, so bidding Engana carry some clothing and other kit I seized my guns and a few necessaries and we slipped out of a door at the back of the hut and sped into the forest.

We had not gone far when we heard great shouting, and looking back saw the hut blazing and surrounded by our foes. They had fired it as I expected, and were waiting for us to come out, to fall into their hands.

Knowing that as soon as they found we had escaped they would scour the forest we clambered high up a tree and watched.

True enough, their howls of disappointment and rage soon indicated their discovery, and they set off towards us, spreading out as they went. Nearer and nearer they came, and we held our breath in suspense until they passed out of sight and out of hearing, when we descended. Engana wept with gratitude. The poor girl, recently mad with fear, was now almost distracted with gratefulness.

She was beside herself with joy, and clasped my knees and kissed my feet, calling me her deliverer and exclaiming that she would be my slave for ever. I raised her up and calmed her agitation, making light of the matter, and we proceeded in the direction of Oeleë Lheue, which I could locate by my compass.

We walked all night, and at dawn, weary and worn, we hid in the thick bushes and rested.

When I awoke the sun was high in the sky, and I found a light meal waiting. Engana had gathered some herbs, and with the help of some of my stores we made an agreeable repast. We did not dare to light a fire to cook anything, as we were not yet out of danger.

Engana had bathed in some water near by and felt much refreshed, and I followed her example. She waited upon me hand and foot with the utmost devotion, and insisted on doing everything she possibly could for my comfort. Then we packed up and resumed our journey.

Towards dusk we found a sheltered spot and decided to camp for the night. I soon fell asleep, but wakened several times during the night to find Engana near by on the alert and watching for any sign of the presence of enemies.

Another day of caution and then we concluded that we were out of danger.

In conversation with my companion I was surprised to find how intellectual she was. She explained that her father was very broad-minded, and had bestowed on her an education far beyond any others of that locality. She proved to be bright, witty, vivacious, and an admirable companion. She had charming manners, and the hours we spent together had been quite enjoyable.

She was lightly clothed in a garment drawn about her body, her arms naked and her limbs mostly so; and the perfect symmetry of her form was noticeable. During the fight in the hut her dress fell slightly from her shoulders, revealing a shapely bosom, and the contour of her richly developed figure was striking.

Her skin, not dark as in the ordinary native, was of a creamy velvet softness, and the whole harmony of her former was delicious.

She lighted a fire and cooked some game which I had managed to shoot earlier on, and as I lay there watching, I pondered on what would become of this beautiful creature. I would try to place her with some good people at Oeleë Lheuë before I left for home.

After we had supped I broke the news of our parting to her and told her I was going home. A whiter shade passed over

her face, and she put her hand to her throat as if to suppress a rising lump.

"But—but you will take me with you, won't you? I will be your slave. I owe you my life and will work for you whilst I have any breath left. Oh, take me, do take me," she implored.

I explained how impossible it was to take her to my country, and I tell you, Reynolds, that the sight of this lovely being in such distress made my heart well up with pity.

Sobbing bitterly, she threw her arms round my neck. "Then stay here, do not go away from me, I cannot live without you. You are my all, my hero, my god."

I looked down into those tearful beseeching eyes full of the intensest tenderness, and my heart filled with emotion; it swelled, throbbed, and made violent efforts to escape from its bonds. Love had come to me; I knew it and surrendered.

Clasping her in my arms for the first time since we met, I sought those wondrous eyes, eyes now blazing with love, eyes which transfixed me and held me spell bound. My arms thrilled at the touch of her quivering form, my breath came in gasps. "Engana," said I, "I love you, I will stay here, and you will marry me." "Marry you?" she exclaimed. "Is it possible that you will let me be your wife, who am your slave?"

I pressed her close to my throbbing breast, my heart beating against her heaving bosom, her panting breath fanning my face, her figure transported by delirious joy.

"Yes, my love, my bride," I murmured, raining down kisses on her exquisite mouth, her forehead, her cheeks, her throat.

The first paroxysm over, I explained to her our home style of wedding, and clasping hands I repeated, as far as I could remember, the form used in the Solemnization of Matrimony.

By Heaven! Reynolds, stop that jeering smile! I tell you that this marriage was as pure and holy as any ever consummated before a priest. It was done under the canopy of Heaven and in the sight of God, with no thought on either side but love pure and simple.

Reynolds, you may search the Louvre or any other collection of art, and you will never find a figure to surpass that of Engana. There is not one in a million to compare with her natural unaided beauty. The painted simpering dolls one meets here fill my soul with loathing and contempt.

And her love! The fiery ardour of that wonderful creature, her thrilling passionate embraces, ah! I can feel them yet. How different to the insipid colourless affection of this cold-blooded phlegmatic race here.

Several times that night I wakened up to find Engana bending over me with soft eyes full of caressing tenderness, the radiant moonlight streaming down on her loveliness; and my soul was filled with gladness.

Then once I woke—would that I had slept on for ever—a strange hissing noise near by, and yet not strange for I well knew it, the voice of the serpent, the enemy of man from the beginning of the world.

A snake had reared its head, and was just about to dart its fangs at me! I sprang up, a form swiftly glided in front of me, I shrieked wildly, and clutching the form literally threw it to one side, but—alas! too late! too late! Engana had

received in her bosom those cursed fangs intended for me,

With the butt of my gun I crashed its head, and knelt by my darling's side in mute despair.

"Husband, put your arms round me and hold me fast. I am dying, I feel the poison in my blood. Kiss me once more, my beloved; embrace me, tell me again that you love me. If there be a hereafter, I shall wait for you, to spend Eternity together. One kiss—good-bye—I die—happy—in your—arms."

* * *

Then, Reynolds, I became mad, raging, raving mad! I seized my darling's form in a frenzied embrace, covered it with kisses, and wept and cursed alternately.

I took my gun, and heaping maledictions on the accursed reptile, smashed its head to pulp in my rage.

For two days I was a raving madman, and when I recovered, worn with fatigue and weak from fasting, I buried my love and my wife in the same grave in an unknown spot which the footsteps of man will never desecrate.

My life is broken; I care not what becomes of it. My only wish is to rejoin as speedily as possible my beloved.

* * *

Three days afterwards, at Bartholomews Hospital, there passed away the spirit of a man who was knocked down by a motor car whilst crossing the street. It was my friend, van der Amstel!

About Women

"Consideration for women is the measure of a nation's progress in social life."—*Gregoire*.

"Women are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their weakness."—*Mme. du Deffard*.

"Women know by nature how to disguise their emotions far better than the most consummate male courtier can do."—*Thackeray*.

"A woman is like your shadow; follow her, she flies: fly from her, she follows."—*Clamfort*.

"Women see through and through each other: and often we most admire her whom they most scorn."—*Buxton*.

THEN AND NOW

A COMPARISON OF SIXTEEN YEARS

PART II.

THE ASTOR HOUSE

WHAT surprised you most when you arrived in Shanghai sixteen years ago? was a question addressed to me the other day, and I promptly replied: "The comfortable European complexion of the Hotel arrangements," and were I

For instance, the dining-room is very different to that which existed sixteen years ago. It was then a room of but modest dimensions, the front of which was somewhere in the vicinity occupied now by the Public Bar.

The other public rooms have been much improved both as regards situation,



Photo

Rembrandt

THE NEW PORTION OF THE ASTOR HOUSE

asked the same question to-day, I should prefix the word "luxurious" to that of "comfortable," as the difference which has taken place in the Astor House and other first-class hotels in recent years embraces many luxuries that did not figure in hotel life when I first came to Shanghai.

appearance and comfort. There was not then the elaborate steam heating apparatus which warms all the corridors in the winter months, nor was there the ample supply of electric fans which keeps the Astor House so beautifully cool in summer. The ice-making plant which provides the Hotel

with an ample supply of ice, was not then in existence, nor was there the Palm Court in which to sit and listen to the band whilst conversing with friends.

The dining-room has gradually increased in size from a very small and modest affair, into the large and elaborate dining hall illustrated in our pages, whilst the lofty pillared foyer which greets the guests as they enter the Hotel to-day has not the faintest resemblance to the low ceiled cramped little space that did

Hotel Band of seven instrumentalists was established, and to this enterprising step was added the organisation of a weekly dance which takes place every Saturday during the winter season in the banqueting hall, and is always attended by a large number of the best Society people in Shanghai as well as many resident guests and tourists.

The bedrooms have increased very much in numbers in spite of which many guests were turned away during last season for



Photo

Renshaw

THE DINING-ROOM

duty as a foyer in former years. A Hotel Band playing up-to-date selections at every meal was not even dreamt of in those days. Indeed it was not till some time after the Astor House had been transferred from Mrs. Jansen's able hands into those of a limited Company that some one was inspired with the idea of giving an occasional musical dinner, which proved such a successful innovation, that a private

want of room, and all the rooms are now occupied even at this early date.

One of the features which strikes the new arrivals from Europe as being very luxurious is the fact of having a separate bathroom attached to every bedroom, and perhaps in no respect is there so much difference noticeable in any of the arrangements as in this necessary feature. The bathrooms of fifteen years ago were fitted



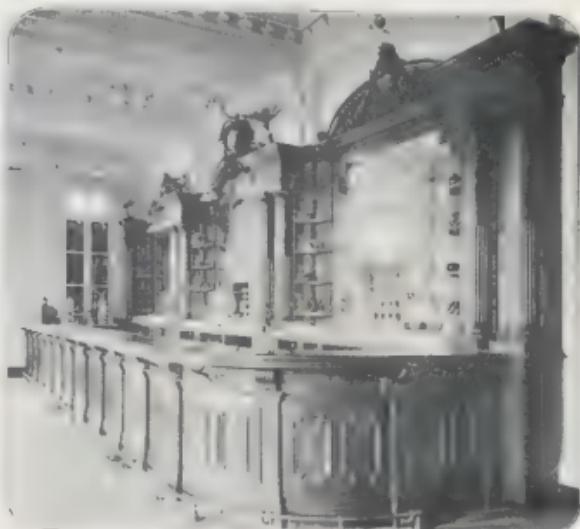
Photo

THE FOYER

Rembrandt

with an ugly big native bath tub, made of metal, which was grained brown outside, and enamelled with a green glaze inside. Nowadays the latest bathrooms have long white enamelled baths, which have been

imported from home, and there is a hot water system laid on which is one of the best in the Far East, as it gives a constant supply night and day of boiling hot water.

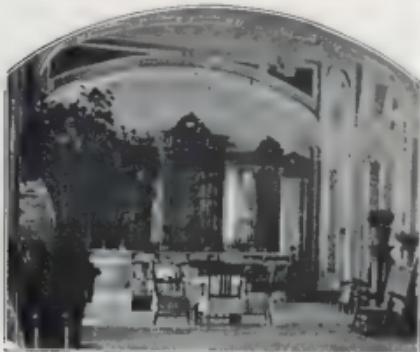


Photo

THE PUBLIC BAR

Burr Photo Co.

In the old days there were no lifts, while now there are no less than four modern elevators of polished teak fitted with bevelled mirrors and comfortably upholstered.



Photo

Rembrandt
THE CIGAR KIOSK IN THE FOYER

When I first arrived I remember being much amused by the formation of a suite of rooms. A bedroom was quickly transformed into a sitting room by removing the bed and substituting a desk or something, otherwise the room was just as it had been originally. Nowadays there are quite a number of suites to choose from, some of which are exceedingly commodious and artistic, whilst others again are just like a suite of rooms in some



Photo

Rembrandt
THE PRIVATE BAR

Photo

Rembrandt

A SITTING-ROOM

London Mansions, and consist of a tiny hall, a bedroom, a sitting-room, a bathroom and a box room. These are in great demand by residential guests, as they are very compact and comfortable, and with a little careful thought bestowed on their arrangement by the occupant, can be made exceedingly comfortable. As a summer residence the Astor House is very popular as the foyer has the reputation of



Photo

Rembrandt

A BEDROOM

being the coolest spot in Shanghai on a hot day, and the supply of ice and the installation of electric fans is very good, whilst in the winter it is always bright and interesting by reason of its variety and constant business.

THE GUESTS

The class of guests has also changed in many respects, as the development of China has attracted a great many more interesting people and personages of note

to visit it, the majority of whom stay at the Astor House. Recently several musical and theatrical celebrities have come to Shanghai, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Matheson Lang who stayed at the Astor House along with all the other interesting members of their talented Company. For many years past The Bandmann Opera and Comedy Companies have made the Astor House their headquarters on their frequent visits, and last year the Hughes Company from America also put up there. At the present time there are quite a number of interesting

from London. Then again there is hardly a day when some financial or commercial magnate does not arrive, and occasionally a name well known in the political world is inscribed on the visiting list.



IN THE PALM COURT

theatrical artistes residing at the Astor Hotel, including Miss Addie Leigh, who has been singing at the Victoria for several months, also the Teal Company from America and the Alan Wilkie Company



A JUVENILE GUEST

THE FOREIGN STAFF

In former days Mrs. Jansen used to manage everything exceedingly well with the aid of one or two foreign assistants, and several clever Chinese Number One boys, but the enormous expansion of the business has necessitated the employment of a much larger staff of foreigners than was required then. The foreign staff at present consists of Mr. Gerrard, the Manager, Mr. MacCabe, the Secretary, Mr. Marsh, Maître D'hotel, Mrs. Christiansen, the Matron, Mr. Pace, and Mr. Thompson, who are in the Hotel bureau, Mr. Lazurus, Bandmaster, Mr. Kammerling, Interpreter and Hotel Conductor, and Mr. Rangel, Storekeeper. Of this list Mrs. Christiansen is the only one who was on the staff of the Hotel when I lived there sixteen years ago.



Photo

Rembrandt

The
Reading-
room

THE SERVANTS

The number of servants has of course increased very much, and there are now 318 servants in all. With the exception of an amah who helps Mrs. Christiansen in the linen room, there are no feminine servants. So far the dress has not been altered, as all the Chinese staff is still attired in the same design of costume as that worn sixteen years ago, the head boys being distinguished by the fact that their long coats are of grey or white silk crepe instead of blue or white calico. The total



MRS. CHRISTIANSEN



The
Billiard-
room

Photo

Rembrandt



MR. MARSH, MR. PACE AND MR. GERRARD



AN AMERICAN GUEST



CHING DONG

absence of queues and shaven foreheads has altered the general appearance of the servants, all of whom now wear their hair "foreign fashion." The transition stage did not call for admiration, but the progress of time has made a great deal of difference



ONE OF THE SIKH COMMISSIONARIES

cook, but both have been in other situations since then.

OTHER IMPROVEMENTS

Perhaps one of the most convincing features of the progress that has been made, is the presence opposite the entrance



THE HEAD COOK

and most of the servants now look quite smart. Ching Dong who looks after the commissariat department, is one of Mrs. Jansen's old servants, and so also is the

outside, of taxicabs, motors, and hotel carriages, which one can hire for a short period instead of for half a day or a whole day as in former times. Yet another



Photo

ONE OF THE KITCHENS

Rembrandt

convenience is the installation of four telephones on the premises.

I have just been wondering what would happen if Hotel visitors were deprived of all the luxuries and conveniences I have mentioned. It would probably make them appreciate them more than they do at present.



A HOTEL COOLIE

Just as in other parts of the world we all learn to take much for granted, and are apt to lose sight of the enterprise and expenditure that were required to provide such up-to-date hotel accommodation as Shanghai can now boast of. Nor are we very keen on recognizing the hard work that is necessary to make such concerns breast the hard times that have visited Shanghai in recent years. However, there is one thing quite



THREE OF THE ASTOR HOUSE HALL BOYS
WITH NEWLY-CROPPED HEADS

certain, when the much-longed-for boom arrives, the hotels will be the first to feel the benefit, and history will probably repeat itself, by making many substantial dividends for the holders of Hotel shares in the near future.



MR. KAMMERLING
Interpreter and Hotel Conductor

Sports and Pastimes

B.A.T. Baseball Club *versus* B.A.T. Cricket Club

BASEBALL has this summer enlisted a good deal of attention which in former years has been given to cricket. Very interesting and amusing was a dual contest between the baseball players of the British-American Tobacco Company and the cricketers in the same well-known Company.

A zest was lent to the contest by the fact that the baseball players were nearly all Americans, and the cricketers English. As was anticipated the former won the

It was most amusing to watch the cricketers' mode of playing. A fielder on several occasions removed his glove in order to catch a ball, and a man who accomplished a fine run gave the plate a margin of about two yards when he ran "home," and had to be exhorted by the spectators to "touch the plate." Very comical was the method of batting adopted by some of the players, and one player who failed to keep a watchful eye on the pitcher caught the ball fair and square on his nose. A feature



THE B.A.T. CRICKET CLUB

baseball and the latter the cricket match. Much amusement was afforded by the mistakes made by the cricketers while playing baseball, in spite of which the score stood as follows:—

Score by Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
B. B. Club 0 1 3 6 2 0 2 4 2 = 20
Cricket Club 0 0 2 4 5 3 2 0 0 = 16

that was the cause of many lost points was the indefinite attitude of the fielders when they got hold of the ball, many of them pausing to choose the best point of attack. With this exception fielding was their strongest point.

The cricket match was not nearly so interesting from a spectacular point of

view, the most amusing point to English onlookers being the "rooting" in the way of advice that was done by the Baseball team, whilst their comrades were batting.

The players in photographs are as

SHANGHAI GOLF CLUB VERSUS JUNIOR GOLF CLUB

This interesting contest was won by the following members of the Shanghai Golf Club:—R. Miller and J. C. Thomson,



THE B.A.T. BASEBALL CLUB

follows:—

Baseball Team reading from left to right—
Seated.—Johnson, Rozario, Strause,
Wicks.

Standing.—Landers, Butler, Tower,
Gunn, Seymour, Wade, Wolsiffer.

Cricket Team reading from left to right—
Seated.—Manley, Porter, Leslie, Benn.

Standing.—Clifford, Vine, Foster, Bailey,
Moyling, Yates, Ellis.

It was a most interesting contest which evinced much public spirit on the part of the players and produced much good fellowship and amusement.



Lawn Bowls

The surviving competitors in the Lawn Bowls Championship of the Shanghai Golf Club when we went press stood as follows:—Messrs. C. F. Johnson, J. S. Cairns, L. S. Greenhill, E. S. Hine, C. M. Bain, W. N. C. Allen, Robt. Miller and O. Crewe-Read. Much interest is taken in the final results.

W. N. C. Allen and A. N. Warrack, J. Dewar and E. S. Hine, C. M. Bain and J. Dunn, J. T. Disselduff and O. Crewe-Read.

The total was 100.



MR. R. MILLER
One of Shanghai's most expert lawn bowl players

The runners up of the Junior Club were: Messrs. W. T. Bowen and B. Anderton, G. B. Stormes and E. J. Norcross, J. R. Barlow and P. H. Robinson, J. Crichton

being the second with a score of 83. At the termination of the contest Mrs. Ayscough presented the cup, and made a graceful little speech of congratulation. We give a



SOME ENTHUSIASTIC PLAYERS OF LAWN BOWLS

and G. H. Ackermann, D. McAlister and W. S. Featherstonhaugh.

The total was 72.



The Clay Pigeon Championship

There were originally twenty-seven competitors in this interesting contest many of whom retired in the early stages, leaving only the following gentlemen, all of whom are well-known as excellent clay bird shots:

Messrs. H. H. Read, N. E. Moller, A. H. White, A. P. Nazer, H. E. Gibson, W. S. Jackson, G. D. Coutts, W. G. Pirie, A. R. Owen, A. Brooke Smith, T. Van Corback, F. Kronenberg.

Mr. H. H. Read again won the coveted prize with a score of 88, Mr. N. E. Moller



MR. N. E. MOLLER
Second in the Clay Bird Championship

photograph of the scoring board, which is merely an ordinary blackboard, with a row of little name spaces down the right side. The remaining space is divided into square sections, and oblong spaces for totals. Each little square is supplied with a hook, on which as the game progresses is hung red, white or blue discs, exactly like big poker chips. Red represents one shot, blue stands for two shots, and white a miss. By this means any one interested in the game can easily see how the contest is progressing.



MR. H. H. READ
The winner of the Clay Bird Championship



THE CLAY BIRD SHOOTING CHAMPIONSHIP

1. THE SCORING BOARD

2. THE CHAMPION CUP

3. MRS. AYSCOUGH PRESENTING THE CUP TO MR. H. H. READ

THE S.S. KIANG WAH

THE LAUNCH

THE China Merchants' steamer *Kiang Wah* was launched from the building slip of the Kiangnan Dock on May 2nd. Miss Grace Chun, granddaughter of Mr. Chin Fai-tua, performed the christening ceremony in the presence of a large number of spectators and invited guests. The latter then adjourned to the designing room, where Mr. Kiang Kuo-hua proposed the toast of the *Kiang Wah* and coupled with it the name of the Dock & Engineering Co.

of upper to passenger deck, 7ft. 6in.; height of passenger to shade deck, 7ft. 6in.; and draft, loaded, 12ft.

She has been designed for service on the Yangtze by the technical staff of the Dock to specifications supplied by Capt. W. H. Lunt, Marine Superintendent, and Mr. Gavin Wallace, Engineer Superintendent of the China Merchants' Co.

The propelling machinery consists of two sets of triple expansion, surface condensing inverted direct acting engines,



Photo

LAUNCH OF THE S.S. "KIANG WAH" AT THE KIANGNAN DOCK

Burr Photo Co

Dr. Wu Ting-fang responded, and in well-chosen words, he dwelt upon the glorious opportunities which Shanghai had before her, and especially upon the vessel, which, he was proud to say, was the biggest turned out in China.

With a tonnage of about 4,000, the *Kiang Wah* has the following dimensions: —Length over all, 340ft.; length between perpendiculars, 330ft.; breadth moulded, 47ft.; breadth over guards, 58ft.; depth moulded to main deck, 14ft. 9in.; height

designed for a working pressure of 190-lb. per square inch. The condenser is one of Weir's "Uniflux" type, one condenser being common to both engines. The air pumps are of Weir's "Dual" type and all other auxiliary engines, such as feed pumps, and feed heaters have been supplied by the firm of Messrs. G. and J. Weir.

The boilers are of Babcock & Wilcox marine water tube type, four in number, constructed for a working pressure of

190-lb. per square inch and designed with ample grate area for steaming with inferior coal. These are the first boilers of this type that have been installed on the China coast and the fact that the difference in weight permits of the vessel carrying eighty tons more cargo on the same draft of 12ft. will cause their performance to be watched with the closest interest by all connected with the development of shipping on the Yangtse.

The principal dimensions are :—

	ft. in.
Length over all 340 0
Breadth over guards 58 6
Depth moulded 14 9
Depth to shade deck 38 9
Gross tonnage, about	4,200 tons.
Dead weight on 12ft. draft,	2,150 tons.

The *Kiang Wah* reflects the highest credit on her builders and raises the port of Shanghai to a level in the shipbuilding industry that will attract the serious attention of other centres.

THE TRIAL TRIP

The official trial trip of the *Kiang Wah* took place on August 30th. The first-class accommodation is most luxurious, and in excellent taste, which is due to Mrs.

Mauchan, wife of the manager, who arranged the beautiful colour scheme.

She went into commission on the 12th of September on her first voyage to Hankow.



Photo

Ying Cheong

MISS GRACE CHUN
who christened the *Kiang Wah*



Photo

Burr Photo Co.

S.S. "KIANG WAH" ON HER TRIAL TRIP

The charge for announcements of Births and Marriages is \$1, payable in advance.

Births

COMBE.—On August 16, 1912, at Newark, Ellon, Aberdeenshire, the wife of George Alexander Combe, H.B.M. Consular Service, Canton, of a son.

GOODFELLOW.—On August 23, 1912, at Vancouver, B.C., the wife of W. D. Goodfellow, of a daughter.

JOHNSTON.—On September 28, 1912, at Hangchow, the wife of C. F. Johnston, Chinese Customs Service, of a daughter.

MACGREGOR.—On September 17, 1912, at Singapore, the wife of J. F. Macgregor, of a son.

MERTENS.—On September 16, 1912, at 3 Wanglo Road, Shanghai, the wife of H. Mertens, of a daughter.

MOORHEAD.—On September 16, 1912, at Kiukiang, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. M. Moorhead, twins (son and daughter.)

PEARSON.—On September 20, 1912, at Yangtszepoo, Shanghai, the wife of C. D. Pearson, of a son.

SCHIERHORST.—On September 3, 1912, at 378 Avenue Paul Brunat, to Capt. and Mrs. Schierhorst, a daughter.

STANION.—On September 3, 1912, at Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Stanion, a son.

WHITESIDE.—On August 9, 1912, at Sandy Lane, Leyland, Preston, to Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Whiteside, a son.

WILSON.—On September 10, 1912, at Peking, the wife of Alan Wilson, Chinese Customs Service, of a daughter.

WINGROVE.—On August 7, 1912, at Inverell, N.S.W. (Australia), the wife of Walter J. Wingrove, of a son.

Marriages

CLARK-MACLEOD.—On September 11, 1912, at Weihaiwei, Ernest Edward, fourth son of the late James Clark, of Heath Green, Newton Heath, Manchester, and Harrytown Hall, Bredbury, Cheshire, and of Mrs. E. Clark, of Howitt Road, Hampstead, London, to Elsie, only daughter of the late John Wier Macleod, of Hillhead, Glasgow.

HAWKINGS-LITTLE.—On Tuesday, September 24, at Kuling, by the Rev. James Jackson D.D., and afterwards at Kiukiang before H.B.M. Consul, William James Hawkings, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hawkings, Bristol, England, to Amelia Gladys, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Little, Shanghai.

JACKSON-McBEAN.—On September 17, 1912, at Weihaiwei, Ernest David Jackson, M.B., CH.B., to Mary M. C. McBean.

KARPELES-FUCHS.—On September 8, 1912, at No. 3 Wong Ka Shaw Gardens, Morris Karpeles, of Vienna and Shanghai, to Mathilde Fuchs, of Vienna.

KELLY-MARTINSON.—On September 6, 1912, at the Cathedral, Shanghai, Urban John Kelly, of Chinkiang, to Constance Helen Martinson, of Shanghai.

RIGGE-LOFTUS.—On September 4, 1912, at Holy Trinity Church, Hull, by the Rev. D. K. Moore, Harry Ernest Rigge to Winifred Loftus.

SPEYER-NICHOLAS.—On September 8, 1912, at All Saints, Tientsin, Charles Santley, youngest son of the late Martin Speyer of London, to Eveline Mary, elder daughter of the late William Nicholas.

Deaths

COLPOYS.—On September 19, 1912, at Bagdad, Persia, Harold F. Griffith-Colpoys, aged 31. By Cable.

EARL.—On September 11, 1912, at Tientsin, H. A. Earl, formerly of the Chinese Customs.

HANDRO.—On September 18, 1912, at Shanghai, Capt. Handro, Melchers & Co., Hankow.

HUGHES.—On September 8, David John Hughes, aged 19, eldest son of Mrs. C. C. Williams and the late David Hughes of Llamboidy, Wales.

LEMPRIERE.—On September 11, 1912, Sydney Reid Lempriere (Messrs. Geo. McBain & Co.), aged 29 years.

MANNS.—On September 16, 1912, Sophie Manns, M. E. Church, South, Sungkiang.

STILL.—On September 3, 1912, John Wesley Still, aged 35 years. Deeply regretted.



Photo

Lai Cheng

FIVE IMPORTANT BUILDINGS ON THE BUND

Building from right to left—

1. THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA
2. THE "NORTH-CHINA HERALD" OFFICES
3. A SMALL PORTION OF THE PREMISES OCCUPIED BY THE NORTH-CHINA INSURANCE CO.,
AND MESSRS. TELGE AND SCHROETER
4. RUSSO-ASIATIC BANK
5. DEUTSCHE-ASIATISCHE BANK



Photo

KISCHES

THE SHANGHAI BUND, TAKEN ON CORONATION DAY 1911, SHOWING THE NEW SHANGHAI CLUB PREMISES IN THE FOREGROUND

Trade of Shanghai 1911

Notable features of 1911, mentioned in the Customs' Report by Mr. V. Dent

PART II.

DURING the year some aviations were conducted at the new Chinese race-course at Kiangwan. The fatal accident to the aviator extinguished all hope of a successful financial result to a pioneer venture which at first seemed to promise well, in spite of very numerous obstacles, both financial and material.



MONS. RENE VALLON

The unfortunate aviator who was killed on the Race Course

Since then other aeroplanes have been imported; but it is curious that, while China is the home of kite-flying experts, no attempt has yet been recorded to copy and utilise in this country the man-carrying

kites which have been found so useful for reconnoitring in Western armies. Stiff breezes are very frequent even in the height of summer; and in non-hilly districts such kites render services for military purposes almost as valuable as those



MONS. VALLON'S AEROPLANE

obtainable by aeroplanes. The festivities in honour of the coronation of H.B.M. King George V. were celebrated on June 22nd, by the whole community, with great enthusiasm. The decorations, and the illuminations in particular, were on a most elaborate scale, hitherto unparalleled here, and attracted visitors from all parts. The crowds in the streets on that occasion constitute a record for Shanghai. Among engineering works completed during the year may be mentioned the Chapei Waterworks and Electricity Installation, which was opened officially on October 29. The chemical analysis of the water shows that a very high standard of filtration has been attained, and the result is highly gratifying to all concerned. Among the architectural works completed during the year must be

recorded the new Shanghai Club, a very outstanding stone-faced building, upon the site of the old club. Another noble monument addition is seen in the new offices of the China Mutual Life Insurance

General were established in new and more commodious buildings, and the Standard Oil Company of New York also. Finally, a striking feature to the beauties of the town was added by the opening of the

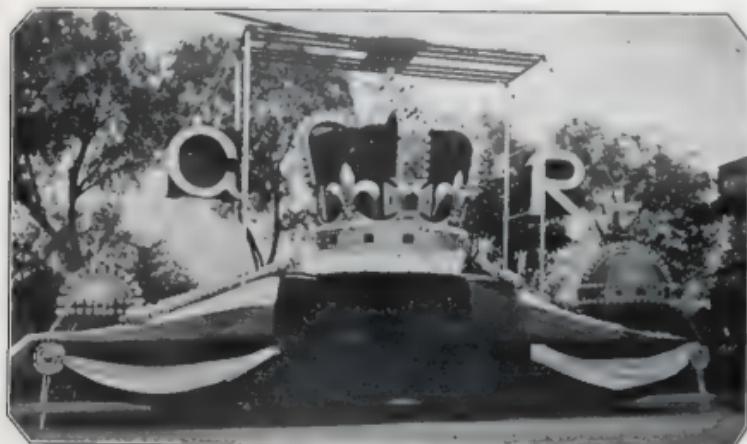


MON VALLON'S AEROPLANE
Taken immediately after it fell

Company, which, for ornate style and elaborate embellishment, both internal and external, may be considered one of the most magnificent buildings in the Far East. The Austrian and Japanese Consulates-

new Astor House Hotel, facing the Public Gardens.

Long prior to the outbreak of the revolution a strong movement was evidenced here in favour of the removal of the



Photo

AN ILLUMINATED TRAM CAR
A wonderful feature of the Coronation Illuminations

Rembrandt



CORONATION CELEBRATIONS ON THE BUND

queue, which appendage is now almost universally conspicuous by its absence. The fashion of the headgear to be adopted to replace the original skull-cap is at present subject only to the caprice of the individual wearer: but is it a humorous comment on

the situation to record that one of the largest sewing machine companies was compelled to supplement its stock of sewing machines merely to supply the demand for machines to make the cloth tourist caps, hitherto the type most in general use.



CORONATION CELEBRATIONS AT THE BRITISH CONSULATE-GENERAL



Photo

THE NEW PREMISES OF THE CHINA MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Burk Photo Co

In connexion with the educational movement which has done so much to produce improved methods of communication of all kinds, it may not be out of place to

record here that during the year two large schools were opened at Shanghai—the new French Municipal School and the German Kaiser Wilhelm Schule. The



THE NEW JAPANESE CONSULATE GENERAL

success attending the establishment of the International Correspondence School branch at Shanghai, and also the science lectures at the Y.M.C.A. with experiments demonstrating the subjects dealt with, which have proved most attractive and are well attended, serve alike to prove the receptivity of the native mind under present conditions. Electrical sky-signs are being adopted in numerous instances.

would prove one of the most calamitous on record, was unfortunately more than confirmed during the year. The attendant misery was terribly accentuated by the unprecedented floods which ruined the crops over vast areas. The restraining dams were overwhelmed in numerous places, and to repair them adequately will entail vast expenditure. While the ultimate remedy for these oft-recurring afflictions



NEW AUSTRIAN CONSULATE-GENERAL.

The sanitary condition of the native city is improving rapidly; streets are being widened, and a plan is approved for the demolition of the city wall and the substitution of a wide boulevard which will facilitate access to Kiangnan Arsenal and Lunghwa. Similar improvements in the communications with Woosung are also under consideration. The foreboding expressed in the report for 1910, that the famine in East Central China

must be sought for in expert afforestation schemes of great magnitude, distributed over a wide area, under Government supervision, yet, as a minor remedy, it has been suggested that it might be worthy of trial to plant all the dams, wherever existing, with the well-known jerusalem artichoke, and leave the same to spread itself, forbidding any interference whatever with its *subsoil* crops. The advantages claimed are that it is a most prolific plant



Photo

THE NEW PREMISES OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY L. H. Krogh



Photo

THE NEW PART OF THE ASTOR HOUSE HOTEL

Rembrandt

and would serve to bind the surface of the dams most firmly, and that the enormous amount of foliage it produces would, to a certain extent, modify the climate and affect the rainfall in the same manner as

mere trifle when the thickness of these dams is considered, and in no way calculated to impair their efficiency. The same plant would be most useful on all railway embankments.



NEW FRENCH SCHOOLS

afforestation does. The stalks of the crops could be used for repairing the dams themselves, whilst in case of dire need there would be an almost inexhaustible supply of food obtainable by digging only about a foot deep in the dam itself—a



THE NEW GERMAN SCHOOL.

THE COMMITTEE CONVEYING SUPPLIES TO THE
FAMINE DISTRICTS

Photo

THE GERMAN SCHOOL KINDERGARTEN

Burr Photo Co.



Photo

ADMIRALTY HOUSE

Kiangnan Arsenal

T. R.



PREMISES OF THE CHINESE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Chinese Celebrations

HOW THE CHINESE COMMEMORATED THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION IN SHANGHAI ON THE 10TH OF OCTOBER

Contributed by H. H. W.

IT has often been said by writers and observers of the Chinese that it is not very easy to work them up into enthusiasm, much less to a state of frenzy, in doing things. They may be cajoled into doing what they are not accustomed to do, as is evidenced by the fact that they often go out of their way to oblige you, but they seldom exhibit any emotion in their actions. But let them become convinced that they should do certain things, then you will see how much heart and soul

disappeared, and be replaced by a warm enthusiasm which carried with it not a little contagion.

Rather late came the announcement that officially the celebration of the anniversary of the Revolution would be commemorated, not on the lunar, but the solar date, the 10th of October. The notification interfered not a little with the unanimity of the celebration throughout the land and in many places the occasion was celebrated twice.



Photo

Rembrandt

THE PARADE—SALUTING BASE

they are capable of putting into their actions. Indeed, in their ardour they often reach a state of frenzy.

It would be difficult to imagine the decorous, the conservative, the indifferent and unemotional Chinese we are accustomed to, behaving in the way they did on the occasion of the first anniversary of the Revolution, which they—that is the educated and the merchant class—celebrated with so much heartiness and warmth. All their usual stolidity seemed to have

In Shanghai the 10th of October was observed and was made a general holiday. Though there was little time for preparation it was commemorated rather elaborately. However, the absence of a proper body to organise the festivities into a coherent whole, caused different associations to take the matter into their own hands, independently of one another, which made the day a strenuous one for all who received invitations to attend the reviews of troops and volunteers, the

various receptions, outdoor parties, dinners, theatrical performances and lantern processions, which formed the programme of the day. The result of these simultaneous functions, crowded in the space of an afternoon, caused much confusion, waiting and disappointment, for the honoured speakers and guests could not possibly be omniscient. Each association had, therefore, after much waste of time, to be content with whomsoever each could get in the way of distinguished revolutionary leaders. Thus Dr. Sun Yat-sen was in one place, General Chan Chi-mei in another and so on. The only one who managed to take in more than one locality was the youthful Dr. Wu Ting-fang who seemed omnipresent, as he managed to be in at least four places, at all of which he spoke a few words.

The World's Chinese Students' Federation, representing China's best intellect in Shanghai, had the honour of having for their guests and speakers, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, Dr. Wu Ting-fang, and Mr. C. T. Wong, the Minister of Commerce in the Tang



Photo

Rembrandt

MR. TAVARES, DR. WU TING-FANG AND
MR. CHEN CHI-PIO

Shao-yi's Cabinet. It was a brilliant gathering, composed of the students of both sexes, educated in Europe, America, locally and in Japan, that assembled on

the lawn of the Federation, in Bubbling Well Road, to hear the First President of China's thoughtful and powerful address which lasted over an hour and to witness the sports in which almost all the colleges and orphanages were represented. There were items on the programme for boys and girls and ladies and gentlemen. Dr. Sun



Photo

GENERAL LI AND HIS STAFF, AT THE PARADE Rembrandt

stayed to view the various athletic contests and chatted pleasantly with every one on the lawn. At the end of the sports Madame Wu Ting-fang graciously presented the prizes to the winners.

At the same hour that the above function was taking place the

CHINESE GENERAL CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE

held a reception at which attended the big wigs of the commercial world of Shanghai who were addressed by General Chan Chi-mei, the ex-Tutuh of Shanghai, who

hoisted and saluted. After the Volunteers had "marched past" before the honorary officers of the company and other distinguished guests all repaired to the marquee where tables were laid with refreshments which were partaken by all present. The success of the young republic was drunk amidst much enthusiasm, the band struck and cheers were given.

THE REVIEW

While the above was going on, on the parade ground near the Nanking Railway Station, the troops quartered in Chapei



Photo

I. CHAPEI VOLUNTEERS AND SCHOOL CADETS

H. H. W.

2. GIRL STUDENTS AT THE SPORTS

spoke brilliantly for half-an-hour. Various toasts were raised to the success of the Republic. At noon at the headquarters of

THE CHAPEI VOLUNTEERS,

before the whole corps and the district school cadets, the National colours were

and surrounding districts were reviewed by General Li and his staff. Although the recruits have not had yet time to evolve into shape in being smart in their movement and evolution they made the best show they could. Every encouragement was

given by the spectators, especially the Chinese who seemed proud of the military show, in cheering and applauding the soldiers as they marched past the saluting point. In various

MILLS AND FACTORIES

and other establishments receptions were held during the course of the day, the most distinctive being the one given at the

residences of the wealthier and lower classes.

At night there was a general illumination and the streets of the route of the procession were all lighted up. Special mention must be made of the Chapei Municipality and the Military and Police headquarters which were illuminated with electricity. Several arches were erected which received



Photo

LISTENING TO DR. SUN'S ADDRESS

H. H. W.

Elgin Road Cotton Mill which was attended by a large number of Chinese and foreigners, including Dr. Wu Ting-fang, who spoke a few words.

STREET DECORATION AND ILLUMINATION

All the principal roads and main streets presented a gala appearance. Several big

special attention from the decorators. One noticeable thing was the absence of the burning of firecrackers which used to be such a feature of every Chinese feast day. Another observable fact too, was, that no religious ceremony took place, which shows the modern tendency of the Chinese mind to



Photo

THE CAVALRY ON PARADE

H. H. W.

shops looked gorgeous beneath the artistic decorations which the Chinese know so well how to arrange. The rainbow flag was seen everywhere, even in private

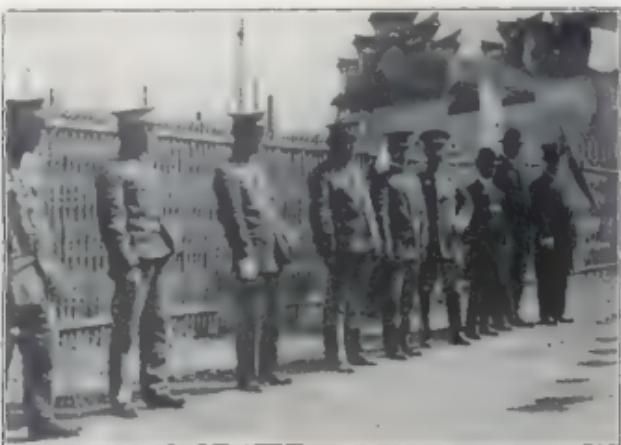
discard everything religious. Several large DINNER PARTIES were given by the merchants and compradores in their homes and hotels at which

many foreigners were the honoured guests. Here joviality predominated.

THE LANTERN PROCESSION

Towards sunset the Railway Station became the scene of bustle and excitement as the various organisations assembled to take part in the lantern procession. As each contingent arrived, formed and began to light the lanterns of various sizes and shapes, from pagodas to fishes, the enthusiasm grew in proportion with the number of lights. When the thousand of lanterns were all lighted, the myriads of lights presented an Arabian Night scenic effect.

Added to these were the soldiers, volunteers and fire brigade. There were at least a dozen bands, playing foreign music; when the sound of the instruments stopped the soldiers and students sang patriotic songs. Never were the Chinese so elated or so enthusiastic, a new spirit seemed to have sprung up revealing an unknown characteristic which augurs well for the Republic. By half-past nine the procession dispersed at the starting point when bonfires made of lanterns were lighted and the students sang lustily their college songs. It was quite an unusual sight. Then the motor cars, carriages, jinricshas



Photo

H H W

THE HONORARY OFFICERS OF THE CHAPEI VOLUNTEERS AND MESSRS. CHUNG MUN-YEW, A. W. U. POPE, AND Y. C. TONG

A start was made at seven and the huge procession commenced its three hours march in the direction of Chapei which was traversed in almost its entirety. It took over an hour for the procession to pass a point. The streets of the route were lined with sightseers a dozen deep and the utmost order was observed on the part of those who took part in the march and by the spectators, not the slightest disturbance taking place. Every college and school was represented and many guilds and associations sent their quota of men.

and trams carried the Chinese holiday makers to the various theatres which were packed with happy audiences who stayed to witness patriotic pieces acted. After the performance the restaurants were filled with the revellers who seemed bent in closing the festivities with hilarity. The last function of the day was the brilliant reception given by the

CHINESE COMPANY, S.V.C.

at their headquarters on Bubbling Well Road. Here were gathered all the Chinese

local defenders, and their Chinese and foreign friends. Dr. Wu Ting-fang and Mr. Yuen Hung-kee gave patriotic and spirited speeches.

IN THE CITY

official receptions were held in various yamêns, flags flew everywhere and a lantern procession was held, the *Min Li Pao* being the best represented. The same

enthusiasm was displayed in the native quarters as in the Settlements. —It is not likely that the 10th of October will be forgotten for many a long day.

Thus the lethargic Chinese celebrated their Independence Day with an unwonted energy and unstinted enthusiasm, thus revealing an unknown quality which was never shown in the days of the Celestial Empire.



THE TROOPS ON
PARADE



Photos

THE TUG-OF-WAR

H. H. W.



Not What it Looked Like

WHEN Opie Read, the author, was editor of the *Arkansas Traveller*, one of the best reporters on the paper died, and his death was greatly mourned by the editorial staff. A visitor to the office, on the day after the funeral, found the editor and his staff talking about their loss disconsolately.

"It has been a sad loss, friends," the visitor said, "a sad loss, indeed." He sighed and looked about the room. "And I am pleased to see," he went on, "that you commemorate the melancholy event by hanging up crape."

Opie Read frowned.

"Crape?" he said. "Where do you see any crape?"

"Over there," said the visitor, pointing.

"Crape be hanged," said Read. "That isn't crape. That's the office towel."

AT LAST

Written Specially for "Social Shanghai" by "M."

THE sun was setting, and its crimson ball, while disappearing more and more in the approaching gloom of evening, threw but a faint light over the intervening fields, where shadowy figures moved to and fro in ceaseless monotony. Peace seemed to permeate the soft night air, but not so could the feelings of those around enjoy this tranquillity. The last of the dead had been tenderly carried to where the other victims of the railway disaster lay softly embedded among the Autumn leaves, and in the midst of this sadness the fretful cry of a child seeking its mother could be heard —.

Marie Cowen had rushed from her pretty garden, which was but a stone's throw from where the accident had taken place, to render any assistance within her power. Her home stood well away from the village, so she was one of the first to witness the ghastly scene. The village folk, arriving in small parties were not surprised to find her there. They knew, that where help was needed Mary never failed, and they loved her well for it.

In her zeal to help the doctor to attend the injured she had scarcely had time to pay attention to those, who had been fortunate enough to escape unharmed. The wounded, strangely enough, all men, had been removed, but here lay the dead! Marie was bending with pitying eyes over the still form of a young woman, with whom death had dealt kindly enough, inasmuch as the fair girlish features remained unscathed.

"I want my muvver" —there came again that plaintive wail! Marie turned instantly and crossed over to where the village folk with their pastor had gathered round the little curly-headed boy, whose cherub face and big brown eyes were pitiful to behold. Marie, kneeling, with her arms folded tightly round the poor child, ("mother" would never answer that

call again)—looked up with pleading eyes into the old pastor's face. He understood her mute appeal and nodded assent. Why not? She could well take the child home with her, until it was claimed, for the news of the train accident had been wired immediately to the neighbouring town.

The warm glow of the shaded lamp threw weird shadows across the dark front of the garden. In her haste Marie had omitted to lower the blinds. What a picture she made to the hungry eyes of the watcher outside, who had arrived with all speed to look for his own. Something seemed to choke him! Yes, it was Marie, the sweetheart of his youth. Ruthlessly he had thrown her aside when marrying another girl and here she sat, holding his motherless child while coaxing it gently to sleep. Years had gone by, and the bloom of youth had almost faded from her thin and sad face, but to him at this moment she appeared far more beautiful than of old. Had he been happy? No, not quite. He had never quite forgotten his first love, but could she ever banish the memory of his heartlessness in bygone days! Groaning under the weight of these reflections the man slowly opened the door. Marie looked up, their eyes met. Such was her sudden surprise, that she woke the sleeping child. Still, it was only when the little boy on her knees recognised his "Dadda," that the girl fully understood her situation.

People in the village had become accustomed to see Marie Cowen about with her tiny charge. Wherever he appeared they lived through that scene again, though nearly two years had passed. Marie had given him all a mother's care and as they stood together in her scent laden garden, youth and hope had returned to her. For to-morrow the father would come and claim her as his own——, at last!



Photo

OFFICERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL GUARD STATIONED AT PEKING IN 1912.

Camera Craft Co.

An Interesting Record

IT is customary for the officers of the International Guard at Peking to be photographed together annually. This year, owing to the recent troubles in Peking, the Guard is stronger than it has been for some years, and is particularly interesting in its variety of uniforms, etc. Our pictures show officers of different nationalities assembling in the grounds of the British Legation.

LIST OF OFFICERS PHOTOGRAPHED OF THE FRONTISPIECE

6th Row.—Lieut. Delafond, Capt. M. T. Nozaki, Lieut. T. Komatsu, Lieut. C. D. Tod, 2nd Lieut. G. N. Molesworth, Lieut. von Heinrick, Lieut. R.A.B.P. Watts, Lieut. C. A. Williams, Lieut. G. C. Binstead.

5th Row.—Capt. Bosco, Oberleutnant Meinardus, Capt. Williams, Capt. Holcomb, Marine Oberzahlmeister Michaelis, Lieut. N. H. Stone, Dr. Vecsei, Lieut. Greve, Oberleutnant Wolff, Capt. Zellis.

4th Row.—Capt. Solovieff, Lieut. Ménigoz, Lieut. Klepper, Lieut. Parmeggiani, Lieut. Shazoglosoff, Capt. Mizevsky, Capt.

Renauld, Capt. E. W. Worrall, Capt. Symons, Marine Stabsarzt, Dr. Tietmeyer, Oberleutnant Frhr. von Cramm, Lieut. T. Takata, Capt. Riokin, Lieut. Ostashkevitch, Capt. Steward, Lieut. Prziza, 2nd-Lieut. R. B. Denny, Major H. Fitz W. Hardman, Capt. P. M. Wardlaw, Capt. Defontaine, Capt. G. B. Mackenzie.

3rd Row.—Capt. Tatarinoff, Lieut. O. Iwatani, Capt. H. Taniguchi, Lieut. P. T. Okanura, Lieut. T. Maeda, Capt. Collardet, Major Bowley, Major Puttz, Capt. Colli, Major D. S. Robertson, Lieut. Culiolo, Dr. Borel, Oberleutnant König.

2nd Row.—Lieut. Lambert, Lieut. Löewe, Major T. Rikuchi, Commandant Bandescal, Colonel Wolter, Lieut.-Col. L. C. Koe, Lieut.-Col. M. E. Willoughby, Major Russell, Major H. Saito, Lieut. Braam, Capt. Andreevsky, Hauptmann von Pape.

Front Row.—Dr. Swereff, Lieut. Grovallet, Capt. Reeves, Lieut. Randall, P. A. S. Henry, 2nd-Lieut. W. T. Howe, Lieut. Coyle, Lieut. R. H. Waddy, Lieut. Willcox, Capt. J. C. Hart, Lieut. Marguer.



Photo

Camera Craft Co.

OFFICERS ASSEMBLING IN THE GROUNDS OF THE BRITISH LEGATION



A Serious Difficulty

"WHAT part did you find most difficult when you were on the stage?"

"Trying to live up to the salary I told my friends I was getting."



Glad to Escape

THERE was an ignorant man who once applied to President Lincoln for the post of doorkeeper to the House. This man had no right to ask Lincoln for anything. It was necessary to repulse him. But Lincoln repulsed him gently and whimsically, without hurting his feelings, in this way:—

"So you want to be doorkeeper to the House, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Well, have you ever been a doorkeeper? Have you ever had any experience of doorkeeping?"

"Well, no—no actual experience, sir."

"Any theoretical experience? Any instructions in the duties and ethics of doorkeeping?"

"Um—no."

"Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeeping?"

"No, sir."

"Have you read any text-books on the subject?"

"No."

"Have you conversed with anyone who has read such a book?"

"No, sir; I'm afraid not, sir."

"Well, then, my friend, don't you see that you haven't a single qualification for this important post?" said Lincoln, in a reproachful tone.

"Yes, I do," said the applicant, and he took leave humbly, almost gratefully.

A Natural Mistake

A CURIOUS-LOOKING meditative man was roaming through an anatomical museum, and came across the skeleton of a donkey. "Ah," he said, *sotto voce*, in reverential awe, as he carefully adjusted his green spectacles on his nose, "we are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made!"

A Royal Gift

"RIGHT away!" shouted the station-master, just as a man dashed up to him from the ticket-office. "Too late, sir! Stand back!" he added, a moment later.

"A sovereign if you stop the train!" gasped the belated passenger, as the engine gave a puff and a tug.

"Stop!" yelled the station-master to the engine-driver, as he ran forward and opened the door of a first-class compartment.

The tardy passenger sprang in, the station-master gave the "Right away!" once more, and as the train started the passenger's hand grasped that of the station-master in a hearty, grateful grip, leaving something in the officer's palm.

The station-master looked and saw a photograph of King Edward, which the donor had, presumably, been presented with gratis with a packet of cigarettes.



Another Natural Mistake

BETWEEN Salford and Manchester is a glue factory. A lady, who was obliged to take the ride between those two points quite often, always carried with her a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old farmer took the seat directly opposite her. As the train neared the factory the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the whole carriage was filled with the horrible odour of the glue. The old farmer stood it as long as he could, then leaned forward, and shouted: "Madam, would ye mind shuttin' the cork in that 'ere bottle?"

A Shopping Tale

A COURAGEOUS man went shopping with his wife. The woman wanted to buy a silk waist, and she asked the man to come along to see that she got something becoming.

There were 1,308 waists piled up on the counter and an odd one stuck up on a kind of barber's pole, for good measure. The extra waist was very pretty. The man's wife said it was the sweetest thing in the store. She stood before it with clasped hands, and said: "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" The man knew what that meant; he knew she wanted to buy the waist, and he attempted to discourage her.

"I don't like it," he said. "It looks old-fashioned. And besides, it's too expensive. You can't afford to pay \$18.73 for a waist."

"Oh, I know that," said the woman. "I wasn't thinking of buying it; but it certainly is lovely."

After a while she bought a waist for \$4.

"Come on," said the man. "Let's get out of this mob, I'm mashed to a jelly; I can't breathe."

"You may go if you want to," said the woman. "I am going to stay here and see who buys that waist. They'll mark it down pretty soon, and somebody is sure to snatch it up. Of course I couldn't think of buying it myself, but I want to see what the woman looks like that does get it."

The man sat down in the cigar department and waited two hours, but his wife did not come; she was waiting to find out who bought the silk waist. So the man went home. His wife followed at 6.30 o'clock.

"Well," said the husband; "did they mark that waist down?"

"Yes; they finally got it down to \$12.75."

"Did anybody buy it?"

"Yes."

"Did you find out what kind of looking woman she was?"

"Well, I got a pretty good idea. She had light brown hair that will get into her eyes every time the winds blows; she has grey eyes, a crooked nose, and a little scar on the left side of her chin."

"Gee!" said the man, "she must look a good deal like you."

"She does," said the woman. "I bought the waist."

No Mixed Breed

Nor often is pedigree traced with such accuracy as by a bird-fancier quoted in the Philadelphia "Public Ledger." A woman went to a bird-store to purchase a canary. She was in search of a good singer, and several were recommended to her.

"But," she said, "they seem to be marked very strangely. Are they pure canaries?"

"Pure!" cried the proprietor of the shop. "Pure! Why, ma'am, I raised them birds from canary-seed."



Apartment Houses

OUR guide was showing us the new apartment houses in the great city.

"Over here," he announced through his megaphone, "we have 'Bonaparte Court.' This, ladies and gentlemen, is occupied by the middle class."

"Ah, indeed!" we exclaimed. "And what is that other rather imposing structure called?"

"'Piccadilly Court.' Occupied by people a little better off in the world's goods than those in Bonaparte Court."

"And that grand building to the left?"

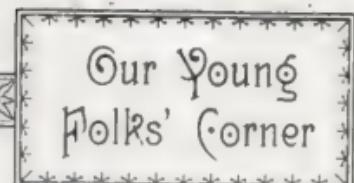
"'King's Court.' Occupied by only the wealthy."

"Wonderful! But how about that extraordinary model of architecture with Cupids shooting broken arrows at iron hearts?"

"Oh, that is 'Divorce Court.' Occupied by the ultra-smart set."



REV. DR. TYNG, of New York, when a theological student, officiated at a church in a neighbouring town, and, on his way to preach one morning, met an aged coloured man. "Well, uncle, do you ever go to hear the young preacher?" asked the unledged doctor. "No, massa," replied the negro; "dis chile don't let none o' dem students practise on him."



Mr. Redpoll's Choice

A Story About Two Squirrels

MR. REDPOLL was deep in thought as he sat on a high branch of the old oak-tree. His bushy tail was curved over his back, and his little eyes were fixed on the patch of blue sky that showed between the green leaves.

"Yes; I really think I will," he said aloud. "I've got a nice little store of nuts put away for the winter; and I'm sure *any* lady squirrel would like to live in these nice woods. So I'll just look round for a really charming wife."

And the next morning Mr. Redpoll set to work to put his home in order, and to count over the store of nuts he had put away so carefully. Then he set off to a neighbouring forest, determined to have a very careful look round before he finally decided which lady squirrel he would honour by asking her to become his wife.

But getting a wife wasn't quite such an easy matter as Mr. Redpoll had imagined. Some of the lady squirrels turned up their noses at the thinness of his tail, and some said they didn't want to go and live in those woods where his store was; but at last he found one lady who smiled encouragingly at him, and gave him a knowing little look out of the corner of her bright eye.

"Good-morning, sir," she said, as she sat modestly on a bough.

"Good-morning," answered Mr. Redpoll jauntily, as he sat down beside her, "May I ask what your name is?"

"Bushytail."

"And a very suitable name, too."

Miss Bushytail looked down modestly as Mr. Redpoll eyed her with admiration.

Then they talked together for a while; and at last Mr. Redpoll asked the little lady if she would come back with him to his home, and be his wife.

"I've got a splendid store of nuts put away for the winter," he explained, "and

the woods where I live are really beautiful. The only human who ever comes near them is a lady, who lives in a house just on the edge of the woods, and she never disturbs any of us."

Mr. Redpoll waited anxiously for Miss Bushytail's answer; and when at last she said "Yes, I'll come," he sprang delightedly from the branch, and called to her to follow him.

So Mr. Redpoll came back to his home with a wife.



Our Portrait Gallery

READ AND GILBERT RALPH HAGER
Sons of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Hager

UNHAPPILY MARRIED

Mr. Redpoll and his little wife had been living together for some time in the woods, but no one would have thought that the humble husband was the same squirrel who had gone out so jauntily to seek a wife, for Miss Bushytail—now Mrs. Redpoll—had turned out a terrible tyrant. Directly she settled down in her new home she began ordering her husband about, and scolding him every minute of the day.

All her modesty and shyness had disappeared, and she scarcely ever gave her husband a moment's peace.

"I could tell quite easily, from the first minute I saw you, what a conceited fellow you were," she told him one day.

And as Mr. Redpoll remembered what a modest little lady he had thought her in those days, he felt very sad and sorry that he had ever asked her to be his wife. For although he certainly was rather conceited, he was a very kind and considerate husband. But his wife never seemed to have finished finding fault with him, and never left him alone.

"Come along," she would say. "I want you to go nut-hunting with me." And however tired her husband might be, or however hard he might have been working, she made him come, and hurried him from branch to branch at such a pace that at last they would both have to stop for breath. But if Mr. Redpoll stretched himself out on a branch, and let his little legs hang down from sheer weariness, she would hurry him on again, crying:

"Now, then, Lazybones, come along! You've surely got your breath by now."

But if ever her husband *dared* to go out by himself without first telling her exactly where he was going, and why, Mrs. Redpoll would give him the most terrible scoldings when he came back.

"The idea," she would chatter angrily, "the very idea of a husband going away like that, leaving his poor wife all alone! If someone had come along to steal our winter store, I suppose you would have expected me to fight them; and I suppose——"

"Oh, my dear wife!" Mr. Redpoll would say as he frantically tried to stop her chattering tongue, "*do* stop 'supposing' such unlikely things!"

But Mrs. Redpoll wouldn't stop until she had exhausted all her breath, and really *couldn't* scold any more.

And Mr. Redpoll grew weary of his wife's restless, domineering ways.

MRS. REDPOLL'S LESSON.

One day Mrs. Redpoll said to her husband:

"I thought you told me there was a human living near these woods?"

"So there is," answered Mr. Redpoll.

"Then why don't you go and see her sometimes?"

"I do. At least, I go as far as the window-ledge."

"And I suppose you're too much of a coward to go right in?"

"Well, my dear, I don't know about being a coward, but I think—er—it would be rather rude to go right into her house."

"Oh, rubbish! *I'm* going to have a look round there, and see if I can't find something to add to our winter store."

So that very afternoon Mrs. Redpoll started on her tour of inquiry in the human's house, while her husband stayed at home.



Photo

Rembrandt

Our Portrait Gallery
CLAUDE AND DOUGLAS MATHER PRYCE

Mrs. Redpoll found the windows open, so she went straight into the house, though it must be confessed she felt rather nervous. Looking carefully round, the first thing she saw was the fireplace, with the fire neatly "laid" ready to be lighted whenever it should be wanted. She hurried across to investigate, and saw, to her delight, that there were ever so many fir-cones on the very top. Now, these were just what she and her husband loved in the winter time; so she thought to herself: "I'll look for a place to hide them in."

Just then she spied an opening above her head, and, thinking it looked a promising store-cupboard, she determined to run up and see what it was like.

"Wheew-oogh!" she spluttered, as she crept upwards. "Tchoo-ooh! Tchoo-ooh! What ever can it be that keeps getting down my throat? I—Tchoo-ooh! Tchoo-ooh! I'll go down again. There's something wrong here."

But it was only the soot that Mrs. Redpoll had been swallowing; and when she got out into the sunlight again she found that, besides getting down her throat, this black stuff had made a smutty covering all over her beautiful tail and glossy coat. As she hurried home, her forest neighbours jeered and laughed at her, for she presented a most comical sight.



Photo

Burr Photo Co

Our Portrait Gallery
LORNA PATRICIA FITZROY LLOYD

She quite dreaded reaching home, for she thought her husband would laugh at her too, and say: "I told you not to go into the human's house!"

But he didn't. Though his energetic little wife really looked funnier than he'd ever seen a squirrel look before, he didn't even smile, but simply said: "I'll help you to get it off, my dear." And in a very little while Mrs. Redpoll's coat was bright and clean and glossy again.

That night, as she and her husband were sitting quietly together, she said: "Husband, it was good of you not to laugh at me this afternoon; and for the future I'll listen to your advice."

And she did. In fact, she became such a model little wife, and her husband was always so attentive and thoughtful, that the human who lived near the woods called them "Darby and Joan."

Early Rising

Get up, little sister, the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome
the light;
The buds are all opening, the dew's on the
flower;
If you shake but a branch, see, there falls
quite a shower.
By the side of their mothers, look, under
the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about
as they please;
By all those rings on the waters, I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.
The bee, I daresay, has been long on the
wing,
To get honey from every flower of spring,
For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
Thinking, wise little insect, work better
than play.
The lark's singing gaily—it loves the bright
sun,
And rejoices that now the gay spring has
begun;
For the spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould
be wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's
song.
Get up! for when all things are merry and
glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad:
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark and may work
like the bee.

G. KIVELL.

Politeness

No policy pays like politeness. Bad manners are the most expensive luxuries in the world. Good manners go further than letters of recommendation—like the gold standard, they are current the world around. Levity of manners is prejudicial to success, but it is possible to be too dignified—you can put a man into a jacket so straight as to crush all the life out of him. Take two men with equal ability and possessing the same opportunities, and the obliging, the conciliating man will become rich, while the rude, disobliging man will starve. Ill-mannered people are shunned, while affability wins at every turn. Chesterfield said: "Oil your mind and your manners to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility—strength alone will not do so."

Riddles

WHAT is that which goes from London to York without moving?
The Road.

What is the oldest tree—The Elder tree.
What word contains all the vowels in their proper places?—Facetious.

Why was Goliath very much astonished when David hit him with a stone?

Because such a thing had never entered his head before.

Quaint Sayings**DO YOU KNOW BETTER?**

J. : "And are all the boys running about in the playground nouns?" *B.* (brightening up) : "Please, sir, no, sir. When they're running about they're verbs!"

**Our Portrait Gallery**

VIRGINIA EILEEN AND MIGNONNE ELIZABETH WEBB

DURING a reading-lesson, taken from "Standard III. Historical Reader," the pupil teacher asked what the letters "B.C." represented. On receiving the answer, "Before Christ," she ventured to improve the opportunity by asking for the meaning of other abbreviations, amongst which was "B.A." A little girl at once said, "Before Adam!"

A LONDON infant school. "The Raising of the Widow's Son." Illustrations, Religious Tract Society Scripture Roll. Story sold by teacher. Pointing to the bier:

"What is he lying on?" Ans.: "A stretcher." Ques.: "What is a stretcher?" Ans.: "Wot lydies rides on when they gets drunk!"

"THINK," said the teacher, "of a little creature that wriggles about in the earth and sometimes comes to the top through a tiny hole." A small boy in a pinafore put up his hand joyously. "Well?" queried the teacher. "A worm," said the small boy. "Yes," said the teacher, "now think of another little creature that wriggles about in the earth and comes to the top through a small hole. Up went the joyous hand again. "Well?" asked the teacher. "Another worm!" shouted Tommy in triumph.

"How do you spell 'cat,' Tommy?"

"K-a-t."

"But it's spelt 'c-a-t' in the book."

"You didn't ask how the book spelt it, but how I spelt it."

Happy Thought

THE world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure that we should all be as happy as kings.

Good Friends

AT Oberstdorf, in Switzerland, there is a collie who has made friends with a squirrel. How they made friends I cannot tell you, but one day lately the dog's owners went to see him in the shed where he sleeps, and there they found him cuddled up with a squirrel nestling against him. The squirrel's bed was doubtless in some tree, but it had hurt its leg and could not climb. How it managed to tell the collie all that I don't know, but, anyhow, the dog understood that his little invalid friend wanted to be taken care of, so he kindly let it share his bed.

The Quiet Hour

The Autumn of Life

AUTUMN is the last romance of the year. The external world receives its supreme beauty for the season of decay and dissolution. As we all say good-bye to the mountains, and find our way back to the city, we carry with us as a last memory the wealth of gold and crimson on the fading bracken and the bilberry leaf. We look back, and see the hills covered with cloth of gold, and embroidered beyond all human skill or daring of human invention, with borderings of purple and red. If Nature has been so lavish as to edge her uplands with forest land, the effect is as of some golden sunset standing out above a radiant sea of rainbow beauty. It is an old debate now whether spring or autumn be the fairer time. The mid-life of summer is, we agree, a prosaic season, when all fineness of tint and shade is lost, and the woods are just one rather humdrum colour. The spring has all the delicacy and charm of babyhood. Its robe of exquisite youth amazes us as a product somehow spun by the austere machinery of winter. But it lacks these diversified colours which meet in the royal raiment which autumn wears. The lemon and the gold and the auburn; the crimson and purple and violet—these are the gorgeous properties of age.

The Beauty of the Fading Leaf

IN the fading leaf lies written, as in some palimpsest which age has mellowed, all the history of the year. For this fading leaf holds all the year's discipline. These colours that are its glorious properties have been hardly won. The leaf has had some magic by which it has hoarded up the sunshine. Memories of past days of summer light and heat are in these miraculously-coloured fibres. Nothing has been lost. Nothing has been forgotten. Summer has had in this leaf an apt disciple. Sensitive as the quick brain of some bright young scholar, the leaf has taken the

impressions made upon it, and treasured them. Hence, this exquisite fabric, stained and painted by a hundred suns. But if we were to attribute its glory to the sun alone, we should shew singular lack of discernment. The leaf owes its autumn beauty as much to storm as to sunshine. Their hues have been washed into it by a thousand showers. This leaf has quivered in the grip of the tempest; it has shaken in the clutches of the gale. It has been drenched with rain and dew; it has stiffened with frost; it has been bruised with falling hail. Weather that we have called inclement and cruel has, nevertheless, in the issue been kind to the leaf; and now, as it falls lightly to the earth, its work done, its career over, we gather it reverently, for we see that all discipline and tribulation have but deepened its beauty and mellowed its radiance.

There is no reason in God's world that hearts should grow old, and age be a tame, uninteresting time, with all the colour out of it.

The middle-aged, whose life is somewhat drab, and very prosaic, may still offer the prayer that the colour may enter into their sky with the setting sun. So shall their flight be "not in the winter."

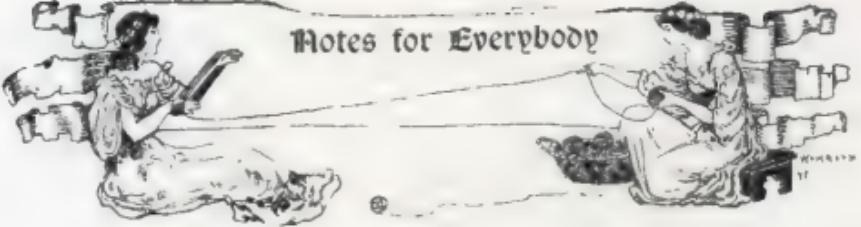
Thoughts

HE who lives for others will have friends, but he who lives for himself must not complain when he finds the world forsaking him.

THERE are two kinds of love—the beautiful worship that finds its reward in constant service, and the little selfish affection that rewards itself by demanding servitude.

Do not be so unreasonable as to expect more from life in the world than life in the world is capable of giving.

How many could be made happy with the blessings which are recklessly thrown away.



Notes for Everybody

For Rest and Zest

THERE is nothing like a hobby for steadyng the nerves, stopping grizzling, and keeping ill-health at bay. If people have something to interest them they have no time to worry over fancied grievances, and less time to bother about their actual cares. When they take up a craze, it may be something that appears to other folk to be very dull or very expensive, or, to make grievous inroads upon their time, they are constantly renewing themselves, and resting other parts of their physical machinery. There is little doubt that such people do get the most out of life, even if their hobby is nothing more exciting than fishing or post-card collecting or geology. It is those who have nothing particular to exercise their attention, who will not be bothered to go in "seriously" for anything, have no patience to make collections, hate pursuits which have to be followed with difficulty, and do not like taking pains, who always have a grievance, never feel well, and never have time for anything. There has just been started a Hobby Club, and never was an institution better deserving of success. Each member is pledged to take up a pursuit if not already enslaved by one, and the larger the membership, the fewer dull and depressed folk will there be at large. If every doctor would prescribe a hobby for idle patients, Society would be gayer and life generally would work more smoothly. Children should be made to take up hobbies as a matter of course. They should no longer be allowed to shirk so wholesome a corrective to mental and physical idleness.



For Boy Scouts

ON TRACKING

If a track is lost, try and imagine in which direction you would have gone if you had been the man or beast who made

it. If this fails, mark the place where you saw the last sign, and begin to circle round this, increasing the circle until you pick up the trail again. Grass that is damaged by animals or men walking over it withers very quickly in a dry climate.

The difference in the tracks of men is very great. Horses walking trotting, and galloping leave tracks of quite a different character, but no two horses' tracks are exactly alike. The harder a horse gallops the deeper and farther apart are the hoof impressions.



For Bridge Players

As to the "eleven" rule it is simplicity itself. You merely subtract the value of the card led from eleven, when the figure left gives you the number of cards higher than the original lead which are out against the leader. For the purpose of illustrating the rule we will suppose that a seven is led. There are thus only four cards of that suit higher than the seven which are not in the leader's hand. You hold king ten and another; and the queen, nine and another are exposed in Dummy's hand. You know, therefore, that the fourth player cannot beat the seven if Dummy passes it, and you can act accordingly. Carefully note that the "eleven" rule is only to be applied to No Trumps.

When a suit declaration has been made a very different plan of campaign requires to be adopted. The blind lead, as it is called, should no longer necessarily spring from your longest suit. Authorities I know differ on this point, but there seems to me to be usually some lead or other infinitely preferable. But in all cases you must be guided by the contents of your hand and your judgment. This is where the good Bridge player comes in.

For Golfers

THE BENT ARM SHOT

Now in describing the "bent arm shot," it may be well to explain a leading principle in iron play: this namely, that when the hands grasping the club reach and pass the ball before the club head, we make the ball run, after it alights, on the other hand, if the club head reaches the ball before the hands, the reverse is the case; hence the further behind the ball you stand, within limits, the weight being on the right foot, and the club nipped sharply upwards after impact, so much the deader will the ball fall.

As in the long game, so also in our iron play, must we consider what becomes of the club after we have hit the ball: if we want distance, we must let the arms and club away; if we want to stop the ball, we must gather the club in and nip it upwards with a sharp little heavenward flick of the wrists; this is a particularly important point to remember, especially if the pitch is a short one, and the more dead we wish the ball to drop, the more do we bear the weight of the body on the right foot and play with arms and wrists alone.

General Hints

To purify the air in a sick-room there is nothing better than the burning of brown paper previously soaked in saltpetre water

and dried, with a handful of lavender leaves laid upon it.



A little black pepper sprinkled on a small piece of antiseptic cotton, the cotton drawn up round the pepper, dipped into warm oil and inserted in the ear is a quick relief when suffering from earache.



For the Housekeeper

PARTRIDGES A LA FRANCAISE

BAKEFOUR young partridges in a quick oven, baste with butter, when half done take from the oven, let get cold; cut them into neat joints, remove the skin and sinew; melt quarter pound of butter in a saucpan, add a dozen mushrooms, a scraped carrot, a sliced shalot, half a blade of mace, a bay leaf, a spoonful of parsley leaves, a slice of onion stuck with two or three cloves, a sprig of thyme, and a slice of lemon cut into pieces. Set over the fire, stir until slightly brown, pour in a pint of veal stock, add the bones and trimmings of the birds, let stew gently until the sauce is reduced one-half; strain, thicken with a little browned flour, put in the pieces of partridge, let cook five minutes, take up. Garnish with croûtons, and serve hot.



Photo

R. G. J.

WATERWITCH BAY, WEIHAIWEI

THE POSTCARD ALBUM

THERE is a great divergence of opinion regarding the Chinese and Japanese amah. Some people contend the latter is preferable to the former on account of her versatility, as she can usually do all sorts of things besides tending her little charges; on the other hand a Chinese amah is usually a far better needle-woman. As for the oft-heard assertion that the Chinese are more sincere in the affection which many of them evince for their little charges, many cases can be quoted where Japanese amahs have proved most devoted and faithful, and they are certainly more picturesque.



THE CHINESE versus JAPANESE AMAH



Photo

Lai Chang

THE BATHING POOL AT KULING

IN spite of prognostications of political disturbances and dangers, Kuling and other holiday resorts continued their way in peace and quietness, throughout the summer and provided many people with a delightful and healthful holiday.



Photo

THE PALACE HOTEL FIRE

The Burr Photo Co.

1. Cupola where the fire occurred. 2. The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China. 3. Messrs. Moutte and Hirschauer's. 4. The Robinson Piano Co. 5. Shanghai Electric Asbestos Co. 6. Messes. Lane, Crawford & Co.

MUCH concern was felt recently when the Palace Hotel cupola was on fire, as there is so much valuable property in close proximity and many residents had a vivid remembrance of the total destruction which followed Messrs. Hall & Holtz' two fires. Pessimistic people thought the great height would baffle the Fire Brigade, but it didn't, as the fire was all put out in a very short time. The photo shows the location of the adjacent buildings.



Photo

A CREEK SCENE

H. C. Marshall

THE scarcity of railways in China, and the poor quality of the roads, have caused the rivers, creeks, and canals to be made use of to an unusual extent. Many are noted for their pestiferous odours, whilst others, such as that seen in photo, are quite picturesque.

THIS tiny photo, taken at the Spring Races, found in my collection of photos, is a reminder that the Autumn Races will soon be here, and that we must set about getting warm garments for the occasion.



AT THE RACES



THE FAMOUS BUBBLING WELL.

A CERTAIN young woman of low but wealthy parentage, having "married well," from the social standpoint, and attained apparently to a somewhat high standard of affection for her elderly husband, found herself in the unhappy predicament of threatened divorce owing to her childless condition. Her lord having given her but one more calendar year to fulfil the obligation of presenting him with the necessary son, she wandered forth alone to bewail her fate: for the equivalent of perpetual "old maidhood" lay before her, and she was but twenty three years old, though married eight years. She sat by the well and wept to all her gods, her tears falling into the little streamlet. Presently the silent water began to bubble furiously, whereupon she rose up, and adjourning to the nearest shrine, told the priest the story, and vowed that a proper joss house should be built as near to the spot as possible if a son was born within the twelvemonth. It fell out as she desired, and the joss-house was built. The proof remains in the fact that the well still "bubbles." This is authentic history without doubt, unless, of course, some one of the other numerous accounts is correct, or the well had bubbled from all time. The faithful historian is discreetly silent.



A NATIVE BARBER

THE general appearance of Shanghai streets has not been enhanced by the disappearance of the queue, as nowadays one sees all sorts of unkempt heads and a variety of foreign head gear, neither of which is half so picturesque or tidy looking as the queue and the uniform skull cap of old.



Photo

Taken in the Seventies
HOUSE OF THE MAN WHO HAD SIX WIVES

I DARE SAY you have heard of the mandarin at Peking, who had six wives who were constantly quarrelling amongst themselves, and whom their lord and master effectually quelled at such times by the application of water applied by means of a hose pipe. Herewith a photo of this well managed domestic menage. Can you wonder that Chinese women are so keen on getting Woman's Suffrage.

WHAT A WOMAN DID

Up and down the huge, rambling, neglected garden, where rare flowers and obnoxious weeds grew side by side, Chris Bolton paced one bright June morning, the sun shining full on his high bald forehead, a perplexed expression on his face, an open letter in his hand.

"I suppose it must be," he said at length, "but good-bye to peace, comfort, contentment once a woman sets her foot in Firwold!"

After a few more disconsolate turns in the garden Mr. Bolton entered the house and wrote a telegram—"Let Miss Majendie come if she likes"; that was all, and few could imagine what a wrench it was to the writer or how much those few simple words cost him. The master of Firwold was eccentric—some declared he was downright mad—a dark, handsome, grave, reserved man of forty, apparently without any aim or object in life, taking no more thought of the morrow than the lilies of the field; if he could pass the hours from sunrise to sunset without pain or worry he was satisfied; from sunset to sunrise he slept. In the early morning he rambled about the shady walks of Firwold, enjoying the society of the birds and flowers and always marvelling why men dwelt in houses and missed most of the beauties of nature. After breakfast he read for two hours, and then he visited his hospital for animals in the stable-yard. Every creature, maimed, halt, blind, that came in Chris Bolton's way, from a frightened field-mouse or worried hedgehog to a horse doomed to the "knacker's" yard, he had put into his nursery and tended with the utmost care and kindness. Lame

rabbits rescued by him from cruel traps, birds with broken wings, blind dogs and cats, all found a friend in Chris Bolton. He ministered to their wants, knew them all, and spent a good many of his afternoons sketching them. After an early and frugal dinner he played the organ in the library and went to his room at sundown.

That was his whole life, and had been for ten years. Letters there were none at Firwold. The postman brought neither terrors nor pleasures to its master, who had resolutely shut himself off from all communication with his fellows; and visitors were scarcer still.

Chris Bolton was very rich, and therefore entirely independent of and indifferent to the opinion of his neighbours. That was fortunate, for they had a bad opinion of him. A man who did not hunt, shoot, fish, visit, flirt, dance, or drink could not be in full possession of his senses, they argued, especially as he had the means of gratifying all the natural pleasures of mankind at his disposal. His park abounded with game that was never shot and foxes that were never hunted; he had a ridiculous theory that he had no right to persecute those creatures for his mere pleasure, and his neighbours called him a lunatic. Nor had it ever occurred to him that Firwold required a mistress, and so women called him a savage, an ogre, and tried to regard him with contempt.

Indeed to such a man the advent of a woman was terrifying, and the arrival of Marie Majendie doubly so. Her very name recalled painful memories, revived thoughts that he fancied were buried for ever. Marie's mother had been his cousin,

his first love and his last, though she never knew it. Marie's father had been for a number of years his dearest friend, till treachery and falsehood parted them; and now, after fifteen years' silence. John Majendie wrote from his death-bed, commanding his only daughter to the care of his old friend and her mother's cousin, and telling him she had not a friend in the world or a home.

The situation was extremely awkward, but Chris Bolton's natural kindness overcame his acquired exclusiveness, and he had this morning telegraphed to the lawyer who had forwarded him John Majendie's letter, and the lawyer, a kind-hearted man with half a dozen daughters of his own, translated the curt message into the most cordial and pressing invitation to the orphan child.

Having sent his message, Mr. Bolton summoned his housekeeper and told her there was a young lady coming—when, he did not know, but she would want some rooms, and Mrs. Bruce was to look after her when she did arrive. The housekeeper passed no comment and asked no questions, but her face indicated her astonishment. The idea of a young lady coming to Firwold was too startling to be readily understood, but when she realised the fact she resented it. Mrs. Bruce was a very good servant, but an extremely unpleasant person outside and beyond her official duties, and she fully determined to make things as unpleasant as possible for the intrusive individual, who would doubtless be interfering with her perquisites and privileges. She would make things uncomfortable for her master too, and began by turning the house out of windows and forcing Mr. Bolton, who hated a fuss or a muddle, to fly in despair to the woods in search of peace and solitude.

While it was only the drawing-room, the dining-room and the library that were swept and garnished he bore it patiently, though women hovering about in white caps and

aprons, with brooms and dustpans, worried him dreadfully; but when long-disused musty boudoirs and morning-rooms were thrown open he rebelled.

"Bruce, there's only one lady coming; she won't want a separate sitting-room for every day in the week!" he cried. "Shut up those doors and bring me the keys!"

The housekeeper felt she had gone far enough and dismissed her myrmidons to the lower regions; but she did not forego her intention of making it lively for the intruder.

Three days later Mr. Bolton received another letter, saying that Miss Majendie would arrive at Welthow station on Tuesday afternoon by the four-fifteen train from London, and would Mr. Bolton kindly send a conveyance to meet her?

"Why, this is Tuesday!" Mr. Bolton said, glancing round in dismay. "I wonder if there is a carriage of any kind fit to go to the station."

Myles, the coachman, who had degenerated into a sort of superintendent of the hospital, brightened up when his master questioned him as to the resources of the coach-house. Though they were never used, his old instinctive habits caused him to keep the carriages and harness in proper order, and he was despatched with the brougham to the station in good time, with orders to wait the arrival of the train and inquire for the lady for Firwold. It was four miles to the station, and, allowing for delays, Mr. Bolton calculated that the carriage would be back by or before five o'clock, so he ordered dinner for Miss Majendie at half-past five. He would meet her that evening, and sit at the table, and explain that he dined early himself and that she might fix her own hour for the meal in future.

The carriage arrived in due time. Bruce, with her stiffest silk dress and sourlest smile, received the visitor in the hall and escorted her to her room, gave her

a cup of tea, and informed her of the dinner-hour. But Miss Majendie's head ached dreadfully; her eyes were red and her cheeks swollen from crying during that long, lonely journey from London. She was awed too by the grandeur and solemnity of Firwold, the portly, patronising butler, the grim coachman, and the stately, uncompromising Mrs. Bruce, so she begged to be excused that evening and deferred making the acquaintance of her new relative till she felt in better spirits.

Mr. Bolton, waiting restlessly in the great old-fashioned drawing-room, breathed a sigh of relief. He too was more than willing to postpone the meeting; he felt uncomfortably nervous about it and sorely puzzled as to what he should say to his old sweetheart's daughter. He imagined she would resemble her mother, and his brow clouded as he remembered the last time he had seen her. It was at her birthday ball, and he had danced with her oftener than any one else, taken her down to supper, and wished her "many happy returns of the day." And she had smiled in her bright frank way and given his hand a little squeeze as she said, "Thanks, Chris." He had resolved then to tell her of his love the very next day and called with that intention; but as he entered the drawing-room John Majendie was leaving it, and Marie Bolton stood beside him, her hand in his, an expression on her face that silenced Chris, for ever. She had flirted with him undoubtedly encouraged him, and without being vain, Chris could not help feeling that she had liked him; but he was poor, and John Majendie was rich. Now he was rich, Marie had died years before of a broken heart. John Majendie was dead too, and their only child was the guest of Chris Bolton, dependent on him for a home, and for more than that too. Surely it was the very irony of fate! Such reflections were not pleasant and were entirely

profitless, so Chris Bolton banished them and played himself into a more tranquil frame of mind; his still unknown guest, dozing wearily off to sleep, wondered where the divine melody came from and dreamed of angels all night.

About six o'clock the next morning, when Chris Bolton entered his garden to say "Good morning" to his roses, he stopped suddenly with an expression of astonishment. Bending over on the flower-beds was a slender girl dressed in deep mourning, with a long plait of fair hair hanging over her shoulder. With her small white hands she was energetically pulling up the nettles and thistles, and already quite a little heap lay on the path limp and withered by the hot sun. She was singing blithely, with the careless, easy gladness of the skylark, and Chris Bolton, standing by the moss-grown sundial, listened intently. Presently she looked up, saw him, and stopped in confusion. Mr. Bolton advanced and held out his hand.

"Miss Majendie, I think?" he said courteously.

"Yes, but I can't shake hands with you"—and she glanced ruefully at her grubby fingers—"though I am very glad to see you, Colonel Bolton."

"I'm never called Colonel now," he replied, with a smile. She was only a child, with the bonniest brown eyes and the sweetest smile, and not a bit like her mother; he felt at his ease in a moment. "You must call me Mr. Bolton or cousin Chris."

"I should like that," she said, surveying him critically and nodding as if entirely satisfied with the result of her examination. "I have often heard mamma speak of you, cousin, but I don't think you are quite like her description."

"It is twenty years since I saw your mother, my child; that will have made a difference. How old are you, and what is your name?" he continued.

"I'm nearly seventeen, and I'm named Marie Christine Bolton Majendie," she replied. "Papa always called me Mollie, and I like it. Cousin Chris, what a dreadful state your garden is in!"

"How so, Miss Mollie? I think my garden delightful."

"But look at all the weeds!" she exclaimed, pointing to the bed she had been working at. "It will take me such a long time to pull them out!"

"Then why do it, my dear? Just look at those you have pulled up, how faded and miserable they are! Why should you disturb them and cause them to die?"

"Because they're not a bit of good, and don't look pretty, and spoil the garden!" was the decisive reply. "Thistles and nettles are horrid cousin Chris, and must be got rid of! I'll work for an hour every morning, and you will not know the beds in a fortnight."

Marie was so much in earnest that Chris had not the heart to tell her that he wished his garden left just as it was, and from that moment his position as absolute master of Firwold was undermined. When the garden was weeded and raked, the roses were tied up, the hedges trimmed, and the walks well "scuffed," she set to work on the lawn, carriage-drive, and door-steps, and at the end of a month the external aspect of the place was considerably altered. Having made up her mind that she liked cousin Chris, and that he was nice and kind and all that, Marie was not a bit afraid of him. Despite his silence and grave looks, she would join him in his morning rambles or follow him to the dining-room and insist on sharing his early dinner. Even the library was not safe from her, and step by step Chris retreated till he found refuge in his own room one day, and then it suddenly dawned upon him that life in that great, gloomy house must be fearfully dull for a bright, merry girl fond of laughter and sunshine

and brimful of childish curiosity. Bruce, the housekeeper, was scarcely companionable, and he smiled as he thought what poor powers of entertainment he possessed himself. He had discovered too that Marie's mind was very much like what his garden had been—it contained some rare flowers and many noxious weeds, and seemed to be sadly in need of a little cultivation. But when he mentioned sending her to school for a year or two, to Paris or Brussels, the bright face grew grave and the brown eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, please don't send me away, cousin Chris!" she pleaded. "I love Firwold, and all schools are horrid." And he was not proof against her tears and entreaties. So the idea of school was abandoned, the suggestion of having a governess met with a similar fate, but still the great problem remained—how was Marie's education to be carried out?

"Why can't you teach me, cousin Chris?" she asked one day. "I'm sure you know everything!"

"Far from it, Mollie! I am one of the most ignorant men you could imagine, but I'll make a bargain with you; if you teach me the things you know, I'll try to teach you music and drawing."

"Then my duty will be the lightest, cousin, for I only know French—just to talk it, you know, so I'll have to chatter to you in that language all day."

"And you may abuse me to your heart's content and I shall not be a jot the wiser," he replied, with a smile, and then, when Marie ran upstairs to unearth her long-neglected music-books and drawing materials, Chris gave himself a little shake just to try to realise whether he were wide awake. The very idea of his sitting down to give music-lessons to a girl was preposterous, but Marie saw nothing strange in it—indeed she was genuinely grateful, for his playing charmed her. And then came the drawing-lessons; every afternoon

she accompanied him to the stable-yard, sketch-book and pencil in hand, and, though her portraits of some of the pensioners bordered on caricature, they were cleverly done.

The routine of life at Firwold was utterly dull and monotonous, but Marie Majendie was happy and contented enough; she wished for no change and was entirely unconscious of the great and material one she had wrought in her guardian. He was no longer reserved, silent, and solemn—how could he be with Marie constantly at his side, chattering merrily, suggesting alterations and improvements, lecturing him too in her pretty, imperious way for his laziness and carelessness, reproaching him for not taking a greater pride in the beauties of Firwold? As the autumn passed and the evenings became short she caused him to break through the rule he had followed for years of going to rest with the sun; she laughed him out of it; it was droll to see a man go upstairs at six o'clock just as if he were a naughty child sent to bed as a punishment, and he was forced to confess that they had some uncommonly happy and cosy hours in the library long after the sun had disappeared. In truth, Chris Bolton scarcely knew how much he enjoyed Marie's society or what a pleasant change she had made in his monotonous, morbid life till there came a chance of losing her.

One wintry week there was severe frost and snow, but Marie would walk to church on the Sunday morning, and she caught a severe cold that nearly cost her her life. She never knew of the terrible hours Chris endured while she lay tossing in agony or moaning in feeble unconsciousness. Day and night he paced restlessly up and down the library, every hour almost he inquired how she was progressing, and, when the doctor said all danger was over, he could hardly understand the sudden sensation of choking that oppressed him and the swift

moisture that rose to his eyes. The child had taken possession of his heart, and the thought of Firwold without her was intolerable. He never imagined her as anything more than a child, never allowed his thoughts to dwell on her as a woman with admirers and lovers and a desire for society and amusements.

The snowdrops were gone and the lilacs budding before Marie was quite recovered and able to ramble about the woods once more. She seemed to have grown much taller during her illness, but her face was more childlike than ever, for the long, fair tresses had been cut off and her hair curled in close, soft rings round her forehead. Chris Bolton could not help thinking of her sweet, innocent beauty and hoping some good man might be destined to take charge of her for life.

One day fate set down a suitor at his very door. A gentleman on a sketching tour met with an accident just at the gate of Firwold—a man on a tricycle ran him down and broke his leg. They carried him up to the house, and Marie ordered a room to be prepared, sent a servant for the doctor, and saw the patient laid on a couch in the dining-room before Mr. Bolton recovered from his surprise at the lodge-keeper's venturing to bring a disabled man to the house where every other animal was cordially welcomed. However the thing was done, and Harold West was there for several weeks. At first he was inclined to be impatient and entreated the doctor to have him removed, no matter what the consequence, but at that moment Marie entered the room and the invalid's objections to Firwold mysteriously disappeared.

A guest, no matter how unwelcome, would not be treated discourteously by Mr. Bolton, and as soon as the young artist began to recover his host felt a certain interest in him. He was fresh from the world Chris had left behind so

many years; he talked of art and culture, of progress and the new school of poetry, and Chris Bolton listened to the jargon of aestheticism and the daring speculations of modern science with amusement. Marie was interested too—indeed it was chiefly for her edification that Mr. West discoursed so eloquently and repeated so many pages of his favourite poets. Swinburne and Rossetti were new to both his listeners, but, while Marie was enthusiastic in her praise, Chris expressed his opinion in one word—"Jingle!" But it was Marie the artist wished to please; it was her eyes he wished to see sparkle and flash, and by-and-by Mr. Bolton began to leave them a good deal to themselves.

West had explained his circumstances fully—he was the only child of an extremely wealthy ironfounder; as it was he had two thousand a year of his own, and he had fallen in love with Marie Majendie. Would Mr. Bolton permit him to try to win her? All that was very manly and straightforward, and of course Mr. Bolton had no reasonable objection to offer, but it was with a strange, dull, sensation of anger that he watched the artist lay siege to the girl's unsuspecting heart. He was young, handsome, clever—superficially at least—and he played the interesting *rôle* of invalid to perfection. Everything, even to opportunity, was in Harold West's favour, and yet at the end of a month he could not flatter himself that he had made any very decided progress, and he was almost well enough to leave Firwold.

One afternoon he resolved to decide his fate, and in a few sensible words for so very sentimental a person he told Marie of his love and asked her to be his wife. Marie listened in wonder that changed to genuine regret as he explained how very deeply his affections were engaged, how impossible it would be for him to forget her, and Chris, returning from visiting his invalids, passed the drawing-room

window and saw Marie sitting on the couch and West beside her, holding her hand in his. Feeling much as if he had received a sudden blow that for a moment had taken his breath away, he turned into the library and threw himself into a chair. It was only then all that losing Marie meant came fully home to him—the blank desolation that would fall on Firwold and on him. In the midst of his meditations she entered the library, looking sad and thoughtful. Chris Bolton's heart gave a great throb as he looked at her, and then he hated himself for the sudden joy he felt at the sight of her apparent sorrow. Had she burst in on him just then, blushing, smiling, transfigured with new-found happiness, he could scarcely have borne it. For a moment she stood irresolute; then she knelt down by his chair and, burying her face in the cushion, burst into tears. Chris let her cry quietly for a few minutes; then he raised her face very gently and looked into her eyes.

"What is it, childie? What troubles you?" he asked.

"Nothing—I am very foolish!"—and she dashed her tears away resolutely. "Would you believe it, cousin Chris, that wretched man actually wanted me to marry him, and he says he's very unhappy, and—and I wish he had never come to Firwold! Of course I refused him!"

"Don't you love him, Marie?"—and his lips quivered as he put the question. "Are you sure, dear, that you have been wise in refusing him? You should have taken time to consider."

"I did not need a moment, cousin. I never could care in the least about Mr. West in that way. I never want to marry any one if you will let me stay here with you"—and she laid her face on his hand with a look of infinite content.

"Little one, do you think you could be happy with me and never ask to leave me?" he whispered, laying his hand on her head

"Think of it, dear—could you spend your whole life here at Firwold with cousin Chris?"

"I could spend my whole life anywhere with you," she whispered, hiding her crimson face from him; but he had seen the sudden radiance in her eyes and a swift, indescribable expression of gladness, wonder, and content that convinced him she understood his words and accepted his love.

"My darling!" he faltered, taking her to his arms. "I never dared hope for such happiness as this; I think you will never know all you have done for me."

"Not half as much as you have done for me!" was the low reply, "Oh, Chris, if you had sent me away, I think I should have died!"

"And had you gone, my love, there would have been no such happiness as death for me. Twice have you been restored to me when I had almost given

up hope, and now I begin to feel that you are my very own."

* * *

Three months later Marie and Chris Bolton were married, and on their return from their honeymoon visitors once more ventured to call at Firwold. Since its master was clothed and in his right mind again they were willing to condone his past offences, and Chris was disposed to be on friendly terms with all the world, so great a change had Marie wrought in him. The old solitary, aimless life was put aside for ever. There were the sounds of merry laughter in the gloomy old house, bright faces were assembled in the drawing-room, the doors were ever hospitably open, and Firwold was fast regaining its character for pleasant entertainments under Marie's rule, and her husband often says he can hardly realise all one little woman has done for him or be sufficiently grateful that the one wonderful little woman is his wife.



Photo.

Camera Craft Co.

A GROUP TAKEN AT PEKING OF SOME OF THE RUSSIAN OFFICERS STATIONED THERE

Two Historical S.V.C. Photographs



REVIEW HELD ON SHANGHAI'S JUBILEE, NOVEMBER 17TH, 1893

PUNCTUALLY at 9.30 a.m. the volunteers fell in on the Race Course, where the naval forces were already mustered. The volunteers included the following units: Light Horse, Artillery, Engineers, "A", "B", "D", and the German Companies. Captain Brodie Clarke was in command of the Artillery and Captain Lanning directed the movements of the Infantry.



TROOPING THE COLOUR IN 1897

SERGEANT MAJOR LOWRIE conveyed the colour on to the ground and immediately afterward Lieut. Whittall of "C" Co. with the left half of "A" Company under Lieut. Gumpert marched opposite the colour. Lieut. Whittall received the colour from the Sergt. Major and headed by the Fife and Drum the colour party took up a position at the centre of the line, receiving a general salute. From thence a move was made from the extreme right of the line and at a slow march the colour and escort proceeded through the ranks.

The Shanghai Volunteer Corps

*Extract from Lloyds' Twentieth Century Impressions of Hongkong,
Shanghai, etc., The Municipal Gazette and other sources*

PART V.

ON January 20, 1900 Major Cecil Holliday once more resigned his command and Major Donald Mackenzie, relinquishing the police duties, succeeded him. In June, Major Mackenzie went home on leave, and Major Erodie Clarke assumed command of the corps. His term of office proved to be one of the most strenuous that ever fell to the lot of an officer commanding in the Settlement, for the Boxer outbreak constituted a cause for alarm such as had scarcely been

at a moment's notice. A General Service Company was organised early in the year for non-combatant duties, such as assisting the police and fire brigade, attending to the injured, and supplying food and ammunition to those under arms. Two new infantry companies—the Japanese and the Customs—were enrolled, and formed valuable additions to the corps. In September, the Shanghai Volunteers were attached to the 2nd Infantry Brigade of the China Expeditionary Force, under the command of Major-General O'Moore



A REVIEW HELD ON THE SHANGHAI RECREATION GROUND BY COUNT VON WALDERSEE
DURING THE BOXER RISING IN 1900

equalled in the modern history of Shanghai. The excitement became intense, and thousands of Chinese fled from the city. The Volunteers rose to the occasion. Every available opportunity for drills was seized, new companies were formed, and the corps held itself in readiness for action

Creagh, v.c., for drill and manœuvre. British, French, German, and Japanese troops had meanwhile been landed in the Settlement, and on September 22nd such a display of armed force was given on the race-course in honour of Count Waldersee, and everyone felt re-assured. Happily no

attack was made upon the Settlement, and events recovered their normal aspect. The effect upon the Volunteers, however, had been magical, and the corps rose to a total strength of 866. The efficiency of the men was higher than it had ever been before and the establishment of the Volunteer Club, with advantages afforded for social intercourse by the new Drill Hall, opened early in the year, had done much to foster the spirit of unity, and to fuse good feeling with the laudable spirit of emulation between the various companies.

The affairs of 1900 were not without their good lessons; and these lessons were brought forcibly home to the volunteers, and to the citizens generally, by Lieut.-Colonel The O'Gorman who inspected the troops at the end of the annual training in 1901. He referred with satisfaction to the very great increase in efficiency that had taken place since his visit twelve months previously, and praised the manner in which the newly-formed companies and the cyclists' section had acquitted themselves. Then followed a warning against the danger of over-confidence to which the community was exposed. "I would impress upon all ranks" he said, "the urgent necessity of keeping the corps well up to the mark in numbers and efficiency. It was a happy accident that during the preceding year a brigade of regular troops was spared from North China to protect the lives and vast wealth of foreign inhabitants in Shanghai. There is no guarantee that this will be done in the

future in the event of another outbreak. I think that the men understand that a vast responsibility rests with them and I believe that they are prepared to fulfil their trust loyally. The danger is that the presence of regular troops may create a false sense of security, which should be guarded against." He expressed pleasure that his suggestion to re-arm the Light Horse, Naval Company, and Reserve with Martini-Metford carbines in place of the worn out Martini-Henry rifles had been carried out, and that .303 ammunition could henceforward be used throughout the whole corps. He further recommended



VOLUNTEERS BEING INSPECTED BY SIR NICHOLAS HANNEN AND COLONEL BROWN IN 1897

that not less than 250,000 rounds of ammunition should be kept in stock—that khaki uniforms—serge, for winter and drill for summer wear—should be adopted.

AN INTERESTING RECORD

As the particulars of the strength of the Corps in 1900 is interesting as a matter of record, we append the following list which is taken from the Municipal Gazette:—

STAFF—Major D. Mackenzie (Commanding the Corps); Major B. A. Clarke, Second in Command; Major C. Holliday, Station Staff Officer; Captain and Adjutant

C. Wedemeyer; Captain W. M. Dowdall, Engineer Officer; Chaplain The Rev. H. C. Hodges, M.A.; Corps Sgt.-Major J. Lowrie; Sgt Major A. B. Trodd; Staff Sgt. Instructor W. Armstrong.

LIGHT HORSE—Capt. E. P. Wickham, Lieut. H. E. Keylock, 2nd Lieut. W. J. N. Dyer—43 N.C. Officers and Men.

ARTILLERY—Capt. T. Ruff, Lieut. G. V. T. Marshall, 2nd Lieut. E. B. R. Pragnell.—76 N.C. Officers and Men.

"A" COMPANY—Capt. W. D. Little (on leave), Capt. E. Gumpert, Lieut. L. J. Cubitt, 2nd Lieut. F. A. Rickard, 2nd Lieut. G. E. Stewart.—137 N.C. Officers and Men.

"B" COMPANY—Capt. T. E. Trueman, Lieut. W. Whitfield, 2nd Lieut. H. R. H. Thomas.—78 N.C. Officers and Men.

GERMAN COMPANY—Capt. H. Heyn, Lieut. L. Philipp, 2nd Lieut. C. Landgraf.—78 N.C. Officers and Men.

NAVAL COMPANY—Sub-Lieut. J. D. Strang.—97 Petty Officers and Men.

CUSTOMS COMPANY—Capt. G. Lanning, Lieut. W. F. Tyler, 2nd Lieut. R. H. R. Wade.—89 N.C. Officers and Men.

JAPANESE COMPANY—Capt. S. Inamura, Lieut. Y. Arai, 2nd Lieut. Y. Kai.—63 N.C. Officers and Men.

RESERVE COMPANY—Capt. C. Adamson, Lieut. J. Buchanan, Lieut. G. W. Noel, Lieut. E. E. Porter, Lieut. H. W. G. Hayter, Lieut. G. R. Wingrove, Lieut. C. Stepharius (German Section).—136 N.C. Officers and Men.

MEDICAL STAFF—Major W. J. Miles, Capt. C. Lalaca, Lieut. A. Stanley.—Total of all ranks 855.



TROOPING THE COLOURS
Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, June 1897

RETIRRED LIST—Major G. J. Morrison, Major E. Henderson, Capt. W. H. Anderson, and Capt. C. J. Dudgeon.

* * *

NOTES FROM MUNICIPAL GAZETTE

An American Emergency Company was formed in June consisting of about fifty or sixty men, the officers being Messrs. F. H. Haskell (Captain), Lieut. S. Jascott, and Lieut. M. Warner. This Company was disbanded three months latter.

An attempt was made to start a Portuguese Company but failed.

An Emergency body of Scouts under Messrs. J. S. Fearon and A. W. Burkhill was also formed in July 1900.



THE VOLUNTEER FIFE AND DRUM BAND
Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Celebrations in 1897

Prominent S.V.C. Officers

MAJOR BRODIE CLARKE, who was born at Achareidh, Nairn, Scotland, in May 1844, has the distinction, before his retirement last year, of being the oldest active Volunteer officer of British nationality, with the longest record of continuous service. As early as April 1860 he joined the Nairnshire Volunteers, and took part in the famous Scottish Volunteer Review before the late Queen Victoria at Edinburgh in August of that year. Coming to China at the beginning of 1864 and to Shanghai early in 1866 he was immediately enrolled a trooper in the Shanghai Rangers, who, in those days, were commanded by Mr. John Markham, the British Consul, and he remained with that unit until June 1870 which was the month when the Tientsin massacre occurred, and being then in the Mih-ho-loong Fire Brigade was one of the members who petitioned the Council that they should be armed on account of the trouble up North, as a Military Body, and when this was sanctioned by the Council he resigned the Rangers and joined the Mih-ho-loong as a private in the military branch and was shortly afterwards promoted to the rank of sergeant, which position he retained until the beginning of 1881 when he rejoined the Light Horse, originally the Rangers, and in the same year received a commission as second lieutenant. In 1883 he went home on leave, but, returning to Shanghai at the beginning of 1884, he rejoined the troop and remained with them until June 1888 when he was transferred by the Council to the Artillery, receiving a commission as acting lieutenant in command of the Artillery. In December of that year he

passed the examination for captains before Captain Fletcher of the Royal Artillery and then took command of the battery. Ten years later in December 1898 he received his commission from the Council as Major commanding the Artillery and after holding this appointment for a short



MAJOR BRODIE A. CLARKE

time he was transferred to the staff, and became second in command of the Corps. During his service with the Artillery, and since being on the staff, he has been in command of the corps on several occasions, the more noticeable of these being the Shanghai Jubilee in 1893, and the Boxer Troubles of 1900. He has the China medal, as well as the Shanghai Jubilee medal.

CAPTAIN G. R. WINGROVE, the officer commanding the Reserve Company, has been connected with the Volunteer Force in India and China for over thirty-five years. He joined the Bombay Rifle Corps in 1876, and, subsequently, upon taking up his residence in Hongkong, joined the newly-formed Hongkong Artillery as a

Company, which was organised during the Boxer troubles. After returning from leave in 1902, he served for a time as quartermaster and assistant-adjutant before assuming his present duties, which he carries out with the same whole-hearted enthusiasm which he applies to everything he takes in hand.



CAPTAIN G. R. WINGROVE

gunner, eventually attaining the rank of sergeant. Upon coming to Shanghai in 1880 he was enrolled as a private in "A" Company, Mih-ho-loong Rifles, as they were called in those days. He received a commission in 1891, and was the first officer of the corps to pass the examination at the School of Instruction for Volunteer officers held at Wellington Barracks in the same year. He remained with "A" Company until 1899, and was afterwards attached to the Reserve Company, but in 1900 was promoted captain, and appointed instructor of the Japanese

MAJOR T. E. TRUEMAN has been connected with the volunteers during the whole of his residence in China, and has played by no means an unimportant part in placing the corps on an efficient military basis. He came to Shanghai in November, 1883, and in January of the following year was enrolled as a private of "B" Company.



MAJOR T. E. TRUEMAN

In those days the force numbered scarcely three hundred men or less than one-third of its present strength. Major Trueman's promotion was rapid. He became a corporal in 1885, a sergeant in 1888, and was

given a commission as second lieutenant on October 3rd, 1889. He was promoted first lieutenant in 1891, and was given command of a company in July, 1894. Five years later, whilst in England, he attended the School of Instruction at Che'sea Barracks and gained a "special" in the examination for officers of his rank. On returning to Shanghai, however, he had to resign his commission in accordance with the old Municipal regulations, which, for no very definite reason, required all officers to go back to the ranks after returning from leave. This procedure, however, was simply a matter of form, for he rejoined as a private in November, 1890, and in February, 1900, was re-instated as captain. On November 14th, 1906, he was gazetted major in command of the Infantry Battalion. The following year he was again on leave and passed the examination at the Chelsea School of Instruction for officers of field rank,

obtaining, a second time, the distinction of a special certificate. He returned to Shanghai in December, 1907, and on April 18th, 1912, was promoted second in command in succession to Major Brodie A. Clarke, retired. Besides desiring to see the corps maintain as high a standard as possible in all their different exercises, Major Trueman has, from the beginning, taken a special interest in shooting. As a private he was a marksman, and wore the cross guns every year until he obtained his commission. On three occasions he has held the cup for revolver-shooting, presented by the late Dr. Lalacaca, at one time Senior Medical officer of the corps, for competition amongst the officers of the corps. His example and enthusiasm were not without effect upon his men, and "B" Company, while under his command, were the holders for a long time of the inter-company challenge shield.



Side-Lights on Life

PROGRESS is the material result of differences of opinion.

REVOLUTION is simply extract of evolution : evolution in a hurry.

EVEN wisdom will never be able to learn as much as folly thinks it knows.

IF you do not hear Reason she will rap you over the knuckles.

THE "fastest" man cannot keep up with his expenses.

THE man who would look a gilt-horse in the mouth would probably tickle a gift-mule in the heel.

A round steak makes a square meal.

THE only thing which one can do, and the only thing which any man need do, is his duty. 'Tis a short word, but it covers a vast space.

HONOUR is but the reflection of a man's own actions shining bright in the face of all about him, and from thence rebounding upon himself.

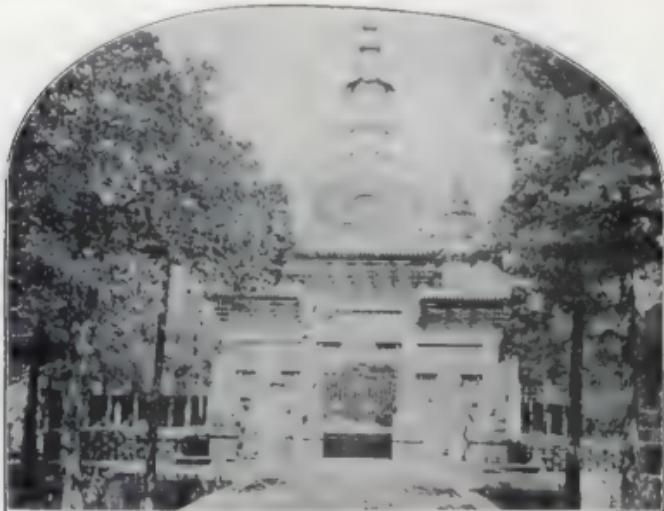
SOMEBOODY writes to inquire why tapping the face of the barometer makes the hands move. If anyone were to tap his face wouldn't his hands move?

RELIGION IN CHINA

THE religions of China which have in recent times been of a very indefinite quality, seem to have taken a new lease of life, and are being much more discussed than they have been for some time, both here and abroad. Dr. Gilbert Reid has instituted a course of public lectures in which various points of the religions which have prevailed in China, amongst the Chinese for centuries past,

leavened with a certain amount of superstitious lore supplied by Taoism is the so-called religion adopted by the average native. Of the three religions Confucianism is the only one which took its rise on the soil of China, Buddhism and Taoism having been imported from the western frontiers of the Empire.

Indeed, when Buddhist Missionaries arrived from India in A.D. 61, to make a



ENTRANCE TO THE LAMA TEMPLE, PEKING

have been fully discussed. If one measured the religious enthusiasm of China by the number of Buddhist Temples dotted around, one would imagine that the majority of natives professed the religion of Buddha, whilst enquiries amongst the educated classes would lead one to think that Confucianists prevailed. Generally speaking, an amalgamation of the two religions,

second attempt to introduce Buddhism in this country, the Confucianists raged and persecuted, but the Buddhists held on with the widespread results which we see in China to-day.

When one reads of the missionary crusade that Buddhist priests are now attempting to make in civilised countries, it makes one pause to think, as to a

certain order of mind, there is something very alluring in the doctrines professed by Buddhists.

A curious feature is the close resemblance of the Buddhist commandments to those which most of us have been taught in our childhood. They only number five and are as follow:—

"Thou shalt not kill," "thou shalt not steal," thou shalt not commit any unchaste act," "thou shalt not lie," and "thou shalt not drink any intoxicating liquor."

When the Chinese adopted idolatry, temples in which to worship idols became a necessity, hence these sacred edifices are to be found wherever men congregate, one of the most important being Lama Temple in Peking, miniatures and paintings of which are to be found in abundance, and concerning which one hears all manner of reports which are by no means reputable, or likely to add to the credit of, religion in China.

Near akin to Buddhism, but in a much debased form is the Lamaism in Thibet.

The most interesting object lessons in this way may be seen in the Lama Temple in Peking, but other most instructive and artistic sights are on view at the "Yellow" Temple, and the so-called "Bottee" Pagoda, with its temples. The Lama worship is universal among all Thibetans. It must be practically considered as sheer demonolatry with a view to obviating the contingent mischief the various devils might cause, if offended. Skulls of devout priests after death, serve as altar wine offering instruments; thigh bone horns, drums with sides made of human skin, spine joint rosaries, all are employed in worship.

The Marble Dagoba or Relic Stupa over a Buddhist relic, in the Yellow Temple is the most artistic Lamaistic adornment still extant, although it has suffered severely from vandalism from the foreign troops during the Boxer occupation when the temple was used by the Japanese troops. The Lama Temple contains unique images, but the crudity of the realistic images precludes their close description in print.

Exit Baseball

Oh, the baseball season's finished,
And the tired teams are through;
Our spirits have diminished;
We are feeling sad and blue,
And on our sunbrown'd face the gleam
Of sunshine's lost at last,
Because the baseball season
Has
Gone
'Way
Past.

Oh, the rooter he has scooted;
He's through doping baseball lore,
For his larynx is polluted
And his bronchials are sore;
To-day this life to him does seem
A cold and chilly blast,
Because the baseball season
Has
Gone
'Way
Past.



STEIGER, A WELL KNOWN RED SOCK BASEBALL PLAYER

The Rowing Club Regatta

THE Rowing Club were again most fortunate in the matter of weather when they held their Autumn Regatta at Quinsan this year.

THE INTERNATIONAL FOOURS was a most sensational race, the German crew winning in grand style by a couple of lengths, while the Scotch crew which came second, were two boat lengths ahead of the English. The names of the winning team were Bow—G. Reichel, 2—R. Schmidt, 3—J. Busch, Stroke—W. O. Koehler, Cox—E. Schloegel.

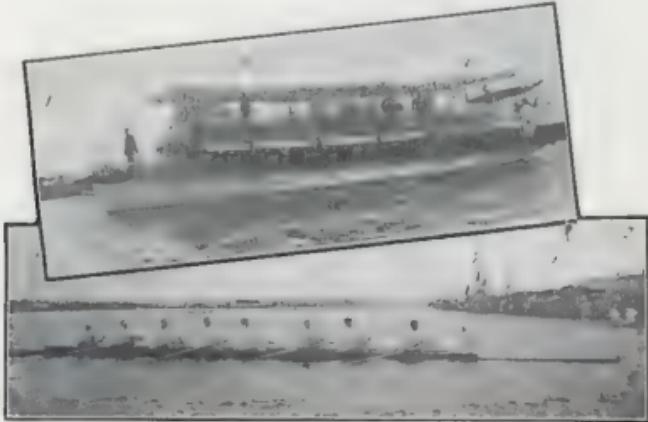
After them came in rotation England, Scotland, and Germany. The winners were Bow—C. O. Schafer, Stroke—C. V. Jensen, Cox—R. Bouncken.

In the Junior Sculls, Schmidt won easily from G. Wallace.

SECOND DAY

After the various sensations of the first day, enthusiasm was very high. Again good weather prevailed, although King Sol was not so noticeable as on the first day.

The International Eights created much



Photo

1. MR. TAM WAI'S MOTOR LAUNCH "PORTIA"

Lai Chong

2. THE SCOTCH EIGHT

In a race between the World and England, the former won comfortably by two lengths. The winning crew being: Bow—G. Wallace, 2—R. Wood, 3—J. E. Law, 4—T. C. Conner, 5—E. M. Berthel, 6—H. D. Rodger, 7—E. Thacher, Stroke—B. Molnar, Cox—E. Schloegel.

The International Pairs supplied intense sensation, the Denmark crew winning by a length, after a very exciting competition.

enthusiasm, besides no small amount of surprise, as the Scotch crew came in a boat length ahead of the English, which was the favourite, Germany coming third. The names of the winners were Bow—J. E. Law, 2—A. H. Bremner, 3—D. E. M. Drummond, 4—D. M. Graham, 5—A. S. Campbell, 6—A. W. Macphail, 7—D. C. Hutchison, Stroke—T. W. Hill, Cox—Arnold Jones.

In the Griffins Four, Brewer's crew beat their only opponents, at the same time also beat the record by a matter of fifteen seconds. The winners were Bow—R. Moon, 2—W. G. Fischer, 3—H.A. Steven, Stroke—J. Brewer, Cox—A. M. Maclean.

In the International Trial Fours, England secured an easy win, followed in rotation by Germany, America, and Scotland. The winning crew were Bow—

2—C. Schafer, 3—J. E. Law, 4—T. C. Conner, 5—H. D. Rodger, 6—R. Schmidt, 7—D. M. Graham, Stroke—G. Reichel, Cox—Arnold Jones.

This terminated two excellent days' sport which was followed on Sunday by a most interesting Gymkhana, to which much interest was contributed by the inclusion of ladies amongst the competitors. The weather being lovely, added to the unqualified success which attended the whole pro-

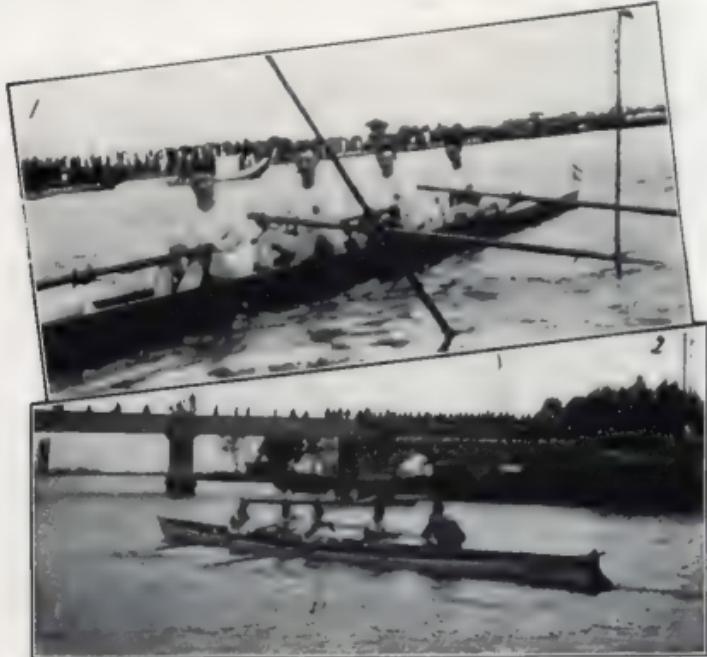


Photo
1. WINNERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FOURS

Lai Cheng
2. WINNERS OF THE GRIFFINS FOURS

W. J. Brown, 2—D. H. Cooke, 3—W. North, Stroke—E. G. Masters, Cox—W. A. Birchall.

The Sculling Championship was won in grand style by Charlton, Koehler, and Berthel coming second and third.

The S.V.C. Fours proved an easy race for the German crew, "A." Co. arriving second, and the Maxims third. The winners were Bow—E. Raegener, 2—R. Schmidt, 3—J. Busch, Stroke—G. Reichel, Cox—E. Schloegl.

The Club Eights was won by the following crew:—Bow—E. Raegener,

ceedings, an illustrated description of which we are holding over for two reasons. We have secured so many interesting photos that we had not sufficient room in this number to do the eventful day justice, and it holds so much personal interest that we thought a description of the Regatta written by Belle Heather would make an attractive feature for our 'Xmas Number.'

LIST OF OFFICIALS:

Captain—Mr. D. M. Graham.

Judges—Sir Havilland de Saumarez,

Messrs. Brodie A. Clarke, W. S. Livingston, C. Stepharius, J. T. Disselduff and Fitzroy Lloyd.

Umpire—Mr. E. T. Byrne.

Referees—Messrs. E. R. Morrissey and C. H. Arnhold.

Chapeaux, A. W. U. Pope, and W. E. Nops.

Signalling—Mr. H. R. Hertslet.

Press Launch—Mr. R. W. MacCabe.

Pontoon—Messrs. C. H. Rutherford and J. E. R. Harris.



Photo

Lai Chong

SOME OF THE COMPETITORS

Starter—Mr. A. L. Anderson.

Timekeepers—Messrs. P. L. Byrne and B. Jackson.

Clerks of the Course—Messrs. M.

General Regatta Committee—Messrs. H. Breuer, H. Cooper, W. O. Koehler, C. H. Rutherford, H. G. L. Milles, Hon. Treasurer, and D. H. Cooke, Hon. Secretary.



Photo

Lai Chong

THE CLUB PONTOON

WEDDING

A VERY pretty wedding took place on September 24th at the Union Church, Kuling, between Miss Amelia Gladys Little and Mr. William J. Hawkings. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Jackson, and Mrs. Harvey officiated at the organ during the service which included some interesting music. The bride, who was given away by her father, Mr. E. S. Little, wore a beautiful gown of ivory Liberty satin, trimmed with hand-wrought Honiton Point Lace. The skirt was fashioned with a square train according to the latest vogue, and the bodice was made with revers which opened over a transparent yoke. Her veil of hand embroidered tulle was fastened with a wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of white carnations and ferns. Miss Maud Banister, who acted as bridesmaid, wore a pretty dress of pale blue veiled in white, and a becoming hat of silk tagel straw trimmed with pink roses. She also wore a pearl and turquoise brooch which had been given her by the bridegroom as a souvenir of the occasion.

After a short honeymoon

spent at the "Knoll," Kuling, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkings came to Shanghai, where a large reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents on October 10th. Between four and five hundred guests were present, and the Astor Band was in attendance. The hostess wore an artistic gown of grey satin trimmed with fringe and flowered chiffon, and was assisted by six young ladies attired in charming pink frocks. The floral decorations which were carried out entirely in pink and white amidst green foliage evoked much admiration.



Photo

THE WEDDING GROUP
Hawkings—Little

Burr Photo Co



Photo

THE GUESTS AT THE RECEPTION HELD AT THE RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. E. S. LITTLE IN HONOUR OF THEIR DAUGHTER'S WEDDING

Burr Photo Co.

The Portuguese Celebrations

THE celebration of the second anniversary of the Republic of Portugal in Shanghai, this year, was on a most elaborate scale, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the day. The fact that the fifth of October this year was a Saturday gave the Portuguese community a splendid opportunity to enjoy the Republican Day in a way that was worthy of the occasion. A unique programme was planned two months ahead and the Committee appointed by Mr. Barjona, the Consul-General for Portugal, to carry out the arrangements, worked hard at their public-spirited task. The Consul took a personal interest in everything and threw open his residence and lawn for rehearsals, besides being present on every occasion to lend encouragement and to entertain his young guests. Under such favourable circumstances it was little wonder that everybody worked with much zest and good will, and that such splendid results were attained. The festivities took place on the

THE CONSULATE'S LAWN

which was tastefully decorated with flags, evergreens and bunting, the national colours, green and red, predominating in the scheme of decoration. Spacious marquees were erected to serve as supper and refreshment rooms, while an artistic Chinese Tea House nestled in a corner,



THE PORTUGUESE COMPANY ACTED AS GUARD OF HONOUR

with a miniature stage close by. At night when the lawn and every structure were brilliantly illuminated by electricity, the *tout ensemble* of the place was quite picturesque and fairylike. The celebrations started with

THE RECEPTION

which took place between four and six. It was largely attended by the Consular Body, the Chinese Officials and the Portuguese community, and refreshments were served on a most lavish scale. A band was in attendance, while the Portuguese Company of the S.V.C. and the Portuguese Boy Scouts acted as a guard of honour

THE AL FRESCO

ENTERTAINMENT

in the evening began at nine and did not terminate till after two a.m. A varied programme was arranged, including a dramatic performance of a classical piece, entitled "A Ceia dos Cardeas" by Dantas. It was in excellent order and the scenery was exceptionally well designed. All the actors came in for unstinted praise. Two country dances "Vira" and "Canina Verde" were danced by a bevy of girls and a group of young men who were dressed in picturesque peasant costumes. They were well applauded for their efforts, which were thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Mrs. Pedrico Nolasco was the untiring instructress of the dances and she was congratulated on every side for the excellent results attained. The quaint dances come from the Province of Minho and are derived from ancient origin, and are danced at all the fairs held in the

Provinces by the peasants. The Indian Club drill was well executed by a number of girls under Mr. J. A. Selavisa Alves' direction, for which the little folks received well merited applause. The Philarmonica Portugueza played several selections in their usual finished style, and also very kindly furnished the dance music throughout the evening. The celebrations entailed much hard work the results of which were much appreciated. The march past by the Volunteers and the ladies and gentlemen present was an impressive feature of the evening, more especially when they drew up in front of the Consulate and saluted



Ph.tu

THE INDIAN CLUB DRILL BY THE YOUNG GIRLS

Rembrandt

the National Colour and the Consul, after which three loud and enthusiastic "vivas" were given for the success of the Republic. The band struck up the hymn "A Portugueza" which was taken up by the gathering, who sang it lustily.

SUPPER

was served after eleven, the menu proving an excellent one. The refreshment room was well patronised by the guests who found all they wanted there to satisfy them.

THE TEA HOUSE

was under the charge of the Chinese subjects of the Portuguese Republic and here the finest tea and Chinese cakes were served. The ladies found their way there very frequently to imbibe the scented Pekhoe and fragrant Ningchow and nibble the delicious cakes. Everything went off without a hitch and everybody was as free and as blithe as the lark in the early morning.

THE CHILDREN'S TEA

A tea party was given to the children on Sunday, the 6th October, when they were entertained with the dances and drills which had been given the previous night. To Mr. Harjona and the hard-working Committee the celebration owed its success and the thanks of the community are due to them for supplying such a pleasant evening in honour of the young Republic

C. E. L. O.



Pano

Rembrandt

A GROUP OF THE PERFORMERS IN THE COUNTRY DANCES
"VIRA" AND "CANINA VERDE."



A "Give Away"

"PLEASE, ma'am, won't you read the letter?"

The voice was that of a little boy, by whose side stood a smaller child carrying a great basket upon his arm. The lady addressed took the note and read: "Good person, please give these starving little ones—fatherless and motherless—a penny."

The reader regarded the beggars with tearful eyes as she inquired, in a voice choked with emotion: "Who wrote this note for you?"

With a sniffler of expectancy the elder answered, suavely, "Me Muvver, ma'am!"

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

Interesting Details About Back Door Loans

DURING the last fortnight a marked change of tone is noticeable in all the papers which had anything to say about the Great Loan Question, on the successful termination of which apparently depends the future well-being of China. Those papers which have constantly opposed the Sextuple Group, and have been ranting against the British Government for withholding its support from the Back Door Loan are either totally dumb, or much more moderate in tone, whilst those in favour of it have assumed the decisive tone which they ought to have assumed long ago. This remarkable change of tone has presumably been brought about by an article which recently appeared in the *Shanghai Times*, which exposed the original foundation of one of the most prominent Back Door Loans. One could almost feel sorry for those whose duplicity has been so ruthlessly exposed, if one could forget the fact that the bulk of the commercial part of the country in general, and nearly every individual man and woman who has to make their living out here in particular, has been compelled to stand helplessly by, whilst the people intimately concerned with these precious Back Door Loans manipulated the ropes with a view to ultimately annexing handsome profits.

*

promptly set about forming a company which was registered at Hongkong, without any very extensive publicity, immediately after the Republic had become established. This of course was quite in order, the only remarkable fact being the subsequent secrecy which marked the progress of the Syndicate, the name of which has never been brought prominently before the public, although it has gradually developed from a little tin pot affair into a pretentious financial concern, which was ultimately credited with being responsible for the recent flotation of a very substantial Back Door Loan.

Enter The Bankers Group

BEFORE this syndicate was able to command sufficient funds to be of any practical assistance to the Provisional Government, the latter was compelled by urgent financial exigencies to have recourse to foreign aid, and the Four Banks Group came to the rescue with an advance of Tls. 12,000,000 pending completion of their negotiations. Then commenced a financial campaign the continuance of which has mystified and aggravated all who have closely studied China's affairs, as it must be obvious to all well-wishers of China that her first step towards progress and prosperity is recognition by the Powers, and that her refusal to recognise the justice and reason of the security required by their appointed financial agents, namely, the present Sextuple Group, against the enormous sums she requires can scarcely be expected to lead the Powers to suppose that the time is yet ripe to grant so young and inept a Republic this recognition. It is now common knowledge that the Four Banks Syndicate, which was originally composed of British, German, French, and American Banks was later on joined by Russia and Japan, all of whom had the entire support of their various governments in future negotiations, thus ensuring unity

The Initial Steps of a Clever Deal

THE gist of the exposure which has recently occupied many columns of the *Shanghai Times*, has enabled us to string together the following interesting story:—A certain clique in Shanghai and other parts of China, were clever enough to see that amongst the changes effected by the Revolution, a scarcity of money would be a prominent phase, also a demand for concessions. So this clique

among the Powers, and at the same time enabling China to negotiate without giving rise to ill-feeling on the part of any one of them.



Press Aid Invoked

IN the meantime the little tin pot syndicate of 1911 was not by any means idle. Fortunately or unfortunately it had not nearly as much influence or money at its back as the Sextuple Group, so could not therefore enter into open competition with the latter. This being so, other means were adopted. We noticed that newspapers were started or influenced in every direction, several old newspapers suddenly changing their tune and joining the chorus of vituperation aimed with no uncertain purpose at the Sextuple Group. This step was rather over done, until at last it was a very easy matter to distinguish the papers which had "an axe to grind" from the independent ones, as the former all ranted in wonderful unison against the monopoly of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, also comparing the stagnant state of China's trade with that of other new Republics, and upholding the honesty of the Chinese nation, which every one knows out here is a tradition which has long since been exploded, by reason of the corrupt practices of unscrupulous officials. In addition to this, we noticed that several emissaries, including some men of well-known reputation went home and preached the gospel of Back Door Loans to British financiers, and to editors of important financial papers, and many carefully composed paragraphs calculated to further the interests of Back Door Loans in China were brought prominently before the British Public, which resulted in subscriptions of no less than £5,000,000, to the Back Door Loan (the greater part, it is true, by underwriters). At this time doubts began to be circulated as to the wisdom of subscribing to a self-constituted and unrecognised government that was blind enough to set at nought the only certain salvation in sight, viz., recognition and assistance from the Powers, and in the midst of the mystification caused by such a fool-hardy step came the dumbounding explanation of the whole position, supplied by the *Shanghai Times*, which brought

into the full glare of publicity the humble origin and subtle inner workings of the tin pot syndicate, which is credited with being at the bottom of the latest financial deal negotiated by the Provisional Government. The pity is that the exposure did not arrive a little sooner to open the eyes of the confiding subscribers, who greedily swallowed all the bait so cleverly supplied by some of those concerned in floating Back Door Loans, with an appetite that astonished every one who followed the Loan Question closely.

A Profitable Friendship

THE very name of Back Door Loan ought to have proved a warning to the public, leaving out of consideration altogether the fact that there does not seem to be an ounce of stability behind the Provisional Government, and that this Back Door Loan, issued in direct opposition to the support of the British Government entirely fails to carry the final safeguard that all former Chinese loans bear, i.e., the direct guarantee of the British Government. Which reminds us to record the important fact that the promoters of the Back Door Loan recognised this potent feature, and carried on their policy of bluff by applying to the British Government for support, and when their overtures in this direction were refused, another combined outcry was raised against the British Government and the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank by the Pro-Republic papers, some of the most virulent attacks being published in a Shanghai paper called the *National Review*, which, according to the exposure in the *Shanghai Times*, is credited with being directly interested in the successful flotation of the Back Door Loan, and has missed no chance of obstructing as much as possible the progress of the Sextuple Group. And well this might be when the fact is considered that the latest Back Door Loan has been issued at 95 per cent. to the public and paid at 89 per cent. to the Chinese Government, thus leaving after deducting incidental expenses, a handsome profit to those philanthropists and friends of China, who are responsible for floating the loan. A simple sum in arithmetic will plainly show the cash value of this loud voiced and widely advertised friendship.

A Matter of Interest

No doubt all confiding people who subscribed to forward the Back Door Loan will be much interested in the details connected with its disbursement, and so far that matter will the general public. Possibly the *Shanghai Times* which seems to unearth much inside news, may be able to supply the public with a few more interesting facts in this way, otherwise the whole sum may possibly be disbursed in the same unaccountable way, in which other big loans have been spent.



A Timely Warning

WE are sorry the British public was so easily induced to support a loan that, to a careful student of the Chinese situation had nothing to recommend it but the reckless and misleading assertions of those intimately connected with its promotion, as by so doing they have again retarded the progress of China, inasmuch as that they have shelved for the time being the Sextuple Loan, which with the Powers at its back, had every promise of proving an investment of solid worth and much profit to its subscribers, besides forming a bulwark of strength to the Chinese nation. Now, of course, the obvious thing for the investors in any Back Door Loan to do, is to give every support to any negotiations made by the Sextuple Group, as in the latter lies the only hope of China recovering her balance. There is still a great future in front of China if she can be induced to make practical use of her large fund of common sense, and the sound business abilities that her merchants undoubtedly possess, and if she will see that her resources are not manipulated by any unscrupulous adventurers and corrupt officials who choose to take the matter in hand.



A General Waking Up

AT the present time it is almost impossible to meet any one in the business world who has not been presented with some proposition that has bribery and corruption at the back of it, some cases of which, were they divulged, would cause considerable surprise. Possibly the *Shanghai Times*

may succeed in exposing a few more underground negotiations that are obstructing the progress of China, such as the exposure made in the case of the *National Review*, and also in the case of the Tungminghui Party. If so they will be doing China and all those who have her welfare at heart a very good turn, as such exposures are of infinite value to the honestly inclined part of the population.



An Amusing Feature

THE great trouble of course is to make those who are most concerned, namely, the commercial section, see where their lack of interest is leading them. Hundreds of people have subscribed to and read with avidity the newspapers that have been apparently instituted with a view to making the great public stand and "mark time," whilst the clever people who are handling the matter fill their pockets, and we notice that many of the business people who are grumbling at the grievous state of trade are cheerfully contributing their quotum to this regrettable state by advertising in the said papers. However self-seeking advisors are not likely to have such a profitable path in the future as they have done in the past. Now that the truth is coming to the surface, the public and the Press is waking up, and the various governments are taking a more active interest in the matter, so we may reasonably hope that China will now go ahead and prosper to the utmost extent that her vast resources to natural wealth permit, which if given a fair chance should place a country so industrious and complete in itself, as China undoubtedly is, in the concert of the great nations, recognised on an equal basis by the whole of the western world, in diplomacy, commerce and mutual respect.



Hopeful Morrows

AS soon as the Chinese nation seriously sets about learning to adapt itself to the new conditions imposed by the Revolution and the consequent institution of a Republic, then, and not till then, may its well wishers hope that brilliant to-morrows will blot out the memory of futile yesterdays, such as that told in the foregoing story.

To Friends Across the Sea

"Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour."

The Playgoers' Club

DEAR TONY,

You have mentioned from time to time your Playgoers' Club, which, if I remember rightly, has proved an unmitigated success. As we are trying to establish a similar institution in Shanghai, I will be glad to receive any information on the subject that you can forward. Such a club ought to meet with unqualified success in Shanghai as the play is the only recreation we can indulge in that is calculated to keep a certain portion of our social qualities from going mouldy, and as it is impossible to tax the good nature of the amateur public, by demanding a constant supply from them, we thought we might do something to encourage visits from a greater variety of theatrical companies, besides bringing the public in closer contact with the artists who come to Shanghai. If you can supply us with any details likely to be useful, please do so, as the aim of the Committee is to be of real use to the play-going public. The aims and objects we have so far collected are as follows:

1.—To collect all available information regarding seating accommodation and current prices of admission in Oriental places of amusement, and to convey such information to all known professional organisations in Europe, America, and Australia.

2.—To get into correspondence with Managers in various places, and ascertain the class of entertainment they are prepared to provide.

3.—To submit to the members of the Society all such information as Managers

may supply and elicit an expression of opinion from members as to what plays, etc., are most wanted.

4.—To arrange for lectures by prominent visiting actors or actresses and others, discussions upon theatrical topics at certain meetings of the Society, and possibly occasional receptions in honour of distinguished theatrical or literary visitors.

5.—To keep a vigilant eye upon the doings of proprietors, managers and performers to see that all legal, moral, and artistic requirements are fully complied with.

6.—Generally, to foster and promote an interest in operatic and dramatic art.



MISS MINTA DURFEE

The Ferris Hartmann Company

LAST season and this we have had visits from several American Companies of varied qualities, most of which have played to crowded houses. The latest has been the Ferris Hartmann Company, which played to large audiences during a visit of three weeks, and received a most hearty send off when they gave their last performance. I noticed

the attention which was given to the supply of constant variety, and also to the harmony of colour and pleasant stage effects. before the Ferris Hartmann Company terminated their visit we gained an intimate footlight acquaintance with both principals and chorus, all of whom danced or sang their way most successfully into the affections of their delighted audience. There was



THE FERRIS HARTMANN COMPANY ON A PICNIC PARTY

a difference between American and English play acting, but it is a difference not easy to define. For one thing, there is far more animation in American plays in which everything is hustled along from start to finish at a tremendous speed and without the vestige of a hitch, a phase which speaks eloquently for the efforts of the Managers of the Ferris Hartmann Co., Mr. Pearce and Mr. Fox. A distinct feature was

Mr. Ferris Hartmann who was always most realistic in his interpretations of the many characters he presented, and Walter de Leon whose wonderful animation and originality and clever patter songs went so far to keep things humming. Then there was Roscoe Arbuckle who made us all double up with laughter without any apparent effort on his part and clever Miss Minta Durfee, who wore perfectly

charming costumes and sang delightfully catchy songs, and dainty little Miss Muggins Davies who always reminded one of a piece of Dresden china and whose appearance was hailed with much enthusiasm by the insatiable audience every time she appeared. In addition to these talented artists there was Miss Dixie Blair, Miss Josie Hart, Mr. Lawrence Bowes, Mr. Elmer Thompson and Mr. Harry Pollard and a bevy of charming chorus girls every one of whom contributed to the success of the Company. Which reminds me to say that perhaps the biggest asset the members of the Ferris Hartmann Company carried around with

them is one which no steamship or railway company nor yet the customs made a red cent on, namely, an inexhaustible fund of good nature, also an irrepressible buoyancy of spirits that completely dominated their delighted audience. I am glad to hear that the members of the Company are all as anxious to return to Shanghai, as the play-going section of the public is ready to welcome them back again. I send herewith a photo of the whole company taken whilst on one of many pleasant jaunts indulged in when off duty.

Yours as ever,

TOM.

Up-to-date Persiflage

'GRABIES'?—A form acquisitive disease peculiar to originators of Back Door Loans.
ORATORICAL AXIOM FOR DR. SUN?—Self-possession is nine points of the 'Jaw.'
PARADOXICAL BUT TRUE?—All great powers have their little weaknesses.



DR. SUN YAT-SEN AND DR. WU TING-FANG IN THE WORLD'S STUDENTS' FEDERATION ON 10TH OCTOBER, 1912

48689

Tomkins Goes One Better

"My grandfather," said Ribbs, "died at the age of ninety-four."

"My grandmother was 103 when she died," remarked Dibbs.

"And in my family," put in Tomkins, not to be outdone in boasting, "are several who aren't dead yet."

The charge for announcements of Births and Marriages is \$1, payable in advance.

Births

AGLEN.—On October 6, 1912, at Peking, to the wife of F. A. Aglen, a daughter.

AMBROSE.—On September 30, 1912, at Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Ambrose (Sydney, N.S.W.), a daughter.

ARONOVITCH.—On October 1, 1912, at Kiukiang, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Aronovitch, a son.

BENJAMIN.—On October 6, 1912, at Shanghai, the wife of Aaron, Benjamin, of a son.

CAMPBELL.—On October 10, 1912, at Shanghai, the wife of K. W. Campbell, of a daughter.

CHING.—On October 6, 1912, at Weihaiwei, the wife of Harry Bryant Ching, of a daughter.

FALLON.—On October 5, 1912, at Shanghai, the wife of C. H. Fallon, of a daughter.

HANWELL.—On October 3, 1912, at 40A Hyde Park Gate, London, the wife of Gerald Hanwell, of a son.

HAWKINS.—On October 18, 1912, at Foochow, to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hawkins, Santuao, a daughter.

HOLMES.—On October 4, 1912, at Kobe, Japan, the wife of E. Hamilton Holmes, of a son.

LAMBE.—On October 5, 1912, at Shanghai, the wife of Wm. P. Lambe, of a daughter.

LECKIE.—On October 13, 1912, at Tairen, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Leckie, a son.

MONK.—On October 4, 1912, at Shanghai, the wife of W. J. Monk, of a daughter.

MORDUCOVITCH.—On October 6, 1912, at Shanghai, the wife of M. A. Morducovich, of a daughter.

PHILLIPS.—On October 10, 1912, at Shanghai, the wife of G. H. Phillips, of a son.

PRASCHIMA.—On October 9, 1912, at Shanghai, the wife of Count Fraschma, of a son.

Marriages

BURKHARDT—EWING.—On October 23, 1912, at St. Mary Magdalene Church, Cowden, Kent, England, by the Rev. R. Shaw-Stewart assisted by the Rev. Maurice Jones, Chaplain of the Forces, and the Rev. Kington Hanson, M.A., Valentine Burkhardt, Royal Field Artillery, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Burkhardt of Shanghai, to Edith, elder daughter of Mr. Beaumont-Ewing of Claydene, Edenbridge, Kent, England.

CHRISTENSEN—BLOCH.—On October 3, 1912, at the Danish Consulate, Shanghai, J. M. H. Christensen, of Copenhagen, to Emmy, eldest daughter of C. Bloch, of Shanghai.

GÄTJEN—GÄTJEN.—On October 21, 1912, at the German Consulate, before Consul-General von Buri and afterwards at the German Church by Pastor Schueler, Hermann Gätjen, I. Secretary to H.I.G.M.'s Consulate-General, Shanghai, to Aenni Gätjen, of Bremen.

GELDART—MITCHELL.—On October 25, 1912, at Holy Trinity Cathedral, by the Rev. A. J. Walker, M.A., Dean, John Hayes Geldart to Treva Marsters Mitchell.

MILLER—MOIR.—On September 28, 1912, at Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, Alfred James, eldest son of the late Andrew Miller, of Shanghai, to Evelyn Forbes, eldest daughter of the late Edward Moir, of Dundee, Scotland.

MUNRO—MANSHIP.—On October 5, 1912, at Holy Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, by the Rev. A. J. Walker, Dean, James Munro to Florence Mary Manship.



Deaths

CARNEIRO.—On October 29, 1912, at No. 19 Nanzing Road, Parmenio Francisco Carneiro, aged 41 years.

FILIPETTI.—On October 7, 1912, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Charles Filipetti, aged 17 years.

GERULAT.—On October 2, 1912, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, H. Gerulat, aged 34 years.

HERMANN.—On October 3, 1912, at Shanghai, Rudolph Hermann, aged 34 years.

HOOLE.—On October 19, 1912, W. W. Hoole, aged 45 years.

HOPKINS.—On October 30, 1912, at the Isolation Hospital, Frederick Hopkins, Master, s.s. Yungkin, aged 51 years.

JEGO.—On October 15, 1912, at Shanghai, Louis Marie Jego, aged 64 years.

LARGE.—On September 29, 1912, at the Royal Naval Sick Quarters, Weihsien, Frederick Walter Large, Private R.M.S.I. of Island Guard, aged 22 years.

SCHOLZ.—On October 7, 1912, at 139 Broadway, Shanghai, Gertrud Charlotte Scholz, aged 7 years.

SCHWEIGER.—On October 25, 1912, at Ningpo, the dearly beloved wife of H. R. Schweiger, of the Chinese Customs, aged 42 years.

STANGE.—On October 29, 1912, at Dalny, Bruno Stange, aged 31 years.

WILLIAMS.—On September 30, 1912, at the General Hospital, Shanghai, Frederick Williams, 4th engineer, s.s. *Kaiping*; aged 56 years.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The Loan Question

THE suspicion that a change in constitution implied no essential change in officialdom is only too well borne out by recent events. China receives 89 per cent. of the new loan, as contrasted with the 92 that she might have had from those whom the partisans of Mr. Crisp disingenuously describe as "bloodsucking moneylenders." But in return she gives no sort of security except the attenuated guarantee of an official I. O. U. Even on the doubtful supposition that the rest of the loan can be floated, the amount forthcoming is utterly inadequate to China's needs. Meanwhile, Peking is badly embroiled with the Powers. Another example has been given of the indifference of Chinese officials for national advantage provided they can get money on their own terms; while to this, on the other side, must be added an equal disregard for the ultimate interests of Great Britain in the Far East as compared with the profits derivable from the floating of a fat loan. The story is not one that either party should be able to think of with complacency, still less, we imagine, that Chinese men of business will approve. Unfortunately the latter party, notwithstanding the alleged Republicanism of the new régime, has very little say in the transactions of Peking; and so long as there is a foreign public gullible enough to swallow an unsecured agreement, there will be no lack of courtiers in Peking to woo the Republic along the primrose way of reckless borrowing, at a suitable commission, deducted in advance, for the promoters.—*North-China Daily News.*

An Exposure

WE do not propose to mince our words. We claim that for a long period the *National Review* has been misleading—deliberately—the Chinese people in regard to the loan negotiations. It has wilfully withheld the fact that those who dictated the policy of the *National Review* had a direct personal interest in obstructing the negotiations with the Six Power Group and forwarding those of the Crisp promotion group. It has misinformed the Chinese people in regard to the intentions of the Six Power Group, and has allowed a false impression of the amount to be received by China for the Bonds handled by the Crisp Loan to prevail uncontradicted. In order that the sheep should stand still to be fleeced it has lovingly caressed it, while the lambkin in the shape of the Babu press baa-ed approvingly. In its dread of a realization of the cynical iniquity of a loan that destroyed China's credit while imposing upon her terms that the most callous blood-sucking money-lender might hesitate over, it has persisted in an anti-foreign and particularly anti-British policy in order to distract attention from the loan. Again let us say that we have no quarrel with promoters. Our objection is to the miserable policy of misrepresentation and subterfuge adopted by the *National Review*. The means of exposing this disgrace to Shanghai journalism having come to us we are doing our duty to the public by setting out the sinister facts.

Our campaign in the interest of honesty and decent journalism has only begun. The "men behind the loan" has not yet been all brought to the forefront. There is much still to be told.—*Shanghai Times.*



Photo

H. R. Herstel

A Christmas Message

CHRISTMAS is here!
Merry old Christmas,
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing Christmas!
Day of grand memories, king of the year.



Photo

TWO SCENES FROM MIGNON

Rembrandt



"Mignon"

UNSTINTED praise has been given to the production of "Mignon" which was performed under the able supervision of Madame Thue at the Lyceum Theatre five times during the last two weeks of November. It is generally admitted that "Mignon" is the most ambitious production that has ever been put on the stage by Shanghai amateurs, and on this account, and also because of the all-round success it attained, the public owe a debt of gratitude to Madame Thue and all her gifted assistants, as only by the clever manipulation of no small amount of talent, and unlimited hard work could such a success have been accomplished. Mrs. Isenman who took the title rôle earned and received the highest praise for the way in which she interpreted her difficult part. Not only is she a finished actress, but she is also the fortunate possessor of a wonderfully well cultured soprano voice, which in conjunction with marked dramatic talent, she uses to the very best advantage. Her gowns were all exceedingly well chosen, more especially the pretty old fashioned gown she borrowed in the second act from Filina.

Mrs. Burrett not only impressed the audience by a very able interpretation of the arduous part *Filian* takes in the play, but also by her charming appearance. The fluency of her vocalisation, and the ease with which she managed her beautiful voice are great credit to Madame Thue, under whose direction she has studied for

some time past. She looked charming all the time, but more especially in a effective cherry coloured taffeta petticoat, draped with an over skirt of cherry and gold brocade which was artistically looped up with motifs of black velvet. Ruffles of cream lace appeared on the elbow sleeves, and also formed a bertha and a coquettish little plateau hat of black velvet wreathed with tiny red roses, surmounted her very becoming white wig.

Mrs. Burkhill who took the part of *Frederick* also acquitted herself with much credit in spite of the fact that extreme nervousness interfered to some extent with the volume of her voice, which is a melodious mezzo soprano of useful range, and attractive qualities. Her two costumes were both particularly becoming more especially one worn in the second act composed of coat, knee breeches and tricorn hat of black velvet, the sombre tone of which was relieved by lace ruffles, a waistcoat of maize coloured satin, and a very becoming white wig.

Mr. N. G. Maitland's well cultured voice was heard to much advantage in the onerous part of *Wilhelm*, but a little more dramatic fervour would have greatly improved this part.

Mr. V. Meyer as ancient *Lothario* made a striking figure in the play. He assumed the dignity of demeanour which the part demanded with much success and his fine voice was eminently suited to the music assigned to him.

Mr. Muriel as jovial *Laertes* attained a distinct success, more especially in the boudoir scene, when he appeared in a brilliant green and gold costume, in a slightly intoxicated condition. The timbre of his voice is exceedingly pleasing, and his production excellent.

Mr. H. R. H. Thomas as *Giorno* the bandit was both seen and heard to the best advantage, as his tall physique and fine voice suited the part exceedingly well.

A warm word of praise must be given to Mrs. Walter, and a clever little band of dancers who performed an exceedingly graceful dance, attired in prettily attired costumes of pale blue and white. Mrs. Walter who performed a solo dance wore coral pink and white. Her assistants were Miss May Price, Miss D. Grundy, Miss F. Valentine, Mr. R. Wingrove, Mr. G. Wingrove and Mr. C. McLellan.

The chorus was unusually well balanced, and every one who took part in it is to be congratulated on the result of the strenuous practice which such a production must have involved. They all looked most picturesque, a realistic effect being attained by the introduction of some prettily-attired children. The names of those who took part on the chorus are as follows :—

Mrs. Bateman, Mrs. Duncan, Miss Forsyth, Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Law, Mrs. Lemiere, Miss Mactavish, Mrs. Schultze, Miss Terrill, Mrs. Van Corback, Mrs. Moller, Miss Power, Mrs. Storey, Mrs. Ziervogel, Mr. O. Hedin, Mr. R. W. Heidorn, Mr. Hodges, Mr. G. V. Hummel, Mr. C. James, Mr. E. A. Measor, Mr. B. S. Muller, Mr. E. O. Wilson, Mr. A.

Campbell, Mr. L. Due, Mr. J. E. Lemiere, Mr. C. W. Malkin, Mr. H. Middleton, Mr. C. Morgan, Mr. T. C. Read and Mr. W. Schmidt.

SERVANTS, RETAINERS, ATTENDANTS, ETC.

Mr. R. Bassett, Mr. J. A. Brand, Mr. Black, Mr. G. C. Burnett, Mr. s'Jacob, Mr. A. Jones, Mr. H. Martin, Mr. B. Rein, Mr. N. L. Sparke, Dr. J. P. Ziervogel, and Mr. A. G. Nugent.

A great share of the success of the play was contributed by the Town Band under Herr Buck's able conductorship. Miss M. Jansen, Miss C. Richards and Prof. Manikus also contributing to its success by assisting with the accompaniments. Mr. J. Em. Lemiere must be given much credit for the infinite beauty and suitability of the numerous scenes, and to Mrs. M. Beck much praise is due for the artistic effect attained by the prettily designed costumes. Mrs. R. N. McLeod sketched the appropriate picture which decorated the front of the programme, and Messrs. Kuhn & Co., The Arts & Crafts, and Messrs. Hall & Holtz contributed between them the furnishings and ornaments, and to Mr. Middleton is due many thanks for the successful accomplishment of many onerous secretarial duties. Last but by no means least comes Madame Thue, to whose well known and enterprising initiative we are indebted for the production of "Mignon," and who has worked strenuously for many months past, to produce it successfully. Her untiring efforts, supplemented by the encouragement of her magnetic influence, and an undoubted talent for teaching, are to thank for the very excellent production which so many of us have enjoyed.



A Distinct Difference

DOCTOR—"You are very much run down, Mr. Smith. You must have a trip home immediately." Smith—"Ah! but I cannot afford that." Doctor—"Indeed! You are Mr. Smith the Company promoter aren't you?" Smith—"No I am Smith the Company promoter's clerk." Doctor—"Oh, indeed, then just take an iron tonic and you'll be all right."

NUTS TO CRACK

WHAT is the utmost effort ever made by a piebald at a high jump?

The utmost effort ever made by a piebald (or by any) horse at a high jump is four feet from the ground!

* * *

Which may weigh the most, Scotchmen or Irishmen?

Scotchmen may be lighter than Irishmen, for while Irishmen may be men of Cork, Scotsmen may be men of Ayr.

* * *

How is it, in this charming weather,
You and I can't lunch together?
Though I in time for lunch may be,
U cannot come till after T.

* * *

Question: Hold up your hand and you will see what you never have seen, never can see, and never will see, what is this?

Question: Holding up your hand you will see what you never have seen, never can see, and never will see—namely, the little finger as long as the finger next to it!

* * *

Question: How can you make a Maltese cross with less than twelve unbent and unbroken matches?

Question: You can make a Maltese cross with less than twelve unbent and unbroken matches by striking one match and dropping it down his back; if the first fails, try another.

* * *

WAS IT A SCANDAL?

Dick and Harry met in a dim hotel passage:

DICK.—Did you hear that story about No. 288?

HARRY (all ears).—No. What was it?

DICK.—Oh, it's too gross, too gross entirely.

HARRY.—Tell away. I'll try to stand it.

DICK.—Well; 288 is two gross, isn't it?

A thousand and one,
And a sixth part of twenty;
Some may have none,
But other have plenty.

Answer: Money.

* * *

CRAZY LOGIC

Can you prove, by what we may call crazy logic, that madman is equal to madam?

Can you prove that madman—madam is solved thus:—

A madman is a man beside himself.
Therefor a madman—to men.
Madam is a woman. Woman is double
you O man (w-o-man). Therefor madam—two men.

And as things which are equal to the same are equal to one another, therefor madman—madam.

Q.E.D.

(Quiet Easily Done.)

* * *

We rule the world, we letters five,
We rule the world, we do;
And of our number three contrive
To rule the other two
The ruling letters in.

Answer: B.U.T. (beauty) and
Y.Z. (wise head).

* * *

What were they who paid three guineas
To hear a tune of Paganini's?

Answer: "A Pack o' Ninnies!"

* * *

Keep the patients warm and quiet;
Solids are not well;
Let all sops be now their diet,"
So said Doctor Fell.
To what objection was this diet open?

The following exception was taken to Dr. Fell's diet for the sick all sops:—

"Sure the Doctor's wits are failing,"
Cried a saucy wag.

"Allsopp's ale the sick and ailing
To their bier will drag."

A WATER GYMKHANA

In our last number we gave an illustrated description of the first part of the Regatta held at Quinsan. This month we deal with the second and third part, namely, the Lantern procession which took place in the evening and the Water Gymkhana which took place next day. The Lantern procession made a very pretty sight, as after dark the committee launch with the pontoon in tow got under way and was joined by the *Portia*, *Foam* and the Red Cross boat. The latter was awarded the first prize, the second prize going to the *Portia* a big launch house-boat which was prettily illuminated and carried a search-light. After this came



A GROUP OF ENTHUSIASTIC PARTICIPATORS IN THE REGATTA



MR. MIDDLETON AND A BEVY OF LADY VISITORS
MR. PARSONS ON HIS NOVEL CRAFT

a long string of illuminated boats, which was towed slowly all round the Quinsan Reach and made a very picturesque scene, the interest of which was enhanced by the strains of the Astor Band under the able conductorship of Mr. Lazarus, and also by a delightful glee party. A group of nurses were on the Red Cross boat, each of whom wore an illuminated red cross, which also appeared on various parts of the boat.

THE WATER GYMKHANA

Much excitement prevailed amongst the feminine portion of the guests who were present on the following day, as many of them took an active part in the

proceedings. The Elopmement Race created much sensation as nearly every lady eloped with some one in a sampan. The finish between Miss Evans and Mrs. Arthur whose boat was piloted by Mr. C. Robinson for second place, was very close, Miss



THE RED CROSS BOAT AT ITS MOORINGS

Evans taking a flying leap of many feet in order to arrive on the pontoon first. Mrs. Eldridge and Capt. Myhre won in grand style. The other events were as follows:—

MIXED FOOURS

Heat 1—Miss Boyd's Boat—Bow, Miss Price; 2, B. Jackson; 3, G. H. Charlton; Stroke, Miss Boyd; Cox, Miss Lamond.

Heat 2—Mrs. Landale's Boat—Bow, Miss Fortune; 2, R. W. Winstone; 3, A. S. Campbell; Stroke, Mrs. Landale; Cox, Miss Landale.

Heat 3—Miss Arthur's Boat—Bow, Miss Dawson; 2, G. A. Robinson; 3, C. W. O. Mayne; Stroke, Miss Arthur; Cox, Miss Nora Arthur.

Semi-Final—Miss Boyd's boat beat Mrs. Landale's boat.

Final—Miss Arthur's boat beat Miss Boyd's boat.

LADIES' FOOURS

Heat 1—Miss Janie Dawson's Boat—Bow, Miss Susie Dawson; 2, Miss Irma Evans; 3, Miss Madge Arthur; Stroke, Miss Janie Dawson; Cox, C. S. Leake.

Heat 2—Miss Boyd's Boat—Bow, Miss Enid Agassiz; 2, Mrs. Cox; 3, Miss Price; Stroke, Miss Boyd; Cox, R. Brown.

Final—Miss Dawson's boat beat Miss Boyd's boat by a narrow margin.

QUINSAN v. SHANGHAI

1. Quinsan—Bow, G. A. Robinson; 2, H. Cooper; 3, C. W. O. Mayne; Stroke, G. H. Charlton; Cox, Miss Price.

2. Shanghai—Bow, W. J. Brown; 2, A. H. Bremner; 3, J. E. Law; Stroke, S. Henman; Cox, Miss Fortune.

The Rowing Club is to be highly congratulated on the success of the Regatta, and both the committee and many others are indebted to Mr. H. Cooper for the



THE FINAL HEAT OF THE ELOPMEMENT RACE

1. MRS. ELDREDGE AND CAPT. MYHRE
2. MISS DORA EVANS AND MR. MOLLAND

immense trouble he went to in providing many of the details which contributed to what was universally considered to be

Sleeping accommodation was provided on four or five house-boats ranged on either side of the pontoon. About forty guests



VISITORS ON MR. COOPER'S PONTOON

the best Regattas ever held at Quinsan. Mr. Cooper entertained a large number of guests, for whose accommodation he

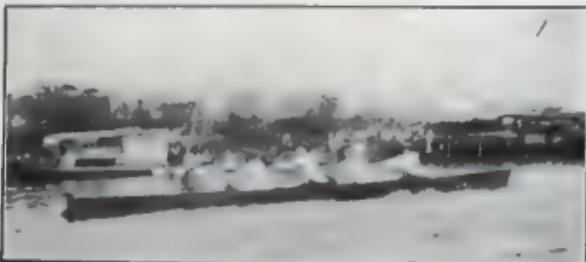
sat down to specially prepared dinners and buffets which consisted of many courses, and were marvellously well organised.



MR. AND MRS. DYER AND MR. C. R. BURKILL PADDLING ROUND IN A CANOE

provided a pontoon just opposite the finishing point, which was comfortably furnished with chairs and tables, etc.

The long table on the pontoon was prettily arranged for dinner with a table centre of pink gauze on which was artistically



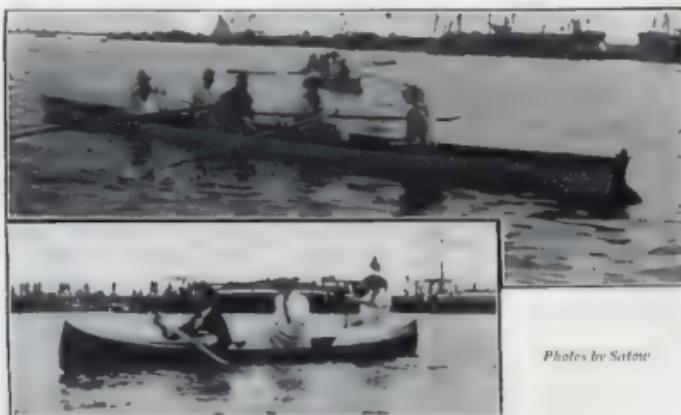
QUINSAN v. SHANGHAI

1. QUINSAN (WINNERS)

2. SHANGHAI

arranged four large baskets of lovely chrysanthemum blooms, intersected with small vases of La France roses. At tiffin, pale blue silk formed the table centre,

pontoon and took some of the guests for a musical cruise, every one on board joining in the refrains. A banjo and coon songs also added to the general harmony of a

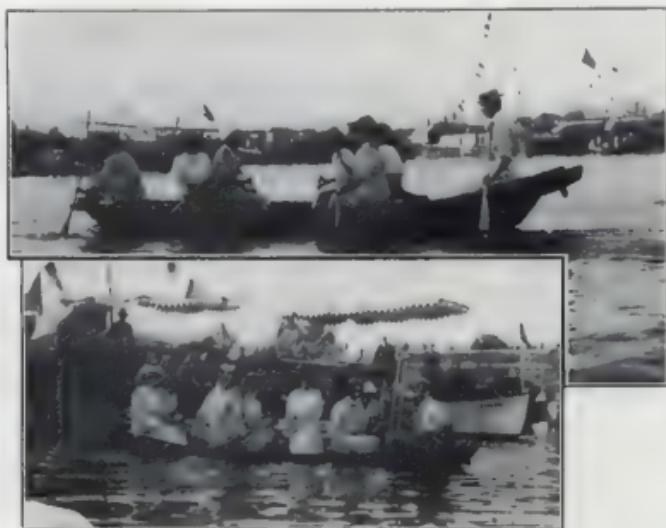


Photos by Seltow

ENTHUSIASTIC COMPETITORS

garnished here and there with posies of lovely sweet smelling violets. After the illuminated procession was over a house-boat with a piano on board called at the

very pleasant evening. Several house-boat parties had brought along with them excellent gramaphones, so there was no lack of music. All too soon the time



PREPARING TO START IN A PADDLING COMPETITION

arrived to return to Shanghai, a very heavy train load on both evenings testifying to the large attendance.

Much of the success of the Water Gymkhana was due to the efforts of Mr. H. Cooper, Mr. H. Middleton, Mr. Berry, Mr. Mayne, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Hennan, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Wood and Mr. Derry.

No mention has been made of the Novelty Race in which competitors had to cross the Reach by any means except by boat, swimming, or by bridge. Mr. Parson contrived the most ingenious craft by strapping together some planks and life bouys, but the first man to reach the other side was towed across.



SNAPSHOT OF A WELL-KNOWN SCOTSMAN

The Returning Present

Some years ago a Christmas gift
Was sent me; but, alas!
It was a thing no use to me,
And so it came to pass.
On thrifty thoughts intent, I laid
It carefully away,
And sent it to a bosom friend
Of mine next Christmas Day.

Since then, as surely as the snows
In fleecy beauty fall,
And mistletoe and holly wreaths
Are hung upon the wall,
By parcels post or messenger,
Each second year, alack!
When Christmas gifts are going round
I get that present back.

The Origin of Santa Claus

DID you ever wonder how the story of the patron Saint of Christmas arose? It appears that on the eve of St. Nicholas Day (6th December) parents secretly bestowed small gifts of various kinds on their children, who supposed that the Saint drawn by a reindeer and attended by his servants went hither and thither distributing his largesse. Then the early Christians celebrated the birth of Christ from Christmas to New Year's Day by sending presents to one another, and by remembering the young folks with toys, sweetmeats, and the like. These articles were given in the name of Christ, and some imagined that He entered through closed doors or by means of the roof, whilst others thought He went from house to house attended by His ministering angels.

The two festivals have thus become merged in one, and whilst, in common with all Christendom, we celebrate the day, let us spare a kindly thought and a portion of our good things for those to whom our Christmas greetings would else prove but meaningless phrases. I was struck by the remark of a little waif the other morning. He said rather pathetically in regard to Christmas, "Oh, aye, we'll get holidays, but there will be naething in oor stockings," and unfortunately there are many such. Let us lessen the number of such, and in doing so, we shall increase our own joy.

BASEBALL

BASKBALL—founded on the ancient British game of Rounders—is the national pastime of the United States of America, and holds the same position there that Cricket does in England. The first regulation Baseball Society was founded at New York in 1845, and there are now Associations and Leagues practically throughout the whole of the States.

In the past efforts have been made to introduce the game into England, American teams toured there in 1874 and 1889, but little success attended their efforts. There was marked progress in 1895, and at the present time the British Baseball Association, formed in 1906, are making strenuous efforts to popularise the game which is now making headway in the South of England.

Our Local Baseball League

BASEBALL formed a more distinctive feature of our Shanghai summer sports during the last season than at any previous time. For this satisfactory state of affairs the Shanghai Amateur Baseball League which was originally suggested by Mr. Millard, is principally responsible and we are pleased to be able to publish a picture

of a few of the leading members, all of whom contributed to many happy hours spent on the Recreation Ground during the summer months when numerous spectators attended many exciting matches fought there. The carefully thought-out plan of organisation arranged by the League committee was heartily supported by all the members, and also by the "fans" and general public, and it is sincerely hoped that baseball may continue to thrive and increase in future in the same proportion as in the last two years. Only since 1911 has baseball been played in a regular scheduled list of matches. Prior to this, games were made up promiscuously from week to week with any Navy Teams which happened to be available. The amount of admission to the League is only \$10 per annum, and any one of any nationality who is interested in baseball, either as a player or a spectator, is invited to join and help to maintain the excellent start which has thus far been attained.



Photo Duff
SHANGHAI AMATEUR BASEBALL LEAGUE--RED SOX TEAM 1912

From left to right—

WHITE, MCCOY, GUNN, THROGOOD, STEIGER, SEYMOUR, LITTLE, CLYDE, CROWELL, SMITH

A Pleasant S.V.C. Tiffin Party

EXCEEDINGLY enjoyable was a tiffin party which was given by Mr. and Mrs. A. Samson at their residence on Siccawei Road to a section of the S.V.C. whilst the latter was out for a field day one day last month. The proceedings were very similar to those of

the officers and a few masculine friends had tiffin on the lawn, which also accommodated a large number of the rank and file. Our lack of space prevents us from giving a fuller description of what proved to be a very jolly tiffin which was thoroughly enjoyed by every one present. Many



A JOVIAL TIFFIN

last year which were fully described in "Social Shanghai," the guests this year including the "German Company" in addition to "A" Company and "A" Company Mounted Rifles. The ladies were entertained to tiffin on the verandah whilst

photographs were taken a few of which are reproduced in our pages. Before leaving Major Pilcher proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Samson, which was followed by three hearty cheers.



THE OFFICERS WHO WERE PRESENT



I. THE SCOTTISH MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY

2. A FEW OF THE GERMAN COMPANY



A FEW OF THE MOUNTED SECTION OF "A" COMPANY



MR. SAMSON ENTERTAINING THE OFFICERS AND A FEW FRIENDS



THE LADIES WHO WERE PRESENT

"SMITH"

THE 165TH PERFORMANCE PRODUCED BY THE A.D.C.

"SMITH" has a great deal of human nature interwoven in the plot, which is a feature which seldom fails to create interest amongst an audience. Mrs. Welch, as the heartless and frivolously inclined society married woman, was capital, and could have been quite perfect had she been a little more familiar with her part, and

returned home to find his estimation of human nature altogether at variance with those of modern London, was splendid. His fine jovial voice, and general appearance, suited the part admirably, and as long as he was on the stage the play never wavered.

Mrs. P. de T. Evans came in for a large share of admiration, and as usual



Photo

BUFF

Reading from left to right—

MR. MAURICE G. BECK AS "ALGERNON PEPPERCORN," MRS. HAYS AS "MRS. OTTO ROSENBERG,"
MISS MABEL MERCER AS "SMITH," MR. HAYS AS "MR. DALLAS RACKER," MRS. WELCH AS
"ROSE" (MRS. DALLAS RACKER), MR. HENRY SCHLEE AS "TOM FREEMAN," MRS. P. DE T.
EVANS AS "EMILY CHAPMAN"

Mr. Hays, as her husband, was as usual not only word perfect, but showed every evidence of having carefully studied his part with most excellent results. If any fault could be found with him it is that, perhaps, he is a little too slow and deliberate in his actions and declamation. Mr. Schlee, as *Thomas Freeman*, the out-spoken whole-hearted exile who had

proved a decided asset to the caste, as her general pose and grace of manner never fails to elicit much praise, but these would be much improved if she could break herself of a little trick she has of suddenly raising her chin and speaking into the flies above the stage with the result that a considerable part of her conversation is lost to the audience. Mrs. Hays looked

exceedingly well as *Mrs. Otto Rosenberg*, but as it is only the second time she has acted, it is hardly fair to criticise her, as the possibilities are that if she were given a less onerous part until she became accustomed to the stage she would probably turn out quite a clever actress. As it was she managed to carry her part through very creditably. Indeed, there was no part in *Smith* that did not call for finished acting, and there was no character better portrayed than that of *Fletcher*, the window cleaner, which was played by Mr. Bassett. His cockney accent was truly delightful and his actions denoted an ease and naturalness that have always been two remarkable features of Mr. Bassett's acting, either in small or large parts. Miss Mercer in the title rôle of *Smith*, the parlour maid, not only acted exceedingly well, but also looked the part of a sound healthy English girl, with no particular pretensions to

sentiment beyond those dictated by common sense. Miss Mercer deserves special praise as it was by no means an easy part to play. Mr. Beck as *Algy Peppercorn* was exceedingly good in every respect, the excellent cut of his clothes, and other details of his dress being especially noticeable. We must not forget to give a word of praise to the admirable way in which Mr. Stewardson had arranged the stage settings, which were not only extremely well designed by the Arts & Crafts, but beautifully carried out, and contributed to no small degree towards the success attained by the play, which, taken all round, was very successful. The ladies' gowns called for much admiration as not only were they suitable to the play but they also were most becoming to the wearers. Mr. Schlee, who was responsible for the stage management, is to be congratulated on the success attained by *Smith*.

The Vital Question

THE vital question, for individual and for nation, is never "how much do they make?" but "to what purpose do they spend?"—RUSKIN.

OBITUARY

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. Stange, who died at Dalny while on his return passage to Shanghai after six months' leave. Mr. Stange was a general favourite with the public, the musical part of which has often listened with much pleasure to his charming interpretations on the 'cello. Not only will be be much missed in the Municipal Band in which he held a prominent position, but also in the Chamber of Music orchestra, of which he was a most valuable member. The deepest sympathy is felt for Mrs. Stange who was a bride of a few months only, and who we understand has returned to her home again.



THE LATE MR. BERTHOLD STANGE

CHRISTMAS WAIFS

IT was Christmas night. Most of the members of the Club were dutifully dining with friends or relatives, and the few who sat at the window looked out somewhat mournfully at the deserted street.

"Christmas!" exclaimed Major Brandram. "Christmas! What a lot of cheap sentimental nonsense folks talk about it!"

"Christmas is a nuisance!" declared Captain Arnold, who had never been known to give a present in his life. "You give all the presents you can afford to, and then hear that Johnson is going to send you something, and have to send out for something for him. Or, you don't give Brown anything, because you think he'll overlook you this year. A package comes from him, and you feel cheap, and have to send him the fountain-pen Jones gave you. Nuisance!"

Suddenly old General Carstairs, who had been a member of the club for twenty years, looked up and asked quietly:

"Have any of you looked across the street to-night?"

Everyone stared excitedly out of the window.

Every window in the house across the way was lighted, but light absolutely poured from the windows of one room. They saw a tall triangle of sparkles, like a bit cut from the night sky. It was a Christmas-tree, spangled with tiny candles. On the fringes of the rolled-up blinds wreaths of holly and evergreen were pinned. Evergreen was on the walls, spattered with red berries of holly. Forms flitted by the windows. Everyone was merry within, and outside floated sounds of their merriment.

"Think they're having a deuce of a time!" said Captain Arnold scornfully. "I'd rather be here in this quiet, comfortable room. They'll all feel tired out to-morrow; and maybe catch their deaths of cold—huh! But what on earth do you suppose they're doing, running and chasing round so excitedly?"

"Why, I know!" exclaimed General Carstairs. "I'll recognise it in a minute. Yes; that's just exactly what they are doing. They're playing blind-man's buff. Don't you see they are?"

"Well, what of it? Anything to make you so excited?"

"No," answered the General, a little abashed; "it only reminds me, that's all. I used to play blind-man's buff once, though of course it was very long ago."

"Oh, such things are all very well for children, but these seem to be grown people, and might have more dignity and ——Look there! He's caught her! Never! Wasn't that neat, though? Dodged right under his arm! Did you see her?"

"Well, you needn't be so excited about it," said General Carstairs maliciously.

"Oh, I'm not excited about it, but, as you say, it reminds me. A silly lot, aren't they? Oh, well, it's innocent, and better than spending your nights as most of us who have no homes do! Oh, pshaw! she's caught this time! Why didn't she dive under that table?"

"If you knew how silly you all look over there with your heads bunched at the windows, you'd come and sit down," drawled Major Brandram, who had retired to a comfortable armchair by the fire.

"Come over and look for yourself!" said someone laughingly. "They're having a great time across the street!"

"Well, don't bother me with it. I'll stay where I am, thanks. There must be somebody left with a little sense."

"They've stopped blind-man's-buff now," said the General. "I suppose she said it wasn't fair, and she wouldn't play any more. Or, no; they're going to have something else! What is it? I bet it's I-spy!"

"So do I bet it is!" cried Captain Neville, who up to this time had been strangely silent. "That's a great game for Christmas! It's nice to make believe you're little kids just once a year, isn't it?"

Then the Major did indeed groan disgustedly; and disgustedly he went on reading a Christmas magazine. But Captain Neville repeated:

"A great game! You hide the thimble behind a picture, or in a vase. Oh, you're laughing at me, I suppose?" The others were laughing, but the laughing was not discouraging, for there seemed to be sympathy in it.

"Hide the thimble in the vase," suggested Captain Arnold, as if finding pleasure in having memories recalled to him. "Then what? That's right! Used to do it myself!"

"Hide the thimble in the vase; and when they approach the mantelpiece, you say: 'Warm!' and, when they go the other way, as they go you say: 'Cold! colder! very cold!'"

Then everybody laughed most good-naturedly, as if at a naïveté that pleased them.

"Oh, I say, but that isn't I-spy they're playing! What is it? They're all in the back, so I can't see what they're doing."

"There was a game that had something to do with a post-office that we used to play," said the General. "I don't remember just how it went, but I believe it used

to be pleasant. No; I don't believe it is that post-office game! Then what do you suppose it is?"

"Why, puss-in-the-corner! You ought to recognise puss-in-the-corner! They beckon with their fingers to one another. See, that girl in white it is, and she must get someone else's corner. Got it! By George, that was smart! They're having a great time, aren't they? You're a great lot not to recognise puss-in-the-corner! Used to play it myself."

But the game broke up, and there seemed to be a lull in the merriment. Then it was seen that the girl in white was saying something seriously, the others listening attentively. There was no more excitement, and the watchers went back to their seats.

"What's the matter?" Major Brandram asked Captain Neville. "That's fearfully gloomy face you brought away from the window!"

"Oh, pshaw! not at all! Why it should be? I suppose I was thinking a little, though. Your folks aren't in town, are they?"

"Haven't any! Have you?"

"Yes; but not within thousands of miles of here. I shouldn't be here this evening if I had. I never saw this old club look so dismal. Why, you're the one that's looking gloomy! What's the matter? Have a smoke?"

"Well, how are you feeling?" the General suddenly asked Captain Neville. Ordinarily he would not have noticed one so unimportant, but this evening he seemed strangely friendly.

"I'm feeling all right. Lonesome old place, this, isn't it? Still, it's the only place where I know anyone in the whole of Hongkong. Oh, I wish!"—he went on—"I wish—" But he seized a paper desperately. Others looked at him sympathetically. There were still others who seemed to find it necessary to read, too.

It was the girl in white who had interrupted the festivities in the house across the street.

"I've been thinking!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, think some other night!" cried the girl in yellow, and young Bulby, and young Harrowsmith.

"Did you see the turkey?" asked the girl in white. "I was just thinking how fine and big it is, and how there are so many poor people who won't have even a mean little turkey to-night."

"Oh, I say!" cried young Bubby. "Aren't you going to play any more?"

But the girl in yellow and the girl in pink and the girl in skyblue were exclaiming :

"Isn't it awful? There are poor people without any Christmas dinner—to-night of all nights! Any other night wouldn't matter so much, but just think of people not having a Christmas dinner on Christmas night!"

So young Bulby and young Harrowsmith and all the other young fellows agreed :

"Yes, too bad!"

"Oh, you don't think it's too bad at all! You're not thinking anything about it, but just saying that because you're expected to. If you think it's too bad, why don't you do something?"

Young Bulby, young Harrowsmith, and the other young fellows looked helplessly up at the ceiling, over at the mantelpiece, all round, but saw nothing to do.

"Oh, do something? Why, certainly! Anything in particular?"

"There are poor people—" began the girl in white; but she paused, as if not knowing very much about poor people.

"Poor little waifs who haven't any dinner!" suggested the girl in yellow.

"Oh, yes, poor little waifs who haven't any dinner and—and poor little waifs who can't—who can't find anything to eat and—"

"And unfortunate, hard-working men who can't get work to do," suggested the more resourceful girl in yellow.

"Yes, of course! Unfortunate, hard-working men who can't get work to do; and unfortunate, hard-working men who—"

"Poor families being turned out into the cold and wet!"

"Oh, you must go out and bring in all kinds of unfortunate and deserving people!" cried the girl in white. "How can you stand there when there are unfortunate, deserving people, and—unfortunate, deserving people?"

"Why, what must we do?" asked puzzled young Bulby and puzzled young Harrowsmith, for the other young fellows were nowhere in sight.

"You must go out and get waifs! It's wicked to wait another minute!"

"Well, what do you think of this?" Bulby asked, when he found himself out in the street in the cold and wet. "We'll just walk down the road, and come back and say there isn't a waif to be had."

"No!" said Harrowsmith. "I don't know just where to find them, but—"

And he asked a policeman, who was standing idly at the corner of the road.

"Officer," said Harrowsmith, "will you kindly tell me whether you have seen any waifs in this neighbourhood?"

"Never saw one on my beat," said the constable. "Maybe there's some in other parts of Hongkong. No; I can't say I ever see what you call waifs, but I'll keep my eye open for 'em, and maybe I'll find some."

As they went on to continue their search, Bulby was forced to confess: I don't know that I've ever seen a waif, but I've always had the impression that they are most prevalent at Christmas time. Doesn't every Christmas story have a waif in it?

Said Bulby:

"It strikes me that we'd better give up waifs. Waifs maybe all right, of course—

I'm not saying a word against waifs—but let's try the unfortunate, hard-working, and deserving. He'll be hungry. We'll give him a dinner that he'll remember all his life."

We'd better go back, or we sha'n't have our own Christmas dinner."

"No!" said stubborn Harrowsmith, "I've set my mind upon having waifs; and waifs I'll have! You're sure you don't see any squalor about? I think you always find waifs where there's squalor——"

"I've got it!" cried Bulby. "I know what we'll do. I've just remembered that old General Carstairs—he's a great philanthropist, you know—belongs to the Club across the street. I know him quite well: let's go in and ask him what to do."

So in a few minutes Harrowsmith and Bulby entered the club. They found the General gazing despondently at the ceiling, but when he heard his name mentioned a surprised light gleamed in his eye.

"It's like this," said Harrowsmith abruptly, having formed just the questions he meant to ask, but having forgotten their wording. "We're out looking for squalor."

"You're looking for what?"

"Why, we're looking for squalor."

"Well, you won't find it here."

"No! What we mean is we'd like to do something for deserving cases on Christmas night. We thought you could help us."

"Oh, that's it, eh?" The Geneal took out a bulky notebook from an inner pocket.

"Well, here's the case of Martin Kelly, who appealed to me for aid. Very touching case. Ill and starving."

"Ill?" cried Bulby. "That's fine!"

"Starving?" cried Harrowsmith. "Splendid!"

"Eight months out of work? That's great!"

"Pawned everything? Good enough!"

"Good enough?" asked the General sharply.

"Oh, pardon me! We mean it is a very fine specimen of a deserving case. We'll help him!"

"Yes; others were affected by it. I had the story printed in a daily paper, and the next morning's post brought cheques up to three hundred dollars. Contributions are still received."

"Three hundred dollars!" exclaimed Bulby. "Why, that's more than I could save in a year! Do you always have such generous responses?"

"Oh, no; but this is Christmas, you know."

"But where is all this distress I've heard of in the winter time?"

"Where?" said the General vaguely. "Oh, lots of places, but not to-night. If you read the papers you can see what a bad old world we're living in; but it's not such a world that, in this part of it, anyone need be hungry or homeless on Christmas Day."

"Well, then," said Bulby, "we'll have to go across the street again. Sorry to trouble you."

"Across the street?" cried Captain Neville. "Is that where you're from? From the Christmas-tree and blindman's buff? What is it you're looking for? Perhaps I can help you!"

"Well, we're looking for waifs chiefly. It's very hard to find waifs. I don't believe there are any."

"You don't?" cried the Captain. "Well, I do. Just wait a moment. I'm sure of it."

Bulby and Harrowsmith looked about the room for lurking waifs, but Captain Neville ran for a dictionary and fluttered its leaves.

"'Waif,'" he read aloud; "'one who wanders about and has no home.' If that isn't my case, wandering from one end of town to the other all day, and then coming back to a furnished room late at night— You're looking for a waif? Here I am!"

Invite me over, and just let me play I-spy once more?"

"No, no!" cried the General. "I put in my claim by right of seniority. I've been a waif for forty years, and you'll have to travel far before you can do better than that!"

"At last," cried Bulby and Harrowsmith, "we've found waifs! Come over, and welcome to you, every one."

"Tut, tut!" grumbled Major Brandram. "Have you no spirit, to beg for an invitation like that? I'd like to see myself do it. Well, do what you please; I don't care. I'll stay here and look after things."

But the waifs were crowding up the steps of the house across the way, introducing themselves, bringing the dictionary with them to prove their identity.

"Why, I never knew waifs were so pleasant!" exclaimed the girl in white. And the girl in yellow, very much impressed

with one particular waif, thought him not at all an unwelcome addition.

They played "blind-man's buff," "puss-in-the-corner." Yes; and I-spy, too!

It was very late when the Christmas dinner was ready. All were about to march into the dining-room when someone noticed a hard-working and deserving unfortunate, out in the cold and the snow, looking hungrily in the window.

The unfortunate was Major Brandram, who said "Tut, tut!" when they swarmed out after him, but up the steps he went, and danced until late with everyone in white, sky-blue, pink, and yellow.

"Deserving cases?" said Harrowsmith to Bulby. "I've never seen a more grateful lot of fellows. Christmas funds are good, but there are plenty of opportunities for charity among those that have good jobs and are prosperous."

And this time Harrowsmith knew what he was talking about.

A Mistake

"HAVE you any wax for floors?"

"No, we have only sealing-wax."

"Oh, that won't do! I want something to wax the floor, not the ceiling. We are going to give a dance."



THE HONGKONG RACE COURSE

Sir Ian Hamilton Visits Shanghai

PRESENTATION TO SIR EVERARD FRASER

A VERY simple, but none the less impressive, programme was carried out when Sir Ian Hamilton presented our popular British Consul-General, Sir Everard Fraser, with the insignia of the order conferred on him earlier in the year by His Majesty the King. The ceremony was performed at noon on the 27th of October on the lawn in front of the Consulate before a representative gathering of British residents. All the Consulate staff were in uniform, those present in addition to the Consul-General being Messrs. H. Phillips, Vice-Consul, H. H. Bristow, C. F. Garstin, H. F. Handley-Derry, P. Grant-Jones and Stark-Toller. The Supreme Court was represented by Sir Havilland de Saumarez, Mr. F. S. A. Bourne, C.M.G., and Mr. H.P. Wilkinson, others present including Mr. E. C. Pearce, representing the Municipal Council, the Rev. A. J. Walker, the Rev. C. J. F. Symons, the Rev. C. E. Darwent, Mr. Paul King, Mr. F. E. Taylor and Mr. A. P. Wood. The officers of the Navy in attendance were Capt. Corbett, M.V.O., H.M.S. *Flora*, Lieut.-Cmdr. Blackwood, H.M.S. *Woodcock*, Lieut.-Cmdr. Stopford, H.M.S. *Teal*, Staff-Surgeon Arkwright,

Fleet-Paymaster Glyes, Staff-Engineer C. Vinning, Lieut. O'Brien, Lieut. Westmacott (in charge of the guard of honour), Asst.-Paymaster Symes and the Rev. Lloyd, Chaplain.

SIR IAN HAMILTON'S ADDRESS

When making the presentation Sir Ian said: "Sir Everard Fraser, I have been deputed by His Britannic Majesty's Minister at Peking to present to you the Insignia of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, and that in as official and public a manner as was practicable. No doubt, in due course you will take steps, Sir Everard, to approach the King in order that he may, with his own hand, invest you with these Insignia. Meanwhile it only remains for me to express the hope that you may long be spared to wear this most Distinguished Order, and that you may rise before long to



Photo

CAPT. CORBETT
H.M.S. *Flora*

Burr

SIR IAN HAMILTON

a higher class in the same."

General Hamilton handed over the insignia, upon receipt of which Sir Everard Fraser bowed. The presentation of the staff of the Consulate to the General then took place, and this brought to a conclusion the public portion of the function.

INSPECTION OF THE S.V.C.

We are very sorry that the inspection of the S.V.C. by Sir Ian Hamilton took place at such a late hour that it was impossible to take any photographs that are calculated to do the credit to the occasion which it called for, as it was universally considered that the "march past" the saluting base was one of the best on record. That our noted visitor thought highly of it is evinced in the following speech:—

"Colonel Barnes, Officers, Noncommissioned Officers and Men of the S.V.C. There are three principal methods of inspecting troops so as to arrive at an idea of their value. The best is on the battlefield. The next best is on the manœuvre ground, and the last is by ceremonial

"When I think of your constantly fluctuating effectives; of the fact that nearly one-third of you have been less than a year with the colours; when I view these drawbacks in the light of the excellent "march past" we have just had as you yourselves must realize without any hitch whatever, then I feel that only good organization, good administration and good-will all round could produce so satisfactory a result.

"Militarily speaking the tactical position of Shanghai is assuredly not very easy—not a very easy one to make good. But the best remedy for a poor tactical situation outside a city is a good fighting force within its walls. That, in my opinion, Shanghai has got.



Photo

Burk

SIR IAN HAMILTON PRESENTING THE INSIGNIA TO SIR EVERARD FRASER

parade. But although a "march past" may not be the best way of gauging efficiency, it possesses a distinct value of its own and by the turn-out, equipment, bearing and solidity of the companies an experienced general may make a very fair guess as to their soldierly qualities. Especially is this the case when the inspecting officer has previously been able to practise part of the corps in a rapid assembly without previous warning, and has personally checked on the ground the arrangements made to meet trouble or disturbance.

"I feel then that I speak not without knowledge when I say that Shanghai has, in you, good cause to be proud of her sons.

"I thank you all for giving me such a magnificent parade."

THE TOTAL STRENGTH

was 568, made up as follows:—

Staff:—9; Medical Staff 3; Light Horse 23; Artillery 38; Maxims 42; Engineers 25; "A" Mtd. Rifles 18; "A" Co. 81; "B" Co. 44; Customs 40; Germans 36; Americans 50; Portuguese 51; Japanese 32; Chinese 56; Buglers 20.

THE BOY SCOUTS

At the parade of Boy Scouts which took place before Sir Ian Hamilton whilst the latter was in Shanghai he made a little speech to the Scouts which deserves to be

put on record as it contains so much advice that is sound and good:—

"I should have been sorry to leave Shanghai without seeing this parade," he said. "In walking down the ranks I was very pleased to see how perfectly steady you stood. It shows, boys, what

the examinations which most of you have to go up for some time or other, you will see that they must teach selfishness. There is no way out of it. You have got to try to get over the head of the other boy. You may feel sorry for him, but you cannot help feeling glad you are at the top of the class.



Photo:

SIR IAN HAMILTON INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR FORMED OF BRITISH BLUEJACKETS

Burr

a marvellous thing is discipline. I am perfectly sure some of the smaller ones, if your mothers asked you to be quiet for two minutes, would not have been able to manage it; but here you have stood for twenty minutes without any difficulty at all. But that is not the only thing. It makes you more observant, smarter, and steadier. This Scout movement, and the Cadet movement, also teach you to think of others as well as yourselves. Now if you will consider education, intellectual education, for

The Scout and Cadet movements supply a very necessary corrective. They have come just in time to save us, I think. They supply a good corrective to the selfish side of our education because their whole idea is to stand shoulder to shoulder and help one another. You have got to learn, and are learning quickly, that you are all in the same boat sink or swim, and you have got to stick to one another if you want to get on. You have got to work not so much for your own credit as for the credit of the patrol or the company. If you find that a boy or a patrol is better able to do a thing than you are, you have got to stand back and let them get the glory because they will do it better. That is why I am so glad to see you and to do anything I can to encourage you and help this great movement."

The Scouts gave three cheers and a "tiger" for the General in their best style and then dismissed.



A FEW LIGHT-HORSE MEN

Christmas Cakes and Pudding

PREPARATIONS for Christmas should now begin in earnest: there is no time to lose.

Make and bake the cake, then pack it away in greaseproof paper in a tin, to mellow and ripen until a day or two before Christmas Day, when it must be iced.

Next, make and boil the puddings, and store them in a cool, dry place. Then mix the mincemeat, press it into jars, and cover it securely.

When these are all done we may turn our thoughts to compiling the Christmas menu, to selecting the design for the cake decoration, and doing the hundred and one things which are waiting to be done.

The Christmas Pudding

THE ingredients may soon be told: For its mixing you must take one pound of finely-chopped suet, half a pound of flour, and the same quantity of breadcrumbs, one pound each of stoned raisins and currants (which have been previously well washed and dried), and mixed peel, half a pound of castor sugar, and some grated nutmeg, an ounce of blanched and chopped almonds, and a few drops of essence of ratafia. Moisten these with six well-beaten eggs, and add enough milk to make it blend. Put the mixture into well-buttered basins, and make a paste of flour and water, roll it out, and with it cover over the top of each basin, then tie down tightly with pudding cloths, and boil for eight hours.

Mincemeat

MINCE well together the following ingredients: Of suet a pound, the same quantity of raisins washed and dried currants, of chopped Wellington apples, and also of mixed peel, and castor sugar, and with these mix half a pound of orange marmalade and sufficient grated nutmeg to taste. Blend all well together, and add the juice of three lemons before tying down in jars for future use. The best way of negotiating all these ingredients is to put them separately through a mincing machine, which saves a great deal of trouble.

Rich Christmas Cake

THIS, like mincemeat, should be made some time before being eaten. For this, beat a pound and a-half of fresh butter to a cream, and work into it one pound of castor sugar, adding to this the well-beaten whites of eight eggs. Beat the yolks for some minutes, and work into them two pounds of fine flour, half a pound of self-raising flour, half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and a quarter of an ounce of powdered cloves and cinnamon. Then knead all the above ingredients together, and for half an hour heat the mixture over a saucepan of boiling water. Now add to it half a pound of ground almonds, three-quarters of a pound of mixed peel, finely chopped, two pounds of currants that have been well washed and dried, and an ounce of chopped and bleached sweet almonds. Have a round tin ready lined with well-buttered paper, pour in the mixture, and bake well for three hours. When required, trim off the paper, and cover the top of the cake with the following icing. Allow the white of one egg to a teacupful of icing sugar (which must be well sifted) and half a small teaspoonful of tartaric acid. Have a broad knife and some boiling water, and spread the icing over the cake, dipping the knife into the water to smooth it over, but taking care to allow the first coating to dry before applying another layer. Make a pretty design of dried fruits in the centre, such as crystallised pears and strips of angelica; then, finally, arrange a pretty edging composed of glacé cherries and apricot quarters. Put a ruche of pink and white tissue paper round the cake as a finish.

Compote of Orange

SOAK one ounce of gelatine in half a pint of water; when it has dissolved add half a pint of boiling water, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice of two lemons, the pulp and juice of four oranges. Bring to a boil and pour into a large basin to cool. When the mixture is quite cold, and nearly stiff, whisk it to a stiff froth, whipping in the whites of four eggs. Pile high in the centre of a glass bowl, border with Savoy biscuits, and strew crushed ratafias over the whole.

Burying the Hatchet with a Vengeance

SHORT STORY FOR BOYS

AT one of the great Public Schools of England, which I will designate Cranford, there was some years ago a boy called Walters. And now, having started, let me pull up a moment to inform my readers that, this being an actually true story, and certainly some of the actors in it are alive at the present day, for fear of harrowing up their feelings I have given both localities and characters names very unlike those they are entitled to bear.

Walters was not at all a bad kind of fellow—a bit thoughtless and careless, perhaps, and game for any amount of mischief, but not bad at heart. He came of a very good family, and Dr. Gordon, the head master, became acquainted with some members of it when away from Cranford, during the holidays. Walters was not in Gordon's house, but the doctor thinking it would be some slight return for several little kindnesses he had received from Walter's people, asked the boy to breakfast one morning. Breakfasts with the Doctor were serious affairs, and were regarded by those in the lower school who were invited much as presentation at a Drawing-room is regarded by a *debutante*. They necessitated a clean shirt that morning, and a rush back to one's rooms after first school for a wash and a brush, and a clean collar. And the invitation is very much of the nature of a Royal Invitation or, in other words, a command, saving that it always presupposed an acceptance. I fancy there is no record of refusal ever been sent. The guests at these feasts generally numbered seven or eight, some out of the

Doctor's own house, and others from the *hoi polloi* of the school. Walters received his invitation to breakfast with the Doctor on one particular Thursday, on the previous Monday, and looked out a nice clean shirt, without frayed cuffs, in readiness for the occasion.

Thursday morning arrived, and as ill-luck would have it, that particular morning Walters was sent up. "Sent Up" to the general reader, is an expression that carries no particular meaning: it is otherwise to a Cranford boy. To him it means an interview with the head master, and in nine cases out of ten a switching at the end of it. These interviews, and the after events take place in the old school after first school, and before the Doctor returns to his house for breakfast. It is a convenient time, and may have been fixed, because the originating head master thought a little gentle exercise would improve his appetite for breakfast. I believe it has not always that effect on the victims.

What was the particular crime for which Walters was sent up I cannot at this time remember. At any rate, up he went, was interviewed and shortly afterwards duly switched. I do not think it was his first acquaintance with this class of punishment, but when the ordeal was over, he considered he had a clean record again, and hurried off to prepare for his breakfast with the Doctor.

At the appointed time, nine o'clock, he rang the Doctor's front door bell, and was ushered into the drawing room, where he found Mrs. Gordon; the Doctor had not yet returned. A few minutes sufficed to

gather together the remaining guests, and shortly afterwards Doctor Gordon appeared, and shook hands first with one and then with the other, but utterly ignored Walters.

The fact was, the previous proceedings of the morning were in the Doctor's eyes an annulling of Walter's invitation, and he had no idea that the boy would present himself as a guest at his table, after having so recently received anything but tender treatment at his hands. But as we have seen, Walters and Doctor Gordon did not view the matter in the same light.

The Doctor continued conversing with his guests, only omitting to notice Walters, until the omission became so marked that his wife observed it, and said :

"John, dear, you haven't shaken hands with Mr. Walters."

The Doctor looked up, and seemed uncertain how to act, when Walters relieved the situation, by saying gaily;

"Oh, Mrs. Gordon, the Doctor and I have already met this morning."

After such magnanimous solving of an awkward incident by the victim himself the Doctor could hold out no longer, but going up to him smilingly held out his hand saying :

"Yes, Walters, we've met once this morning, but that's no reason we should not shake hands now, is it?"

"No sir," said Walters grinning all over his face. And breakfast being at that moment announced, a general move was made for the dining-room, and I believe neither of the chief actors in this little drama made a worse breakfast because of previous events.



A Useful Lesson

FATHER: "Well, Carolina, how do you like school?"

CAROLINA (aged six): "Oh, so much, papa!"

FATHER: "That's right, my dear. And now what have you learned to-day?"

CAROLINA: "I've learned the names of all the little boys."



THE GERMAN SCHOOL KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN ON A GALA DAY

The Fire Brigade Annual Competition

ALARGE number of interested spectators attended the annual competition of the units of the Fire Brigade for the Fire Insurance Companies' Challenge Shield. The members of the Fire Brigade themselves were all as keen as mustard on winning, whilst the spectators all took a lively interest in the proceedings from the start to the finish. Every company did remarkably well, but the Deluge was the only company that managed to

The hydrant will not be capped or flushed and the key will remain on the hydrant throughout the competition. Truck at start to be placed with tips of shafts on line, marked 30 yards from hydrant, near junction of roads near Swimming Bath, and competing team of five men to take any position behind line, on same side as truck and to start at the word "Go" given by their Foreman, before which time no part of the reel may be loosened or taken off



Photo

Burr

VICTORIA COMPANY DO GOOD TIME IN FIRST EVENT

avoid some small slip of some sort that affected the final result. The winners came in for a well-deserved ovation at the end of the competition, when they were declared winners of the Shield for the ninth time.

THE CONDITIONS

For the sake of future reference we append the conditions, which twenty years hence may be even more full of interest than they are now:—

and nothing taken from the box. Ladder will be in position at base of structure, lying parallel to bars. In the 2nd, 3rd and 4th events the competing team will line up on a given mark at the hydrant and will take the word "Go" from their Foreman. Ladder streams shall have previously been brought down from ladders. At the completion of the reel up competitors will assemble inside a given square East of the hydrant, and the time for this event will not be taken until the arrival of the

last man inside the said square. The truck will have its full equipment, including 10 full lengths of service hose. One extra man will be permitted to hold the shafts of the truck during the "Reel Up" but will not be allowed to take any other part

be played over the structures. (2) No streams shall be used for knocking down a target other than the one provided for that stream. (3) No hose in use shall be moved or adjusted in the intervals between events except as already provided for. (4)



THE MEE HO LOONG TEAM BEFORE START OF COMPETITION

in the competition. Water must be shut off at the hydrant after each event. Patent Brigade goosenecks will be used.

Infringement of any of the following rules shall entail disqualification of the competing team:—(1) Ladder streams must

In event 4 all hose, nozzles and goosenecks must be replaced on the truck in their appointed places and the ladder laid at base of structure. (5) The discarded length of hose (broken) to be the last length replaced on the truck.



VICTORIA CO.'S MOTOR HOSE AND LADDER TENDER. ORIGINALLY MOTOR ESCAPE, BURNT IN BIG FIRE IN FOOCHEW ROAD IN OCTOBER 1911. LATELY RE-CONSTRUCTED INTO TENDER

SWEETS FOR 'XMAS

Almond Kisses

INGREDIENTS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. ground almonds, the white of an egg, juice of half a lemon, 1 tablespoonful of cream, cochineal, and some dessicated cocoanut.

Sift half the icing sugar into a bowl, add to it the ground almonds and lemon juice; make to a stiff paste with the whipped white of egg. Use a little sugar to keep the paste from sticking to the fingers, and form it into small egg-shaped balls.

Sift the rest of the sugar, add sufficient cochineal to make it a bright pink, and mix to a stiff paste with the cream. Coat the outside of the almond balls with this, roll them in the cocoanut, and leave to dry.

Marsh-Mallows

THESE sweets are very soft and tooth-some, tasting something like Turkish delight.

To make them you will require 1 pint of water, $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of best gum arabic, $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of icing sugar, the whites of 4 eggs, some powdered starch, a few drops of vanilla.

Dissolve the gum arabic thoroughly in the water, strain, add the sugar, place in an enamelled pan or double boiler, set on the stove and keep it well stirred until the mixture is just like honey. Whisk the egg-whites well, and add gradually to the contents of the pan; flavour with vanilla to taste; remove from fire and whisk the mixture until all stickiness is removed and it is quite stiff. Dust a shallow tin with icing sugar and powdered white starch, turn the mixture into it, cut in squares, and dust with starch and icing sugar.

Lemon Toffee

INGREDIENTS.—1-lb. Demerara sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of Lyle's golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of fresh butter, a few drops of lemon essence, two tablespoonsfuls of chopped almonds.

Put the butter in a stewpan, melt it, then add the sugar and syrup. Boil quickly for about twenty minutes, stirring now and then to keep it from burning, but take care not to stir too much, or it will candy. Try it by dropping a little into a cup of cold water; if it hardens immediately, it is cooked. Stir the almonds into it, and the flavouring, and pour into a greased tin.

Walnut Creams

THESE are very favourite sweets, and are so easily made.

Make some fondant. Divide the lump into two or three separate portions, colouring and flavouring each differently, but you can keep one portion white if preferred, and flavour with vanilla. When the flavouring and colouring are kneaded in well, break off little pieces, about one inch square, sugar your hands and roll each piece of fondant between them, and press each firmly between two halves of dried walnuts. Smooth the edges and shape them well. If you want them a little more elaborate, brush the fondant part over with white of egg and roll the sweets in desiccated cocoanut or chopped pistachio nuts. Leave them to dry for several hours, turning them over once or twice.

Shelled dried walnuts are sold at all large stores and most grocers, at about 1/- per pound.

In place of walnuts smaller creams may be made, using halves of blanched almonds to press on to the sweets. Halves of crystallised cherries make another variety.

Turkish Delight

INGREDIENTS.—1-lb. loaf sugar, 1-oz. of gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cold water, rose and lemon flavouring, cochineal and saffron colouring.

Soak the gelatine in half the quantity of water until dissolved, put the sugar with the rest of the water in a pan and set on the stove. When the sugar has melted thoroughly, add to it the gelatine, and boil both together for twenty minutes. Remove from fire, pour half into a bowl and colour pink and flavour with rose; rinse out a tin with cold water, and pour the mixture in it. Colour the remainder yellow, add the lemon flavouring, and pour this into another wetted tin. When solid, turn out, cut into squares with a sharp knife, and roll each square well in equal parts of plain cornflour and icing sugar mixed.

THE AMERICAN CUP

THE American Company's annual rifle meeting always creates considerable interest on account of its variety the most attractive feature being the competition for the American Cup, which was this year won by "A" Company with the following excellent score:



COLONEL BARNES CHATS WITH CAPT. SAUER

200 500 600 Total.

	200	500	600	Total
Roach ...	30	32	32	94
Ensign Lee ...	33	33	33	99
Kingsmill ...	30	30	28	88

281



DR. RANSOM AND CAPT. SAUER

Returning from the Rifle Range after recording an excellent score

200 500 600 Total.

	200	500	600	Total
Lt. Brand ...	26	32	35	93
Bowen ...	31	29	34	94
Park ...	31	31	34	96

283

The Shanghai Rifle Association came second with the following score:—



BOWEN, BRAND AND PARK
Winners of the American Cup

Other competitors scored as follows: The Reserve Co., 272; Portuguese Co., 269; Staff, 256; American Co., 252; Japanese Co., 243; Maxims, 242; "B" Co., 239. Five other companies took part but were disqualified for being late. Capt. Sauer won the High Gun Prize with a score of 101, while Ensign Lee was a close second with 99. Mr. Dorsey, acting Consul-General, presented a cup to the squad with the best attendance and marksmanship during the last six months. This was carried off by Cpl. Brown's squad: Pts. Nilsen, Speelman, Olsen, Gale, McCay, Blackwood and Slack. Lieut. Sauer and Cpl. Jordan fought for the cup given to the member of the Company who enrolled the largest

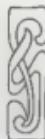
number of recruits during the year. The Company is to be congratulated on having had a most successful meeting.



ROACH, KINGSMILL AND LEE
The runners up for the American Cup



INTERESTED SPECTATORS FOLLOWING THE AMERICAN CUP COMPETITION



UNDER THE MISTLETOE

I remember when I kissed her
Years ago.
'Neath the pretty green and yellow,
Mistletoe.
While without the stars were shining,
And the moon with silver lining
Shone on lake its shades combining
Far below.
And the pucker on her lips
Sure did show.
And the scarlet in her cheeks
Flamed aglow.

Yet the never-ending bliss
Of that first ecstatic kiss,
Was a rapture not to miss
'Neath mistletoe.
But now we're old and lone,
Bent and grey,
And our little birds have flown
Far away.
And we sit by fireside bright
And we watch the deepening night
As the ever flickering light
Fades away.

OFF WITH THE OLD

AT the door of the Brookeses' house, my balance of resolution was thrown out of adjustment by old Ah Do, who turned the knob. Servants should be changed at least every decade; deliver me, for one, from the ancient family domestic. Ah Do grinned respectfully.

"Young masta, Rob," he purred, as if I were still a school boy.

"I have not seen you for a long time, Ah Do," I said, stiffly. "Is Miss Agatha at—?"

Now, I had carefully schemed to use her last name.

"You man-man drawing-room side little time." And Ah Do was gone.

So I crossed the threshold with my plan of campaign ruffled. Even Ah Do had done his best to set me at once on the old and dangerous plane of intimacy.

In the drawing-room, the Brookeses served the same disturbing purpose. I recognised, for example, a porcelain shepherd and his shepherdess, about whom Agatha and I joked the winter before she came out. I caught myself hunting for friends and finding them—a twisted candelabrum, a miniature of Aunt Juliana, a carved chair with ingenious spikes to stick into your spine. Really, how absurd it was that, after so prolonged a residence in Europe, the Brookeses should return to New York with this painfully familiar bric-à-brac!

The clock on the mantel began to sound five. It used to catch on the third tinkle, and was invariably a quarter fast—at least, so Agatha claimed whenever she was late for an appointment with me, which was often. One, two, and now the third stroke

jangled. I sighed, and consulted my watch. The clock was fifteen minutes ahead of time.

However, I carry a portrait of Susan inside my watch-case. The habit is common place, but comforting. Accordingly, I looked at Susan and was comforted. The thing had to be done, somehow. There was a flurry of the portières.

"Rob!" Agatha gave me her hands, and, naturally, I took them—both of them. She has extremely nice hands. We sat down. I secured the chair with the spikes.

"You see, I lost no time in coming, Agatha. I took you at your word."

"Of course."

"Of course?" Already, I was clutching at the conventional straw of reminiscence. "You once hated people who took you at your word—'duff-muffs,' I think you called them."

Agatha laughed, crinkling her eyes. "I do still; but in this case, it's different."

A man is sensible to be on guard when Agatha crinkles her eyes.

"In this case," she went on, "you knew that I am quite as anxious to see you as you are to see me—and more so, probably."

"Did you like Mentone?" I demanded, sternly.

"Not in the least," said Agatha. "But Mentone liked me, which was more important, on the whole."

"Mentone is human." This would not do; it was necessary, at any cost, to play the brother. "Mentone liked you because you are clever," I explained, pompously, "and good."

"One must be clever to stay good in Mentone. Then there were St. Petersburg

and Buda-Pesth and the Isle of Wight. We yote from Gib to Alexandria."

"Yote?"

"Past tense of verb, 'to yacht.' And I think you might have written me."

"Quite true," I assented. "But if I had, I would have nothing to tell you now."

"Well!" Agatha's scorn was as charming as ever. "You are telling me absolutely nothing, as it is."

"True again." And I thought desperately of Susan.

"Why don't you recite some of those unwritten letters?"

"That's a fine scheme," said I, meditating. It was an excellent scheme, but the trouble was that I had rehearsed an entirely different method of imparting the news. However, "Dear Agatha—'" I began, and balked.

"Expressive," she commented, encouragingly, "but brief. I presume you would have cabled it. What was the date of that letter?"

"I haven't finished. The date is a year ago."

"We were in Derbyshire then. Proceed, sir."

"Dear Agatha: I am sure you are not changed a bit."

"You can be positive," she interpolated, dropping her delightful, brown eyelashes.

My heart also dropped for the fraction of a trifle. Could it be possible that she still imagined that she—?

"Don't interrupt," I advised. "To continue: 'I am sure you are not changed a bit. I am not changed, either.'"

"What on earth could change us?" asked Agatha.

"Well, an auto accident," I suggested, boorishly.

"I'm serious. Rob, we have always been such reliable chums!"

She reached out an impulsive hand. My backbone became panicky, or was it

the carving on the chair? At all events, I shifted to the divan beside her.

"Dear Agatha!" I exclaimed.

"Another letter?" said she, innocently.

"Chums is the very word I want to talk about. Suppose something should happen to make a difference in that?"

She raised her eyes, and frowned straight at me. I did not know where to look, and so I looked at Agatha. Whereupon, she frowned the harder and the more becomingly.

"Pay attention to me," she directed.

"Ah, who wouldn't?" said I.

"Rob, dear—" her tone altered to what I used to call her stained-glass voice—"Rob, you make me think that we must understand things together as we never did before. Oh, why can't we be children always? There never was any difficulty about understanding then. Can't we be wise now, like children—in spite of the nonsense that is bound to come, I suppose, to every man—and woman?"

Involuntarily, my fingers pushed themselves into my pocket and around the watch.

"Your letter is unfinished," hinted Miss Brookes.

"Yes—'Yours faithfully, Robert Cryder,'" I concluded.

"Rather terse," she pronounced, critically. "Nevertheless, I have a sweet disposition, and I shall answer it."

Agatha dominated a dusky corner of the divan. She was molded into a gown of a sort of bluish grey or greyish blue—well, I haven't much of a notion about her gown, for the reason that her face was sufficient to engage the entire attention of any number of men from one to a million. Of course, I realized before that Agatha was beautiful, but now—Ah, Susan, Susan!

Agatha commenced her fanciful letter soberly, leaning forward so that a sunbeam fell on the bronze hair.

"Dear Robert: No matter how many new people I meet, I remember my most perfect pal."

"Thank you," I acknowledged; "but dare I put it—sententious?"

"Did you say sentimental?" cried Agatha.

"I did not," I replied, loftily. "Sentimental, indeed!"

Agatha held me for a second in her eyes. "Sentiment is part of the nonsense that's bound to happen," she murmured, and turned her head.

It seemed incredible, but there was a tear in her voice. And, hang it all, why did she look shivery and pitiful, as if she needed to be kissed? Heaven knows I couldn't kiss her! Disaster was ever the result of this confessional business. I swung nearer to Agatha on the divan.

"There are worse things than sentiment," said I. Now that the time had come, I croaked like a raven, just as I expected. "I've been sentimental in your absence—irredeemably sentimental."

She made a little gesture of protest.

"I mean it, Agatha. Sentimental in altogether a new way."

"Must you go on?" There were real tears in her eyes now.

"I'm afraid so. Last Summer, I found a spot in my heart I didn't suspect before. It had been covered up by stuff that doesn't count. Am I to blame? And the finding of it changed all of my life for me, except our friendship; it——"

Agatha took a long breath, and squared her shoulders.

"You can't go on, dear," she said, relentlessly.

"Why not? I must tell you. I came to-day on purpose to tell you. It is best for both of us to get it over with."

She glanced at me more softly and more pitifully than is imaginable.

"Rob, I am engaged to be married," said Agatha.

"Oh, may the good Lord deliver us!" I ejaculated, piously. "So am I."

For the instant, we were not less petrified than the shepherd and his sweetheart on the mantel. Then, Agatha pounded her knee three times in an exceedingly vulgar fashion.

"I am glad," she gasped, and laughed until her cheeks were wet.

"That's evident," I observed, as soon as I could observe anything. "When you are through being so violently glad, I'll congratulate you."

"But I was afraid to tell you," she panted, groping for her handkerchief. "Afraid it might hurt you! How did I know what notions you might have about our old affection? Rob, why didn't you speak of your engagement the first minute I came into this room?"

"Who is he?" I temporized.

"Who is she?" retorted Agatha.

But I maintained a discreet silence while she related glowing particulars about Captain Gilbert Stratton, after which Agatha listened sympathetically to my Susanic rhapsody.

I had managed to do pretty well, considering. The credit, however, was perhaps not entirely mine.



Christmas

OVER the world with outspread wings
The spirit of Christmas broods and sings
Of happy, hopeful, helpful things
All for you and me.

Then what do we care for the things that tear,
And rust, and fade, and break,
When love will give us a sweet, good sleep,
And greet us when we awake?



The Christmas-Tree Wood

O, LITTLE fellow, if you will be good
Some day you may go to the Christmas-Tree Wood.
It lies to the north of the Country of Dreams,
It glitters and tinkles and sparkles and gleams;
For tinsel and trinkets grow thick on the trees,
Where wonderful toys are for him who will seize.

You go by the way of the Road of Be-Good
Whenever you go to the Christmas-Tree Wood;
And when you draw near you will notice the walls
That rise high about the fair City of Dolls,
Whose entrance, unless you are wanted, is barred
By Tin-Soldier regiments standing on guard.

It's over in Candy Land, there where the shops
Forever are turning out peppermint drops;
Where fences are built of the red-and-white sticks,
And houses are fashioned of chocolate bricks;
Where meadow and forest and sidewalk and street
Are all of materials children can eat.

You sail on a ship over Lemonade Lake
And drink all the waves as they quiver and break,
And then, when you land, you are under the trees
Where Jumping Jacks jump in the sway of the breeze—
But only the children most awfully good
Can ever go into the Christmas-Tree Wood.

How Ruby Hart Spoilt a Christmas

I KNOW a little boy named Ruby Hart, and I shall never forget something sad which happened through his fault last Christmas Eve.

"Mother, may I go out to play again?" he asked after dinner that day.

"Yes, if you promise to go to Ley meadow and no further" was the reply.



Our Portrait Gallery
LITTLE RUTH RAVEN

Ruby promised; then his mother added: "You are to fetch the milk this afternoon, you know; so if you are not in by a quarter to four I shall send Lizzie to the meadow gate to call you, and I hope you will come in directly you hear her."

"Yes, mother," he answered; then put on his scarf and cap, and a minute later

he was going down the garden, trying to whistle like his big brother Jack.

On reaching the meadow he started running to the biggest oaktree, for there were several rabbits' holes in the bank on which it stood, and, on reaching the spot, he threw himself on the ground and began to poke his stick into one of them.

Whilst thus amusing himself, some one called his name, and looking round he saw Johnnie Webster, one of his school fellows, who lived in a cottage on the other side of the meadow.

"Hullo, Johnnie!" he answered, then scrambling to his feet, went to meet him.

"How long are you going to be out?" asked Johnnie.

"Till—till time to fetch milk," Ruby told him.

"Capital! You can come now and see the little dog father brought home last night. It is a fox-terrier."

"But Ruby shook his head and said: "Mother told me not to go further than this meadow."

"She did not know you would see me, and, of course, she would not mind if you went just as far as my house, for you can get there and back in ten minutes. Come along Ruby."

"I promised mother I would play here," was Ruby's answer.

"Ah, well!"—and Johnnie gave his head a toss—I meant to have a game with you after you had seen the puppy; but as you are not going, I shall leave you now to play by yourself." Then he made a face and laughed loudly, and added, "Ha! I did not know you were so afraid of your mother. Poor little Ruby!"

"I am not afraid!" declared Rub, angrily.

"I shall not believe you unless you come with me," said Johnnie quickly.

Then, to save himself from being laughed at again, Ruby did wrong. "Yes," he answered, "All right, I'll go"—and he went.

"What shall we do next?" asked Johnnie, when the new puppy had been seen and admired.

"Go back to the Ley meadow and have a game," said Ruby.

"Sh—h, listen!" said his companion, holding up a forefinger.

Ruby obeyed, and they stood perfectly still and in silence for a few seconds, then Ruby whispered, "It's only a cart coming up the hill."

"Ha! but I guess whose it is," said Johnnie. "I guess it's Cousin Will's he is a miller, and he promised to bring us a sack of flour to-day."

As the last words were spoken the cart came in sight, and Johnnie quickly snatched off his cap and shouted, "Hurrah! I guessed right; here comes Cousin Will. Come and meet him Ruby."



*Photo Our Portrait Gallery Burr
JOHN REGINALD AND RICHARD FREDERICK HINTON*

Ruby did not need a second bidding, and the two boys were soon near the miller's cart. "Cousin Will, give us a drive, please, cried Johnnie.

"On the way back," was the reply,

So they ran behind the cart until it stopped at Mrs. Webster's door; then the miller got down, took out the sack of flour, and carried it into the little kitchen, and placed it where his cousin wished it to stand, and had a chat with her.

Johnnie and Ruby were outside in charge of the cart and house, and at last they got

impatient, and Johnnie called out, "Cousin Will, the horse wants to be going.

"All right; I will soon be on the move," was the reply, and a few minutes later the miller was in his cart with two boys, and going at a brisk pace on his way home.

"How far would you like to go to-day, eh?" he asked Johnnie, when the foot of the hill was reached. "You went half a mile last time, but now as you have got a companion to run back with, I suppose you would like to go a mile?"



Photo

Our Portrait Gallery

DICK HARRIS

Rembrandt

"Yes, I would," said Johnnie.

"But I shall be late home if I go a mile!" exclaimed Ruby, gravely, "I shall be too late to fetch the milk."

"I guess you would be too late to do that even if you got out now," answered Johnnie, with a laugh, "so you may as well have a good long drive as you are in the cart."

"Yes, yes," agreed the miller; and he touched his horse with the whip, and drove on more quickly, and he did not stop to let them down until he had taken them a mile.

When they reached Mrs. Webster's cottage her clock was striking four, and Ruby felt frightened and ashamed when he heard it; and hurried as fast as he could

on his way home, and in the Ley meadow he met John Grice, a lad who worked at the farm from which he should have fetched the milk.

"Hullo, Master Ruby," cried John; "you are the lost boy, eh? Your sister has been calling you all over the place, and she is looking for you now, Ha! when you get home you will have something you will not like, I guess, for your father was just going in when I came past. Where have you been?"

"I shan't tell," said Ruby, with a frown. "Let me go, John Grice."

"Yes, be off," laughed John; but he gave his ear a hard pinch before he let him go.

Well, there were two ways by which Ruby could get home: one through the big meadow gate at the right-hand corner of the meadow—a gate opening into a lane which led to the cottage; the other was



Photo

Our Portrait Gallery
MASTER RUDOLPH PASCHE

Rudolph

through the small gate which opened upon a narrow gravel path leading through the churchyard, and ending at another gate opposite the cottage garden.

Ruby had made up his mind to go by the churchyard path, but, on reaching the

little gate, he stood still a moment and listened, and then he heard his father speaking in the garden.

"He must be punished," Mr. Hart was saying; "this is the second time he has gone off after being told not to go. I dare say he will be back before I am ready to start for town; if not I will call at Webster's on my way, for no doubt he is there with Johnnie."

The next thing Ruby heard was the shutting of a door, and he rightly guessed that his father had gone into the cottage.



Photo

Rembrandt

Our Portrait Gallery

ALEXANDER CLIFTON TILLEY

"I—I won't go in till father's gone," he decided with a sigh.

"I must hide somewhere till then."

Well, there was a box hedge round the churchyard—a beautiful box hedge with only one thin place in it, but Ruby knew where that thin place was and he went and squeezed himself into it.

"Nobody will think of looking here for me," he said to himself, "and this is a good place to hide because I see from it when our door opens. I hope father will come out soon, because—because it is getting dark."

Yes, daylight was fading quickly, and a very black cloud which hung overhead added to the gloom. Presently a few large snow-flakes fell, and, before many minutes had passed, the air seemed full of them; and the north wind rose and whistled loudly, and blew upon Ruby and made him shiver.

"Oh, dear! I think I will go into the porch," he whispered at last. "It is a warmer place than this, and—and I can see just as well from there when father comes out."

Then he crept from the hedge and went and crouched in a corner of the porch near the big oak door.

After what had seemed to him a very long time the snow ceased to fall, and the cottage door was opened, and his father came out and stood on the door step and shouted his name three times; but the naughty boy gave no answer.

Whilst he was being called his mother appeared by his father's side and the next sound he heard was her voice. "Oh, dear! oh, dear, John! the child must be found," she said anxiously. "I cannot rest about him any longer. I feel as if something had happened to him. You had better go to Webster and take Lizzie with you, and if you find him there he can come home with her, and you can go on to Bury, and, of course, if he is not there you will come back to me."

His father agreed to do so, and was soon on the way with Lizzie through the churchyard; and when Ruby heard the gate shut behind them, and knew they had entered the meadow, he moved from his corner.

His mother was still standing on the cottage doorstep, but just as she reached the entrance to the porch she started at a quick pace down the garden path, and he rightly thought she was going up the lane to look for him.

Yes, Mrs. Hart had suddenly remembered the pond at the side of it, and a terrible fear had come into her mind—the fear that perhaps he had been sliding upon it and had fallen through the ice.

Ah! since that evening Ruby has wished scores of times that he had called to her and had stopped her from going into the lane; but he made up his mind not to show himself until she was back in the cottage. The fact was he was feeling thoroughly ashamed of himself, and it seemed harder to go in then than before.

Well, he stood quite still and listened to his mother's footsteps until he suddenly heard them slide, and at the same moment heard her cry, "Oh! oh, dear!" in a tone which made him feel sure she had fallen and hurt herself.



Our Portrait Gallery
LEONARD EVERETT, JR.

Then he shouted, "Mother, mother! I am all right; I am here," and he ran as fast as he could towards her, and a little later he found her sitting on the slope which led to the spot from which in summer-time the water was fetched up from the pond.

She was so thankful to see him that for a minute or two she did not notice her pain.

"Oh, Ruby, I was afraid something had happened to you," she said. "Have you just come from Mr. Webster's? Have you seen your father and Lizzie?"

"No-o, mother," he sobbed; I—I have just come from the church porch. I did not stay in the meadow as you told me to; I—I went a long way with Johnnie, and when I got back it was late, and I knew father would be very angry with me, so I—I thought I would go indoors when he had gone to Bury."

"And you were in the porch when your father was calling you, Ruby?" asked Mrs. Hart in surprise.

"Ye—es, mother," he confessed slowly, then cried piteously. "Oh, mother, I will never be such a bad boy again. It is all through me that you are out and—and fell down. Can't you get up, mother?"

"No; I have hurt my ankle," was the reply. "I am afraid it is broken; and I think I fell upon a stone, for my back is hurt too. Your father and Lizzie will be near home in a few minutes, and as soon as we hear them you must run and tell them where I am."

Then Ruby rung his hands and moaned, "Oh, mother; poor mother, whatever shall I do? Oh, dear! I am so miserable."

"Ah, Ruby, you have caused a lot of trouble through doing what you were told not to do this afternoon"—and Mrs. Hart spoke very sadly. "I must have a long talk with you by-and-by; I cannot say anything more now, for I am in great pain. I hope your father will come soon."

She had scarcely spoken the last words when he and Lizzie were heard in the churchyard, then Ruby ran to meet them, and a little later they were gently helping poor Mrs. Hart back to the cottage.

As soon as they got her inside she fainted, and her husband was so frightened that he sent Lizzie for the doctor, and Ruby for the nearest neighbour.

That was indeed a mournful Christmas Eve for the Harts, and many mournful days followed, for Mrs. Hart was so much hurt that she had to stay in bed nearly three weeks.

Ruby was, of course, very miserable all that time, but he then learnt how much pain and sorrow a child can cause by one act of disobedience; and I am glad to say that he is now careful to do as he is bidden, and is not likely to forget how he spoilt last Christmas.

Riddles

WHEN is a volunteer not a volunteer?
When he is mustered.

When did George Washington first take
to carriages? When he took a hack at the
cherry tree.

What was the colour of the wind and
waves of the storm? The wind blew
(blue) and the waves rose.



TWO LITTLE AMERICAN GIRLS (PINKY AND
BLUEY) MASQUERADE IN CHINESE DRESS

Why is it impossible for a young man
who lisps to believe in the existence of
flappers? Because he calls every miss a
myth.

Why is blindman's buff like sympathy?
Because it is a fellow feeling for another.

What is the best all-round medicine?
Pills—Pink or otherwise.

Why don't the American girls like the
English dude? Because the Yankee
dude'll do (Yankee doodle do.)

When was Shakespear a broker? When
he furnished stock quotations.

What is the proper length of a Shanghai
Flapper's skirt? A little above two feet.

Quaint Sayings**AFTER THE PARTY**

"Surely, you've not washed this morning,
Basil?"

"No, mamma, I was in bed so late last
night that I didn't think I required it."

TIP-FOR-TAT

LITTLE FRANCOIS was having a music-
lesson, and things weren't going very
smoothly, so papa was brought to the
scene of action.

"But you don't play the piano yourself,
papa," Francois objected.

"No, because I never learnt."

"Oh, papa, how very sensible your
parents were."

A QUERER ANSWER

Two little children were awakened one
morning, and, being told that they had a
new little brother, were keen, as children
are, to know whence and how he had come.
"It must have been the milkman," said the
girl. "Why the milkman?" asked her
little brother. "Because it says on his cart,
'Families Supplied,'" replied the sister.



A MERRY 'XMAS TO EVERY ONE

Old Christmas Carol

OLD Christmas is come for to keep open
house,
And scorn to be guilty of starving a mouse;
Then come, boys, and welcome; for diet,
the chief,
There's plum pudding, roast goose, minced
pies and roast beef.
Then let us be merry and taste the good
cheer,
And remember old Christmas but comes
once a year.

A TRUE TIGER STORY

BY A BRITISH OFFICER

ANY sportsman desirous of shooting a tiger need never anticipate any difficulty in obtaining directions as to how to do so. There must be, at the very lowest computation, a hundred books on the subject.

But I now know the way not to shoot tigers—that is to say if any enjoyment is to be derived from the sport. Our only excuse was that we were “Griffins” pure and simple and knew no better.

Few people at home realise how hard it is to get a shot at a tiger nowadays. They are more strictly preserved than any other game, with the exception, perhaps, of elephants, and you might just as well expect courtesy and congratulations on your skill, from a neighbour’s keeper, if he found you at work on the pheasants in one of his master’s coverts, as from any of the owners of the shooting in the Native States of India, if they found you trying to reduce their stock of tigers without a “Perwana” or permit.

This fact makes the perusal of the statistics regarding the destruction of dangerous game, and the various proposals for their extermination, rather amusing reading to anyone who has been in India. An ordinary “Perwana” is easy enough to get, but unless you are a globe-trotter with a bundle of letters of introduction, or a boss of some sort, your permit will always bear the restriction, “Except tigers and panthers” written across it.

In the English States, however, even a subaltern may occasionally get a shot at something big. When my regiment was at Nasirabad we had two companies on

detachment at Neemuch, and as there was good shooting in the country about there, this was always a popular station with us. Black buck, chinkara, and small game shooting we had plenty of, but when the Cantonment magistrate said he thought he could get us some bear shooting, it can easily be imagined how we jumped at his offer.

Accordingly, one day, H. (a brother subaltern) and I, having sent our camp on, started after tiffin in a tonga to drive the first sixteen miles to our destination. We had to ride on camels the remainder of the distance, some fourteen miles, and arrived at our camp just in time for dinner, after which we turned in, being dog-tired. It takes practice to get into the way of riding a camel with any degree of comfort.

I had barely got between the blankets when I heard an excited conversation, in which my ancient butler was ably holding his own, going on outside. Calling him in, he said that a man had come round to say that a tiger had just killed a cow, not a quarter of a mile from our tents, in the lane leading up to the village. This was good enough: so hastily slipping into our clothes, with a rifle and half-a-dozen cartridges each, H. and I started for a little midnight tiger shooting on foot.

Our guide led up to the village, outside which the natives were working all night at a sugar refinery, with a large fire burning. It seemed absolutely impossible that any tiger would have selected such a place for a meal, and H. said that if there was a “Kill” at all, it must be the work of a panther. Our friend led us for some

hundred yards down a field on the left-hand side of the lane, and then pointing to the impenetrable blackness ahead, turned round and retired to the fire.

The "Kill" was supposed to be in the lane, one of a small herd of cattle that had been driven into the village that evening. Slowly and cautiously we crept side by side down that field, peering into the lane as well as we could, for it was a very dark night. Another hundred yards of this sort of hide-and-seek suddenly opened my eyes to the fact that my nerves were very jumpy, and that we were engaged in rather a foolish style of shikar, when suddenly H. gripped my arm, and we both pulled up dead short. There was nothing to be seen, but very much something to be heard—the tearing and rending of flesh, and the mastication of bones from the black depths of that abominable lane. H. crept on. So did I. Where H. went that night I meant going too: my feeling being that I was in need of company. Once more he touched my arm: this time I managed to make out what looked like something white lying in the lane, but to see anything else was impossible. Then with a loud "whough, whough," something like a shadow seemed to obliterate the white for a second, and away went some heavy beast down the lane. Never have I felt more truly thankful. I wanted to shoot a tiger badly but not this one—at all events not like this. Some afternoon perhaps from a cosy machan with a "peg" and a cheroot handy, or a good safe rock past which the beast might be driven, but not like this. The hedge dividing us from the lane was about three feet high, composed of dead twigs. H. stepped over it to the "kill," which was a small white heifer.

"By Jove! it is a tiger after all," he said; "what luck! He's begun at the hind quarters."

"Good business," I answered; "we'll have a machan built somewhere handy to-morrow morning and, perhaps, get the beggar yet. What a pity he bolted!"

"Machan be blowed! He's safe to come back. We'll get him to-night as sure as a gun."

I forgot to mention that this is an absolutely true tale. His proposal that we should sit and wait filled me with disgust. My teeth were chattering (with the cold), and I was all for bed, and this tiger seemed such a damnably ferocious beast that even there I thought we should scarcely be safe. For all this time, two hundred yards up the lane, the natives were chattering and jabbering at their work, and a big fire was blazing away.

"Oh! I say H.," I said, "this is all Tommy rot. There isn't a chance of the brute coming back: if it did, we couldn't see to shoot it, and I'm infernally cold."

"Are you cold? Well, you go back to bed, old chap. I shall stop here. Just leave me your rifle."

This I absolutely refused to do. No, never should it be said I had left a pal in such a place. (Nor was I going to walk that two hundred yards alone for all the beds in Asia.)

So putting the best face I could on it, I sat down beside H., with the hedge between us and the "kill."

The time passed slowly: slower than I'd ever known it; it passes much slower by night than it does by day. I made one or two more ineffectual attempts to get H. to come home; and then suddenly, without any warning, about twenty yards off, a low, gurgling, menacing growl. Not a roar, but a sort of anticipatory clearing of the throat. We faced the "kill," and a moment later a shadow trotted confidently up to it, stood still for one second and, before either of us could fire, bolted up the lane towards the village. Now we didn't know what to expect. My idea was

that it had spotted us, and that the next moment it would hurl itself through the air upon us, as I had often seen tigers do in illustrations in books on sport. Once, we thought we heard it creeping along the hedge towards us, and H. placed the muzzle of his rifle against our frail defence—with the intention of blowing its head off I suppose.

The time went on passing—a tremendous lot passed that night—till very soon I had the jumps “proper,” as they say in the Heraldry books. Behind us there was a poppy field, the moon was just rising at our backs, casting tigers’ shadows in all directions, when one particular shadow, which I had regarded with some suspicion for some time, began most distinctly to move. Nearer and slowly nearer that patch of darkness crept, until it was about twenty yards off, when I turned to see if H. saw it. He did, and we both leapt to our feet and threw up our rifles, when

away it went across the field for all it was worth.

That was the last we saw of it that night. Next morning we found its tracks, and were able to go over its movements of the night before, when we saw that it must have been a panther from the size of its pugs.

We sat up in a machan the next morning, but it never turned up, though it killed another cow a mile or two away some three days later.

But what struck us afterwards as showing how necessary it is to hold straight if possible, was the fact that both the cartridges H. had in his rifle that night afterwards missed fire when shooting at a bear, while the first time I fired my rifle (a .577 express) both barrels went off together, so we should just have had that between us and no more. Luckily, however, the “Sweet Little Cherub” occasionally finds time to look after poor subalterns as well as “poor Jack.”



Photo

Camera Craft Co., Peking

BRITISH AND AMERICAN OFFICERS AT PEKING

BLIND

"**S**O that is little Nolly Travers?" said George MacArthur, looking after the girl who, in a well-fitting, golfing costume, was following up her ball.

"Was," corrected Simpson; "she's been Mrs. Archibald Calverley these two years."

"True, I had forgotten. I remember her ten years ago in Shanghai, the jolliest little girl, with fair hair hanging down her back, and the prettiest eyes. We were great chums in those days," little Nolly and I."

"Those eyes have done some execution since then," remarked Simpson drily.

"Doubtless. I suppose that was Captain Archibald I saw her driving up with in a motor car. From the way they looked at one another, it seemed to me that the honeymoon stage was lasting an uncommonly long time."

Simpson looked at him oddly. "It's very evident you've been away from civilization for ten years, MacArthur. No, that was not her husband; that was Cosmo Brabazon."

"Oh!" said MacArthur slowly, "is that so? We are used to that sort of thing in Shanghai. But, somehow, I did not expect it of dear little Nolly Travers."

Archibald's not a bad sort," Simpson went on. "A bit heavy and stupid. He's the only one who is blind as to what is going on. He's very fond of his little wife in his own clumsy way; but if ever his jealousy were roused he'd be a hard man to deal with. There'll be a big ruction some day if Nora and Brabazon don't look out."

MacArthur sighed. He thought of the pretty, merry tom-boy, whose open-hearted

innocence and frank fearlessness had so charmed him in days gone by. Was this what a few years of fashionable society had made of little Nolly Travers?

"Did you say the man's name was Brabazon? Oddly enough, there is a Mrs. Brabazon staying at the Hydro—rather a handsome woman, with a touch of foreign blood in her, I should say—can it be any relation?"

"He has a wife knocking about the world somewhere. They separated—incompatibility of temper, or another woman, I forget which—but it would be too odd if she happened to be at Rothpfeffer just now. Let me see, how could one describe Ida Brabazon? I used to know her when they were first married—very long, almond-shaped eyes, quite peculiar eyes, and a very slight limp."

"By Gad! it must be the same woman." Simpson shrugged his shoulders. "Then they are pretty well bound to meet. I wonder if she has any idea he is staying at the Manor?"

"I don't imagine so. She has been ill, and came here for the sake of the air. She goes for long solitary walks, and does not care to talk to many people. But to me she has been almost friendly."

A driving road cut through a portion of the links, and one of the players was just about to cross it when he saw a motor approaching at a rapid rate, and paused to let it pass.

He was a man of not more than thirty-five, though the deeply-cut lines in his handsome face made him look much older.

Reckless, hard, and cynical were the epithets usually applied to Cosmo Brabazon,

but the two latter did not belong to his nature, except in so far as the assumption of them had grown into a habit.

He was whistling carelessly as he stood there waiting, till suddenly he caught sight of a woman's figure on the other side of the road, standing beside a clump of gorse and heather.

There was surely something strangely familiar about that face and form. The blood rushed back upon his heart, leaving him pale as death and trembling in every limb. All the never-forgotten past that he had tried so hard to put out of his mind came back upon him with the force of a blow. He forgot everything but that there stood the woman from whom a fatal folly had alienated him, but to whom through all his wandering fancies his heart had ever been true.

He started forward with the cry of "Ida!" upon his lips.

The chauffeur of the car was horrified at this utterly unexpected spring forward on his part. He tried to swerve to one side; he jammed down the brake, and pulled up the car within a few seconds, but it was too late. The wing had caught Brabazon as he was passing, and flung him to the ground, and the wheel of the heavy car passed over the prostrate figure.

George MacArthur heard of the accident soon afterwards, and hurried up to the cottage where they had carried the injured man.

As he approached the place from the one side a breathless, excited woman rushed up to it from the other. It was Nora Calverley.



Photo:

THE HANKOW BUND UNDER SNOW

A. J. E. Allen.



An Old Man's Conundrum

EVERYBODY in the company had propounded a riddle of some kind except an old gentleman. Being importuned to contribute his share, he asked this question :

"What is it that everybody is trying to attain, yet nobody wants?"

One after another tried to answer this, but all finally gave it up.

"Well, what is it?" they asked.

"Old age," he said.

CHRISTMAS GAMES

"Making Your Will"

is rather a good game. It is played as follows: One of the party must be the lawyer, and his first duty is to write down a list of twelve articles of general property, numbering each as he goes on. Anything funny may be put into the list, such as her false hair, her bicycle, her manuscript, her love-letters, her last year's gown. When the list is finished the lawyer says to his client, "Who will you leave No. 1 to?" The client names any one at random, and her reply is written down opposite to the numeral mentioned. She has not the least idea what articles are written on the list, and when it is read aloud, is amused to hear that she has left her falsehair to her bald-headed uncle and her manuscripts to the Idiot Asylum.

Twenty Questions

"TWENTY questions" is always fresh and interesting, and it can be made more of if it is played in the following manner: The company should be divided into two clubs, each sitting round in a circle; two players must be sent out of the room, and the clubs must decide upon the word to be guessed. Something pretty difficult should be fixed upon, it most of the players are adults, such as the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, or one of Yvette Guilbert's long black gloves. The two who are to guess are now called in, and one sits down in the centre of each circle. "Is it this?" "Is it that?" they eagerly ask, the club answering "yes" or "no." The one who guesses it first is claimed by the other club, and makes one of their circle. One of the

first circle then goes out along with the bad guesser. The game is supposed to go on till one of the clubs has absorbed all the members of the other.

Celebrities

ANOTHER amusing game is "Celebrities," where each competitor has the name of some celebrity, either living or dead, pinned to his back. The point is to try and find out, in the shortest space of time, whom you are supposed to represent. You may ask questions of each other, but the answers must be restricted to "Yes" and "No." The one who discovers his identity goes for another name to be pinned unseen to his back, and the first winner of six correct guesses gains the prize. "Celebrities" may be changed to "Towns," "Flowers," etc.

The Magic Bridge

THE magic bridge is another popular game. The children join hands and form in a ring. If the number is large there should be four "bridges" at the quarter points of the ring, these being numbered one, two, three, and four—one opposite three, and two opposite four. The bridges are formed by two children who raise their joined hands for the other to pass under. The pianist leads with a bright familiar air, and the children all follow the tune, singing tra-la-la, tra-la-la, as they dance and skip along keeping step to the music. They go one or more times around in a circle, then the leader indicates where a "bridge" is to be made. Two children raise their joined hands, and the two children standing

opposite in the ring cross the centre of circle. All the others following after pass under the "bridge." Then, turning to right and left respectively, the two lines follow the path of the circle as formed first, meet, join hands again and a new circle is formed. Another "bridge" appears as if by magic, and the children opposite it lead again through it, the while keeping the merry measure with song and dance.



Trades

"**TRADES** is a very easy game, such as little children can play. I came upon it the other day in "Every Girl's Book." Each child chooses a trade, and the person who sits at the top of the table is called the president. She copies a short anecdote out of a book, and whenever she comes to a noun she must point at one of the children, who must say a noun which belongs to his trade, and this must be written down instead of the proper word. The president then reads the sentences aloud, and if it makes nonsense they must each pay a forfeit.



"The Rhyming Game"

Six persons at least are required for this: each must be provided with half a sheet of notepaper and a pencil. First a question is written, the paper turned over and passed to the next person, who merely writes a noun, and turns the paper over again. Then all the papers are collected by the player who is chairman for that round, he shuffles them and deals them out one to each person. The papers are unfolded, and everyone must write a verse which will answer the question and bring in the noun mentioned below it. For example: "Who is fond of cheese?"

Noun, "Table." Rhyme:
Mice are very fond of cheese,
I saw one on the table
Eating bits, that father left,
As fast as he was able.

When all have finished the papers are all rolled up and given to the chairman, who reads them all out to the company, who have great fun guessing the authors of the various rhymes.

A fresh chairman is chosen for every set.



Quid Rides ?

THE following, altered from an old "forfeit" that I have never seen in print, is to be read by a grave member of the party. Any of the audience laughing will have to pay a forfeit. Should the reader laugh or make a mistake he must pay double. Having read it he may pass it to the first forfeitee, and so on.

One old ox opening obstreperous oysters.
Two toads totally tired trying to trot to Taunton.

Three thick, thumping tigers tickling tiny tench.

Four fat friars faintly fanning favoured friends.

Five finicking Frenchmen flying from France for fresher fashions.

Six Severn salmon swimming south to Scilly.

Seven successful Scotch shepherds shearing shy sheep.

Eight exquisite Etonians evading exacting examinations.

Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nice nonpareils.

Ten tipsy sailors twiddling twisted twankay twine.

Eleven elegant elephants eloquently enlarging on elementary education.

Twelve twittering tom-tits on the tip-top twig of a tall teak tree.



The Autumn Races 1912

First Day

THE races were again favoured with excellent weather, but the attendance seemed to have fallen away in point of numbers, and as the day commenced by being bitterly cold most of the ladies wore warm coats and furs, although in the afternoon it became pleasantly warm. Mr. Burkhill won four of the first five races, performing the hat trick in the third, fourth, and fifth.



MR. VIDA AND MR. MARSHALL

Mr. H. E. Morris and Mr. Lindsay both accomplished their first win during the day, and were heartily congratulated by many friends. *Marengo* which was favourite for the Criterion Stakes was not taken out as Mr. Rowe did not arrive from England in

time to ride him, and when he went out later on in the Autumn Cup he failed badly, much to the disappointment of numerous backers.

The fields varied in number, the least being in the Criterion Stakes when only six starters appeared, whilst the maximum number was reached in the Maloo Plate



SPECTATORS ON THE OFF-DAY

and the St. Leger, which both turned out twenty-one starters. Of immense interest was the St. Leger, on account of the constant change of positions which took place during the race, and intense excitement prevailed when Mr. Moller piloted Mr. Henry Morris' black pony *Wingfield*, first past the winning post one and a half lengths in front of *Mango Tree* which was ridden by Mr. Hayley Morris, Mr. F. B. Marshall's *Rose Tree* which was favourite coming third, with Mr. Crighton up. The biggest dividend was \$735 for a win in the Autumn Cup which was won by Mr. Jones on *I'm Off*. Mr. McMarmol's *Olympic* with Mr. Burkhill up paid a dividend of \$123.90 for a win and \$14.50 for a place,

which was remarkably large for a pony ridden by our premier jockey, and indicated a decided oversight on the part of the betting public.

Second Day

THE attendance was better and the gowns worn by the ladies present were smarter in appearance than on the previous day. Close finishes were the order of the



ON THE LAWN

day, *Cherry Tree*, in the Shanghai Stakes, adding another dead heat to his record of the day before, by coming in level with *Wingfield* for third place, the second pony *Capello* only winning by a head. The average dividends were extraordinary small, the only ones of note being \$99 and \$41 paid for *Petrel* and *Sandringham* respectively which were both ridden by a visiting jockey, Mr. Hill.

Third Day

CHAMPION weather prevailed and the attendance was tremendously augmented but did not reach the usual number. Many smart gowns were to be seen on the lawn, although the latter had been well soaked by heavy rain during the early hours, a fact which upset the chances of *Rose Tree*

and *Royal Rose* and brought the third favourite *Marengo* well to the front in the betting as neither of the former ponies are partial to a muddy course. Again, close finishes prevailed but no record times were attained on account of the heavy going. Much interest was taken in the Champions for which thirteen ponies started. Intense excitement prevailed when the ponies entered the straight, Mr. Laurence leading on *Burwood* which appeared to like the heavy going and was closely followed by *Perhaps* (Mr. J. Brand), *Mahatma* (Mr. Vida), and *I'm Off* (Mr. Jones). A furlong and a half from home *Marengo* with Mr. Rowe up and *Battlefield* with Mr. Hill up, romped into prominent positions, and the race finished by *Marengo* coming in three-quarters of a length ahead of *Burwood* which was followed half a length behind by *Battlefield*.

Mr. Morris headed the list of owners for the first time for many years, Mr. Permy being second and John Peel



REGULAR OFF-DAY ATTENDANTS

third. Mr. Marshall who has had such phenomenally good luck at the last few meetings went down to seventh place, and Mr. Paington who won the Champions

took sixth place amongst the most successful owners.

Mr. Burkhill sustained his excellent record winning six races, and coming second four times and third three times. Mr. Moller was second on the list and Mr. Laurence third. Mr. Meyerink was much missed amongst the jockeys and so also was the late Mr. Cumming who was at the time of the races lying on a sick bed, and has since then passed away to his long home, to the deep regret of his many friends.

Amongst the ponies Mr. Morris' *Battlefield* headed the list with two wins, one second and one third, Mr. Permy's *Perchance* filling the second place, and *John Peel* the third. The luck this year was wonderfully well divided all round, and beyond the dividends mentioned nothing very startling was attained during the meeting. The Big Sweep was won by some one at Canton, whilst the second and third prizes both went to ticket holders in the same office (*The Standard Oil*), in the same fortunate way in which Mr. Marges won the first and second prizes at a recent meeting. The amount of the Big Sweep decreased by many thousand of dollars, which may be the effect of the bad times which prevail, or may be accounted for by the Sweeps now being confined to members only, instead of being open to the general public as of yore. Probably the Kiangwan Race Meetings also affect the number of ticket holders to some extent.

The Off Day

A LARGE number of spectators came on the Off Day, who were rewarded by a capital afternoon of excellent sport, the Autumn Handicap and Grand National Steeplechase both being notably interesting. In the first the time was $2.44\frac{1}{2}$ in comparison

with $2.48\frac{2}{3}$ for the Champions on Wednesday. The luck was again very equally distributed, Mr. F. B. Marshall being the only owner who won two races. In the Grand National Steeplechase a most exciting win was accomplished by Mr. Laurence on *Burwood* the favourite, which made an extraordinary spurt at the extreme finish of the race, and only beat *Leap Year* with Mr. McGhee up by a short head, McFish's pony *The Bird* being brought in a good third by Mr. Johnstone, who



GROUP TAKEN ON THE OFF-DAY

always manages either to win or be placed in every steeplechase. The biggest dividend for a win was \$97.80 in the Off Day Stakes which was won by Mr. McMichael on *Cat's Eye*. In the Place betting the dividends only attained the usual average, which was nothing remarkable. The stewards who were responsible for the excellency of the arrangements are to be heartily congratulated. Mr. S. Pratt and Mr. D. W. Crawford were most successful in starting each race, and Col. C. D. Bruce had many close finishes to pass judgment on, which he did with infinite success.



MR. LAURENCE ON "BURWOOD"



"SANDRINGHAM"

MR. R. MOLLER UP



MR. M. W. WOOD MR. H. S. LINDSAY MR. A. J. HUGHES



Photo

THE MALOO PLATE
Mr Burkhill winning on "Fulham"

Buri

WEDDINGS

Cooke—Allen

A VERY pretty wedding took place at Holy Trinity Cathedral on November 1st between Miss Ada Dorothy Allen and Mr. Denys Haslewood Cooke. The church had been beautifully decorated for the occasion with a profusion of white flowers and green foliage, a picturesque effect being given by the presence of many members of the Fire Brigade, of which the bridegroom is a popular member. The bride, who was given away by her father, Mr. W. N. C. Allen, wore a very handsome dress of ivory satin, made with a prettily draped skirt and tunic. The latter was edged with effective filoselle embroidery and the drapery of the skirt held in place by garnitures of orange blossom. A novel feature was a high turn-over collar which was formed of the embroidery, and fell away in front from the transparent yoke. The bridal veil of embroidered tulle was fastened by a wreath of orange blossom, and the bridal bouquet was composed of white roses and carnations intermingled with asparagus and maiden hair fern.

Two bridesmaids were in attendance, Miss Bessie Norbury and Miss Dorothy Grundy, both of whom wore dainty gowns of white taffeta relieved with touches of cerise velvet. Their picture hats were composed of white velvet trimmed with cerise aigrettes, and instead of the customary bouquet they carried big grannie muffs of white velvet, which were gifts from the bridegroom. Mr. A. G. Mossop acted as best man. After the ceremony a large reception was held by Mrs. W. N. C. Allen, the mother of the bride, who wore a

becoming gown of King's blue crepe de Chine and a black velvet hat trimmed with ostrich plumes. Many speeches of felicitation were made during the afternoon before Mr. and Mrs. Cooke left by the



Photo

MR. AND MRS. D. H. COOKE

Yung Cheung

steamer *Nippon Maru* for Japan where the honeymoon was spent. The bride's going away gown was a navy blue tailor-made, with a hat to match trimmed with cerise feathers.

Manship—Munro

ANOTHER wedding that created much interest was that of Miss Florence Mary Manship and Mr. James Munro. The Rev. A. J. Walker conducted the service, and Mr. Hurry officiated at the musical part of the service. The bride who was

given away by Mr. P. Johns, wore an artistic gown of white satin veiled in ninon and trimmed with Irish crochet lace. Her veil of tulle was fastened by a wreath of orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of white carnations, roses and asparagus fern. The bridesmaids, Misses Chatham and Benn wore effectively designed gowns of flame coloured satin, with over dresses of grey ninon, their hats being black crin trimmed with flame coloured roses. Both of them carried a shower bouquet of pink carnations, and wore gold bangles which had been given to them by the bridegroom as souvenirs of the occasion. Mr. E. F. White officiated as best man. After the ceremony a large reception was held at 328 Avenue Paul Brunat by Mrs. P. Johns, who wore a saxe blue crepe de chine gown handsomely trimmed with Tosca net and ribbon velvet in the same shade. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Munro left for their home in Hankow.

Calder—Nelson

A QUIET wedding took place on the 30th of October between Mr. J. S. Calder and Miss Elizabeth Nelson. The Rev.

A. J. Walker conducted the service and Mr. R. B. Hurry presided at the organ. The bride looked charming in a white silk gown trimmed with silk lace showered with crystal dewdrops. She wore a long embroidered veil, which was fastened with a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of exquisite white roses intermingled with asparagus fern. Miss M. Morton who was the only attendant, had on a becoming gown of embroidered cream silk crepe with which was worn a large black hat trimmed with pink roses. She carried a bouquet of pink carnations and ferns. Mr. N. C. Brodie acted as best man. A reception was afterwards held by Mrs. Brock, who wore a saxe blue satin gown relieved with white satin, her hat being white satin trimmed with ostrich plumes. Mr. W. R. Parkin proposed the health of the happy couple who left later to join the s.s. *Shuntien* en route for Taku, where their future residence will be, and where on their arrival they were welcomed by many friends at a reception given at the residence of Capt. H. H. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Calder were the recipients of many presents including a handsome one from Taikoo.



Photo

NELSON—CALDER

Rembrandt



Photo

Burr Photo Co

GROUP TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF MR. AND MRS. MUNRO'S WEDDING

LAWN BOWLS

If this ancient and historic game did not originate in England, it must have been introduced not long after the Norman Conquest. At the time of the Plantagenets the pastime had become so popular with the nation, and absorbed so much of the time and interest of the people that it threatened to seriously interfere with the practice of archery, and it was accordingly found necessary to enact laws pronouncing it illegal.

The game, however, continued to be held in high estimation by Royalty and the Nobility during the 16th and 17th centuries, and there is an old and apparently well-founded tradition that when the news of the Armada being off the Lizard was brought to Sir Francis Drake, in the year 1588, he and other Officers of the Fleet were occupied playing Bowls on Plymouth Hoe.

The game to-day is undoubtedly increasing in popularity, and Championship and International Meetings, first instituted in 1903, are now held regularly under the auspices of the English, Scottish, Irish and Welsh Bowling Associations.



MESSRS. FORD, NORCROSS AND HUNT



MESSRS. MURRAY, CAMPBELL AND BLACKSTOCK

In Shanghai the game of Lawn Bowls made great progress during last season. Many golfers deserted the golf links for the bowling lawns of the Golf Club, Recreation Club and Junior Golf Club. Much interest was taken in the competitions which took place during the summer months, the most interesting being a competition for the Championship which still remains unfinished as Mr. Disselduff has been unable to play off the final with Mr. Miller on account of a disabled hand. Other interesting competitions took place between the Junior Golf Club and the

Shanghai Golf Club. The first match was won by the Junior Golf Club, the return and final by the Senior Club. In the matches between the Recreation Club and Senior and Junior Clubs, the Recs. were successful on both occasions against the Senior Club, whilst in the matches between them and the juniors they lost the first game and won the second.



MESSRS. MCALISTER AND CRICHTON



WINE AND



WALNUTS



An Indulgent Husband

MISS GAUSSIP—"Mrs. Youngbride says her husband is so indulgent."

MRS. WEISER—"Huh! It's she who is indulgent."

MISS GAUSSIP—"Oh, no; he is. She says he buys her everything she needs."

MRS. WEISER—"That's just it. Fancy a woman being satisfied with merely the things she needs."

A Kind Invitation

SCOTCH invitations are nothing if not hearty. Two friends met after a fairly long separation.

"Man, Tam," says one, "whaur in a' the earth hae ye been hidin' yersel'? I havena seen ye for an age."

"Weel, Jeems, I've been doon at Woosung for a guid while. Come doon an' see me sune. I've got a pair o' grand boxing-gloves, an' if ye come doon any day I'll knock the face aff ye."

Time Wasted

A CERTAIN lawyer is a great card-player, so much so that his wife, who is a strait-laced woman, said one day by way of remonstrance, "A great deal of time is wasted, dear, is there not, in playing cards?" "Yes, dear," he smiled in reply, "there is—in shuffling and dealing!"

Not True

"EVERY night this same lady sits in front of us with her big hat!" said a man to his companion at the Victoria Kinematograph. "Sir," snapped the lady referred to, turning sharply round upon the speaker, "I wear a different hat every evening!"

A Mistake

"I HAVE been looking for you all the evening," said he as he approached her in the conservatory. "I want you to be my partner—" "This is so sudden!" she gasped. "At bridge," he concluded. And now there is a coldness between them.

No Time To Leave

RASTUS was on trial for the theft of a turkey and took the stand on his own behalf.

"I didn't steal no turkey, Squar; I stoled a rail."

"Well, Rastus, how did those bones get in your back yard?"

"They done come dar without my permission; an' I ain't 'sponsible. You see, Squar, I wuz needin' firewood; so I took de rail, an' toted it home, an' der wuz a turkey on it, a great big fellah. Well, sah, what's on my lan's mine, an' I didn't give him no time to run off neither, Squar."

The Squire deliberated a few seconds, then he said, "Case dismissed."

So Much Easier

A TOURIST while travelling in the north of Scotland, far away from anywhere, exclaimed to one of the natives: "Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor."

"Nae, sir," replied Sandy. "We've jist to dee a naitural death."

Professional Candour

FROM a notice of a Dance:—

"Tickets 4s each. To include all refreshments during the evening. (These should be taken some days in advance.)"

A.S.C. CORPORAL (at Soldiers' Dance)— Will you have a drink, sir?

MAJOR—Thanks very much, Corporal, but I think I've had enough.

CORPORAL—Don't say that, sir. One more drink won't make you any worse than you are already!

An Irish contemporary informs us that the latest invention is wireless telegraphy without wires.

OLD GENTLEMAN—Very charming old sedilia you have here.

CARETAKER—Yes, sir, you ain't by no means the fust as 'as admired 'em. That's where the clergyman used to sit, in the order of their senility.

The International Walking Match

To judge by the enthusiastic interest taken in the Walking Match this year, it would appear as though the fact of allowing the competition to lapse for a year or so had done the sport good. Unusual interest was evinced in the Match from the time when it was first mooted, and the immense crowd which gathered at the Race Course to witness the finish, spoke eloquently of the enthusiasm felt by the public in the Race. As for the competitors they were one and all as keen as mustard on coming in first, and put forth their best efforts to do so, with the result that the vast crowd of spectators were treated to a sporting event of unusual interest that will live in the annals of sport for many a long year.

AN EXCITING MOMENT

The messages that came in from time to time describing the progress of the Race were most conflicting. The writer of this



WINNERS OF THE FIRST TEAM PRIZE, AND SOME ENTHUSIASTIC IRISH SUPPORTERS

Reading from left to right—

MESRS. DUNNE, COLJ, MCLORN, SHERIDAN, SULLIVAN
AND McDOWELL.



Photo

T. S. D. WADE,
Winner of the First Prize

Burr

little record was assured by a French Committee-man shortly before the arrival of the advance competitors that the French team were winning, five minutes after an Irishman declared the Irish team were leading and later an Englishman announced emphatically that England was the victorious team. Thus it was that

when McLorn and Wade came on to the course together the excitement was intense. Thousands of eyes followed the two figures, as they walked steadily round the Race Course side by side. Tenser and tenser grew the excitement and many thought the finish might perhaps be similar to the dead heat of Featherstonhaugh and Webb a few years ago. But such was not to be, as when within 150 yards of the winning post a great cry went up on all sides of "McLorn, McLorn," in response to which the dauntless Irishman made a special effort and got about two yards in advance of Wade, who in falling back appeared to be gathering every remaining atom of momentum for a last great effort, which enabled him amidst a rousing cheer of encouragement to walk past his opponent about six yards in advance of the latter. It was a fine finish, well walked and well won, and the fact that Wade is



Photo

Burk

MR. H. T. WADE AND MR. J. V. WALSH
Who were responsible for much of the success of the match

a Shanghai lad born and bred, says much in favour of Shanghai, as many of his heftier-looking competitors were more or less new arrivals from home and in the pink of condition.

The following are the winners, and the position in which the different competitors arrived at the winning post:—

Ireland:—G. McLorn, 2. T. Dunne, 3. J. Sullivan, 7.

England:—T. S. D. Wade, 1. E. Noakes, 4. S. Gilbert, 17.

Portugal:—C. Collaco, 5. M. J. Collaco, 9. J. M. Figueiredo, 18.

France:—R. A. Berthet, 6. V. Dollinger, 13. L. Siemen, 14.

Prize Winners

The following is the list of prize winners and those who completed the course, with their official times:—



Photo

Top.—DUNNE

Burk

Below.—NOAKES

INDIVIDUAL PRIZE WINNERS

		h.	m.	secs.
T. S. D. Wade, English	-	2..	30..	23 2·5
G. McLorn, Irish	-	2..	30..	30
T. Dunne, Irish	-	2..	31..	31 2·5
E. Noakes, English	-	2..	33 ..	5
C. Collaco, Portuguese	-	2..	33 ..	7 4·5
R. A. Berthet, French	-	2..	34 ..	6 2·5
J. Sullivan, Irish	-	2..	35 ..	35 1·5
J. T. Scanlan, Irish	-	2..	40 ..	45 2·5
M. J. Collaco, Portuguese	2..	41 ..	19 1·5	
L. Dufour, French	-	2..	42 ..	2 2·5
Ny Tsue-ching, Chinese	-	2..	42 ..	42 3·5
P. J. Dunne, Irish	-	2..	42 ..	58 2·5

COMPETITORS ARRIVING WITHIN TIME LIMIT

V. Dollinger (French), L. Siemen (French), V. Teste (French), S. Hanula (Austrian), S. Gilbert, (English), J. M. Figueiredo, (Portuguese), E. Stavjamte (Austrian), F. C. H. P. Phillips (Irish), Tekinmi Naida (Japanese).

COMPETITORS WHO COMPLETED THE COURSE

L. Molnar (Austrian), J. Black (English), P. S. Hyndman (Scotch), H. F. Landers



MR. AKEHURST,
Hon. Treasurer

MR. LEMIERE,
An Enthusiastic Committee-man

(American), F. Grohmann (Austrian), D. H. Fulton (Irish), J. Ebneth (Austrian), E. Snell (English), Navzo Okamoto (Japanese), Kimagora Ono (Japanese), G. Mingozi (Italian), Ternjoro Santo (Japanese), T. Naeda (Japanese), H. F. Lo (Chinese).



Photo

NG TSUE CHING
A Chinese Prize Winner

H. W. H.

COSMOPOLITAN CUP

Winners—English team.

Gold Medallists:—Messrs. Wade, C. Collaco, McLorn, Berthet, Hanula and Okamoto.

MAN-OF-WAR'S MEN

I. Molnar, Austria.....	1
F. Grohmann, Austria.....	2

YOUNGEST COMPETITOR

R. A. Berthet, France

The Veterans' Race

DURING the progress of the big walk the Veterans' race was contested. The event created great interest and the sealed handicap was splendidly organized, based upon the age of the competitor.

The winners were :—

1. G. Silvestri, Italian aged 63.30m. 9 4-5 secs.
2. M. F. Dzionk, German aged 63.31m. 42 4-5 secs.
3. A. M. T. Porter, English aged 40.25m. 55 3-5 secs.

Silvestri was the sixth to complete the course, Dzionk, who is a few months older, the eighth, and Porter first.

The following is the list of the other competitors :—

P. Kirchner (German), G. Danson (English), C. W. Clifford (English), F. G. Browne (Australian), C. E. Shepherd (English), J. R. Anding (Scotch), and S. Robinson (English), retired.

Dzionk was the oldest competitor.

At the conclusion of the Match the prizes were presented by Lady de Saussurez, and Mr. H. T. Wade, father of the winner, made a happily worded little speech, thanking her and at the same time regretting the absence of a Scottish, American or German team.



MR. GERRARD
A useful member of the Committee

The following is the list of officials :

President	Sir Everard Fraser, K.C.M.G.
Vice-Presidents	Sir H. de Saussurez, Hon. Judge Thayer
Chairman of Committee	H. T. Wade, Esq.
Judges	Geo. Lanning, Esq., H. P. Wilkinson, Esq., David Landale, Esq.
Traffic	Col. Bruce Captain Mallet
Route Officials	D. Marshall, Esq., C. M. Martino Marques, Esq., J. McDowell, Esq., S. J. Deeks Esq., T. R. Jones, Esq.
Grand Stand Arrangements	M. Chapeaux, Esq., W. L. Gerrard, Esq., W. S. Jackson, Esq., J. S. McNider, Esq., A. Olsen, Esq.
Prizes, etc.	E. Lemiere, Esq. C. E. Sparke, Esq.
Starter	Dr. E. V. Hobbs, M.R.C.V.S.
Timekeeper	W. G. Pirie, Esq.
Assistant Timekeeper	F. J. Burrett, Esq.
Hon. Treasurer	Arthur Akehurst, Esq.
Hon. Secretary	J. V. Walsh, Esq.



Photo

LADY DE SAUSSUREZ GIVING AWAY THE PRIZES

Burr

Local Aviation Demonstration

MR. W. B. Atwater, the American aviator, came to Shanghai to meet representatives of the Republic, with a view to introducing the Hydro-aeroplanes to the navy. Mr. Atwater is on a trip round the world, and gave some highly successful demonstrations in Japan. The first demonstration took place on Sunday, November 24th, when a phenomenally large crowd of about 25,000 went to Woosung by train and steamer to witness it. A second demonstration was given on Saturday, December 1st, when the aviator brought his machine out three times with much success, although the high flights which Mr. Atwater proposed to give had to be postponed on account of unfavourable atmospheric conditions.

On Sunday Mr. Atwater had a narrow escape from a bad accident occasioned by a launch coming out unexpectedly from a

creek, to avoid which he had to give his machine a sudden twist which put it out of gear and partially dislocated the aviator's



MR. W. B. ATWATER,
The American Aviator

shoulder, Mr. and Mrs. Atwater left for Hongkong on December 4th and propose to return to Shanghai in March.



MR. ATWATER IN HIS HYDRO-AEROPLANE

EDITORIAL NOTES

AGAIN 'Xmas has arrived and brought along with it all the time-honoured old customs which help to keep the older people in touch with the past, and which oft times proves to be such an epoch-making period in the existence of many. Only the other day I found myself thoroughly enjoying a resurrected account of a merry 'Xmas Party that took place many years ago. We all laughed heartily, as first one silly game in which we had indulged was recalled and then another, and after that came the inevitable aftermath, when many changes which have occurred since these merry days obtruded into our thoughts, and tinged our merriment with a streak of sadness that refused to be banished. After all one ought to be thoroughly grateful for having the capacity left to enjoy happy memories. I know several people who absolutely refuse to recognise 'Xmas as a time for merriment, and who insist on not only feeling miserable but looking miserable. Those sort of people I do my level best to avoid, as I find that they seriously interfere with my own little game of pretending that I am thoroughly happy. As a matter of fact I am quite sure that no one, of even a medium mature age, can possibly be quite happy at 'Xmas time unless they are superlatively self-centred and heartless, as it is impossible for the average human being to put the sad part of the past entirely out of mind, while it is so closely interwoven by little pranks of memory with the present.

A NEW YEAR PARTY

Being Scottish I naturally think a good deal more of the New Year than of 'Xmas. Everytime I have neglected to bring in the New Year with proper ceremony I seem to have had bad luck, and so I am going to make an effort to gather round as many people as I can on Hogmanay night to bring in the New Year, and as I am staying at the Astor House, I hope to effect quite a good muster. I have enlisted much valuable support from the officials of the Hotel. Mr. Gerrard has placed the banqueting hall at the disposal of all the guests, friends, and residents who may wish to bring in the New Year with the recognition and ceremony which it ought to receive. Mr. Marsh the Maitre d'Hotel and Ching Dong have both promised to

put on a specially enticing Hogmanay dinner and Mr. Lazarus the good-natured band conductor will play a selection of up-to-date music after dinner in addition to which another member of the staff has promised to help in organising an informal smoking concert; at which every one who is able to do so will be asked to contribute to the harmony of the proceedings, by either telling a story or singing a song, and when the New Year arrives, the windows will be opened for a moment to let the New Year in, and every one will gather round and sing "Auld Lang Syne."

Now I hope this programme will prove very alluring and that no one will attempt to bring in the New Year in solitary grumpiness, who can afford to come and be merry. Our short story "Xmas Waifs" suggested the thought that it is possible to feel lonely even in the midst of plenty and there may be somewhere in Shanghai lonely people such as General Carstairs and his brother officers who would be pleased to join a merry New Year Party. If there are any such I hope they will come to the Astor House Hogmanay Party either before or after dinner, and so help to add to its success. The dinner and refreshments will of course have to be paid for by the participants but the after dinner programme of events will be free, and I hope will constitute the very happiest and merriest New Year party in the whole of Shanghai, so please, dear reader, if you do not happen to have a Hogmanay Party of your own, begin to make arrangements at once to be present. Every lonely bachelor must bring a chum, and every engaged girl must insist on coming with her fiancé, and every husband must bring his wife, and every wife must bring along some of her family and every lonely tourist must join in the proceedings and so on, and so on, till there is nobody left to bring in, in solitary loneliness the year 1913, which in its turn will be so proud of the recognition accorded to its entrance into the world, that it will bring to every one who takes part in its welcome the very best of luck and prosperity. At least such is the sincere wish of The Editress of "Social Shanghai."

All communications with reference to "Social Shanghai" are to be sent to Mrs. Mina Shorrock, 17 The Bund.

The charge for announcements of Births and Marriages is \$1, payable in advance.

Births

CLENNELL.—On October 29, 1912, at Letchworth, England, to Eöith and Walter J. Clennell, a son.

HARGREAVES.—On November 8, 1912, at Tientsin, the wife of J. R. Hargreaves, of a daughter.

HEYGATE.—On November 18, 1912, at Hankow, to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. N. Heygate, a son.

LAMOUROUX.—On November 6, 1912, the wife of Mr. F. J. Lamouroux, of a son (still born).

RENDALL.—On November 1, 1912, at the Nursing Home, Shanghai, to Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Kendall, a son.

RUMFORD.—On November 15, 1912, at Swatow, to Mr. and Mrs. Rumford, a son.

SINCLAIR.—On November 17, 1912, at Ningpo, to Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Sinclair, a daughter.

Marriages

COOKE-ALLEN.—On November 1, 1912, at the British Consulate-General, before Sir Everard Fraser, K.C.M.G., and afterwards at Holy Trinity Cathedral by the Rev. A. J. Walker, Denys Haslewood Cooke to Ada Dorothy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. C. Allen.

MANN-RHIND.—On November 1, 1912, at St. Peter's Church, Hongkong, Harry Montague, eldest son of Harry Mann, Esq., and Mrs. Mann, to Dorothy Fleming, third daughter of the late Cecil Gardner Rhind and Mrs. Rhind, of Hawkeston, Craig-y-don, Llandudno.

SAKER-SILBY.—On November 15, 1912, at St. John's Cathedral, Hongkong, by the Reverend Copley Moyle, Richard Maxwell Saker, of Shanghai, to Mary Gibson Silby, née Kerr.

SUTTERLE-FORREST.—On November 5, 1912, at Yokohama, at the United States Consulate, by the Rev. W. T. France, Frederick W. Sutterle, Jr., of Shanghai, to Eleanor S. Forrest, of Philadelphia.



Deaths

BENTLEY.—On November 10, 1912, Florence Anna Theresa, beloved wife of John Draper-Bentley, aged 42 years.

COCKER.—On November 10, 1912, Thomas Edwin Cocker, aged 72 years.

COLLACO.—On November 11, 1912, at Shanghai, Judith Isabel Collaco, aged 76 years.

CUMMING.—On November 28, 1912, at Shanghai, Frederick Alexander Cumming, aged 47 years.

DRESING.—On November 25, 1912, at Peking, Frederick Michael Nicolai Dresing, aged 45 years.

EMAMOODEEN.—At Shanghai, on November 13, 1912, S. Emamodeen, aged 84 years.

GRAHAM.—On November 12, 1912, at Shanghai, Richard Wallace Graham, late of Raynes Park Golf Club, London, aged 24 years.

HICKMOTT.—On November 7, 1912, at Shanghai, Ethel, beloved wife of A. G. Hickmott, aged 36 years.

KIMMELMANN.—On November 11, 1912, Josef Kimmelmann, aged 42 years.

QUELCH.—On November 10, 1912, at the General Hospital, Edward Quelch, aged 33 years.

SAVAGE.—At Bangor, N. Wales, Col. Hugh Savage, v.d. (by cable).

THEOBALD.—On November 23, 1912, George Theobald (S. M. P., Sinza Station), aged 24 years.

WURMBACH.—On November 23, 1912, at Shanghai, Carl Wurmback, aged 50 years.



Begone Dull Care

LET mirth and music cheer our days, the nights resound our chorus
And ere the revelry doth end, a parting flagon pour us ;
For trouble cometh soon enough, life's choicest flowers to wither,
So let the loving cup go round, let no dull care come hither.
Libations to the fleeting hours we'll quaff with gay devotion—
Drink to hale age, and rosy youth in every sparkling potion.